THE

LIBERAL.

VERSE AND PROSE FROM THE SOUTH.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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CONTENTS.

ERRATA.

Page 62, lines 29 and 30—and page 68, line 15, for "*Signora* Veronica," read "*Gossip* Veronica."

Page 109, line 10, for "about the size of Stratford Place," read "about *half* the size."

PREFACE.

We are not going to usher in our publication with any pomp of prospectus. We mean to be very pleasant and ingenious, of course; but decline proving it beforehand by a long common-place. The greater the flourish of trumpets now-a-days, the more suspicious what follows. Whatever it may be our luck to turn out, we at least wave our privilege of having the way prepared for us by our own mouth-pieces,—by words with long tails, and antitheses two and two. If we succeed, so much the better. If not, we shall at all events not die of the previous question, like an honest proposal in Parliament.

But we are forced to be prefatory, whether we would or no: for others, it seems, have been so anxious to furnish us with something of this sort, that they have blown the trumpet for us; and done us the honour of announcing, that nothing less is to ensue, than a dilapidation of all the outworks of civilized society. Such, at least, they say, is our intention; and such would be the consequences, if they, the trumpeters, did not take care, by counter-blasts, to puff the said outworks up again. We should be more sensible of this honour, if it did not arise from a confusion of ideas. They say that we are to cut up religion, morals, and everything that is legitimate;—a pretty carving. It only shews what they really think of their own opinions on those subjects. The other day a ministerial paper said, that "robes and coronations were

the strong-holds of royalty." We do not deny it;—but if such is their strength, what is their weakness? If by religion they meant anything really worthy of divine or human beings; if by morals, they meant the only true morals, justice and beneficence; if by everything legitimate, they meant but half of what their own laws and constitutions have provided against the impudent pretensions of the despotic,—then we should do our best to leave religion and morals as we found them, and shew their political good faith at least half as much respect as we do. But when we know,—and know too from our intimacy with various classes of people,—that there is not a greater set of hypocrites in the world than these pretended teachers of the honest and inexperienced part of our countrymen;—when we know that their religion, even when it is in earnest on any point (which is very seldom), means the most ridiculous and untenable notions of the DIVINE BEING, and in all other cases means nothing but the Bench of Bishops;—when we know that their morals consist for the most part in a secret and practical contempt of their own professions, and for the least and best part, of a few dull examples of something a little more honest, clapped in front to make a show and a screen, and weak enough to be made tools against all mankind;—and when we know, to crown all, that their "legitimacy," as they call it, is the most unlawful of all lawless and impudent things, tending, under pretence that the whole world are as corrupt and ignorant as themselves, to put it at the mercy of the most brute understandings among them,—men by their very education in these pretensions, rendered the least fit to sympathize with their fellow men, and as unhappy, after all, as the lowest of their slaves;—when we know all this, and see nine-tenths of all the intelligent men in the world alive to it, and as resolved as we are to oppose it, then indeed we are willing to accept the title of enemies to religion, morals, and legitimacy, and hope to do our duty with all becoming profaneness accordingly. God defend us from the piety of thinking him a monster! God defend us from the morality of slaves and turncoats, and from the legitimacy

of half a dozen lawless old gentlemen, to whom, it seems, human nature is an estate in fee.

The object of our work is not political, except inasmuch as all writing now-a-days must involve something to that effect, the connexion between politics and all other subjects of interest to mankind having been discovered, never again to be done away. We wish to do our work quietly, if people will let us,—to contribute our liberalities in the shape of Poetry, Essays, Tales, Translations, and other amenities, of which kings themselves may read and profit, if they are not afraid of seeing their own faces in every species of inkstand. Italian Literature, in particular, will be a favourite subject with us; and so was German and Spanish to have been, till we lost the accomplished Scholar and Friend who was to share our task; but perhaps we may be able to get a supply of the scholarship, though not of the friendship. It may be our good fortune to have more than one foreign correspondent, who will be an acquisition to the reader. In the meantime, we must do our best by ourselves; and the reader may be assured he shall have all that is in us, clear and candid at all events, if nothing else; for

> We love to pour out all ourselves as plain
> As downright SHIPPEN or as old MONTAIGNE.

There are other things in the world besides kings, or even sycophants. There is one thing in particular with which we must help to bring the polite world acquainted, which is NATURE. Life really does not consist, entirely, of clubs and ball-rooms, of a collar made by Wilkins, and of the west end of a town. We confess we have a regard for the Dandies, properly so called; not the spurious race who take their title from their stays; we mean the pleasant and pithy personages who began the system, and who had ideas as well as bibs in their head. But it was on that account. We liked them, because they partook of the ETHERIDGES and SUCKLINGS of old: and why were the ETHERIDGES and SUCKLINGS better than their neighbours, but because they inherited from Old Mother Wit as well as Mother West-end, and

partook of the prerogatives of Nature? We have a regard for certain modern Barons, as well as those who got the Great Charter for us; but is it for those who would keep or for those who would give up the Charter? Is it for those who identify themselves with every feeble King John, or for those who have some of "GOD ALMIGHTY's Nobility" in them as well as their own? Assuredly for the latter,—assuredly for those, who have something in them "which surpasses show," and which the breath of a puffing and blowing legitimate cannot unmake.

Be present then, and put life into our work, ye Spirits, not of the GAVESTONES and the DESPENSERS, but of the JOHN O'GAUNTS, the WICKLIFFES, and the CHAUCERS;—be present, not the slaves and sycophants of King HENRY the Eighth (whose names we have forgotten) but the HENRY HOWARDS, the SURREYS, and the WYATTS;—be present, not ye other rapscallions and "booing" slaves of the court of King JAMIE, but ye BUCHANANS and ye WALTER RALEIGHS;—be present, not ye bed-chamber lords, flogging-boys, and mere soldiers, whosoever ye are, from my Lord THINGUMEE in King CHARLES's time, down to the immortal Duke of WHAT'S-HIS-NAME now flourishing; but the HERBERTS, the HUTCHINSONS, the LOCKES, the POPES, and the PETERBOROUGHS;—be present, not ye miserable tyrants, slaves, bigots, or turncoats of any party, not ye LAUDS or ye LAUDERDALES, ye Legitimate Pretenders (for so ye must now be called) ye TITUS OATESES, BEDLOWS, GARDINERS, SACHEVERELLS, and SOUTHEYS; but ye MILTONS and ye MARVELLS, ye HOADLEYS, ADDISONS, and STEELES, ye SOMERSES, DORSETS, and PRIORS, and all who have thrown light and life upon man, instead of darkness and death; who have made him a thing of hope and freedom, instead of despair and slavery; a being progressive, instead of a creeping creature retrograde:—if we have no pretensions to your genius, we at least claim the merit of loving and admiring it, and of longing to further its example.

We wish the title of our work to be taken in its largest acceptation, old as well as new,—but always in the same spirit of

admiring and assisting, rather than of professing. We just as much disclaim any assumption in it before the wise, as we disclaim any false modesty before all classes. All that we mean is, that we are advocates of every species of liberal knowledge, and that, by a natural consequence in these times, we go the full length in matters of opinion with large bodies of men who are called LIBERALS. At the same time, when we say the full length, we mean something very different from what certain pretended Liberals, and all the Illiberals, will take it to be; for it is by the very reason of going to that length, in its most liberal extreme—

—"Ay, ay," interrupts some old club-house Gentleman, in a buff waistcoat and red-face,—"Now you talk sense. Extremes meet. *Verbum sat.* I am a Liberal myself, if you come to that, and devilish liberal I am. I gave for instance five guineas out of the receipts of my sinecure to the Irish sufferers; but that is between ourselves. You mean, that there are good hearty fellows in all parties, and that the great business is to balance them properly;—to let the people talk, provided they do no harm, and to let Governments go on as they do, have done, and will do for ever. Good,—good. I'll take in your journal myself;—here's to the success of it;—only don't make it too violent, you rogues;—don't spoil the balance. (God! I've spilt my bumper!) Cut up SOUTHEY as much as you please. We all think him as great a coxcomb as you do, and he bores us to death; but spare the King and the Ministers and all that, particularly Lord CASTLEREAGH and the Duke of WELLINGTON. D—d gentlemanly fellow, CASTLEREAGH, as you know; and besides he's dead. Shocking thing—shocking. It was all nonsense about his being so cold-hearted, and doing Ireland so much harm. He was the most gentlemanly of men. Wars must be carried on; Malthus has proved that millions must be slaughtered from time to time. The nonsense about that is as stupid as the cry about the game-laws and those infernal villains the poachers, who ought all to be strung up like hares: and as to Ireland, it is flying in the face of Providence to think that such horrible things could happen there, and

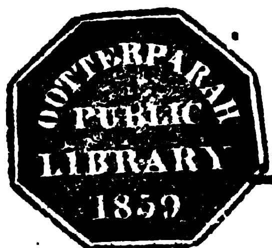
be prevented by *earthly* means,—*earthly* means, sir. Lord CASTLEREAGH himself referred us to Providence in all these unavoidable matters, and he was right;—but to think of his cutting his own throat—Good God! so very gentlemanly a man, and in the height of his power! It is truly shocking! As to WELLINGTON, he's not so gentlemanly a man, certainly; but then neither is CANNING, if you come to that. He cannot make speeches, I own; but no more can the King or my Lord MARYBOROUGH, or a hundred other eminent characters; and he does not make such cursed awkward blunders as poor CASTLEREAGH used to do. He has not got a very wise look, they say; but—I don't know,—it's soldier-like, I think; and if you come to that, what a strange fellow old BLUCHER looked, and SUWARROW, and all those; and between ourselves, the reigning Monarchs are a set of as common-looking gentry, as you'd wish to see in a summer's day; so I don't know what people would have. No—no—you really mustn't speak against WELLINGTON. Besides, he prosecutes."

We beg the reader's pardon in behalf of our worthy interrupter. Whatever may be his right estimation of his friends, we need not say that he misinterprets our notions of liberality, which certainly do not consist either in making the sort of confusion, or keeping the sort of peace, which he speaks of. There are, if he pleases, very silly fellows to be found in most parties, and these may be good enough to be made tools of by the clever ones; but to confound all parties themselves with one another, which is the real end of these pretended liberalities, and assume that none of them are a jot better or worse than the other, and may contain just as good and generous people,—this is to confound liberality with illiberality, narrow views with large, the instincts of a selfish choice with those of a generous one, and in the best and most imposing instances, the mere amenities and ordinary virtues of private life (which may be only a graceful selfishness, unless they go farther) with the noblest and boldest sympathies in behalf of the human race. It is too late in the day to be taken in with this kind of cant, even by the jolliest of placemen in all the benevolence of

his bumpers. The Duke of WELLINGTON is a great officer, "after his kind." We do not mean at court, where he is a very little officer, and condescends to change his Marshal's staff for the stick of a Lord in Waiting. But he is a good hunting captain,—a sort of human setter. We allow him all his praise in that respect, and only wish he had not confounded the rights of nations with those of a manor. What does he mean too by treating public meetings with contempt? and above all, what did he mean by that extremely odd assumption of the didactic, about teaching a "great moral lesson!" As to Lord CASTLEREAGH, he was one of the most illiberal and vindictive of statesmen, if we must use that word for every petty retainer, whom a bad system swells for a time into a part of its own unnatural greatness. Look at his famous Six Acts! Look at his treatment of BONAPARTE, his patronage of such infamous journals as the *Beacon*, his fondness for imprisoning, and for what his weak obstinacy calls his other strong measures. But he is dead, and people are now called upon to be liberal! Let us be so, in God's name, in the general sense we have of the infirmities of human nature; but it is one thing to be liberal in behalf of the many, and another thing to be exclusively so in behalf of the few. Have the consequences of Lord CASTLEREAGH's actions died with him? Are the Six Acts dead? Are thousands of the Irish *living?* We will give a specimen of the liberality of these new demanders of liberality. The other day, when one of the noblest of human beings, PERCY SHELLEY, who had more religion in his very differences with religion, than thousands of your church-and-state men, was lost on the coast of Italy, the *Courier* said, that "Mr. PERCY SHELLEY, *a writer of infidel poetry*, was drowned." Where was the liberality of this canting insinuation? Where was the decency, or, as it turned out, the common sense of it? Mr. SHELLEY's death by the waves was followed by Lord CASTLEREAGH's by his own hand; and then the cry is for liberal constructions! How could we not turn such a death against the enemies of Mr. SHELLEY, if we could condescend to affect a moment's agreement with their hypocrisy? But the least we can do

is to let these people see, that we know them, and to warn them how they assail us. The force of our answers will always be proportioned to the want of liberality in the assailant. This is a liberality, at all events, upon which our readers may reckon. The rest, which we were going to say, is this;—that although we condemn by wholesale certain existing demands upon our submission and credulity, we are not going to discover every imaginative thing even in a religion to be nonsense, like a semi-liberalized Frenchman; nor, on the other hand, to denounce all levity and wit to be nonsense and want of feeling, like a semi-liberalized German. If we are great admirers of VOLTAIRE, we are great admirers also of GOETHE and SCHILLER. If we pay our homage to DANTE and MILTON, we have tribute also for the brilliant sovereignties of ARIOSTO and BOCCACCIO.

Wherever, in short, we see the mind of man exhibiting powers of its own, and at the same time helping to carry on the best interests of human nature,—however it may overdo the matter a little on this side or on that, or otherwise partake of the common frailty through which it passes,—there we recognise the demigods of liberal worship;—there we bow down, and own our lords and masters;—there we hope for the final passing away of all obscene worships, however formalized,—of all monstrous sacrifices of the many to the few, however "legitimatized" and besotted.



THE

LIBERAL.

No. I.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

SAINT Peter sat by the celestial gate,
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight,"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull altogether," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
  And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
  Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
  Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
  Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
  Save the recording angel's black bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
  With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV.

His business so augmented of late years,
  That he was forced, against his will, no doubt,
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)
  For some resource to turn himself about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
  To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
By the increased demand for his remarks;
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

V.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust—
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

VI.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel;
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion—
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease
With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't;
'Twill one day finish: meantime they increase,
"With seven heads and ten horns," and all in front,
Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
  Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
  Left him nor mental nor external sun:
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
  A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died—but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

IX.

He died!—his death made no great stir on earth;
  His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
  Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion;
For these things may be bought at their true worth:
  Of elegy there was the due infusion—
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

X.

Form'd a sepulchral melo-drame. Of all
  The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
  Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
There throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall;
  And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere million's base unmummied clay—
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII.

He 's dead—and upper earth with him has done:
He 's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
For him, unless he left a German will;
But where 's the proctor who will ask his son?
In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII.

"God save the king!" It is a large economy
In God to save the like; but if he will
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still:
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
I know that all save England's church have shamm'd,
And that the other twice two hundred churches
And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

XV.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,
God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
And not a whit more difficult to damn
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost every body born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
And nodded o'er his keys; when lo! there came
A wond'rous noise he had not heard of late—
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,
Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim;
But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, "There's another star gone out, I think

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes—
At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose:
"Saint porter," said the Angel, "prithee rise!"
Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows
An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes;
To which the Saint replied, "Well, what's the matter
"Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

XVIII.

"No," quoth the Cherub; "George the Third is dead."
"And who is George the Third?" replied the Apostle;
"*What George? what Third?*" "The King of England," said
The Angel. "Well! he wont find kings to jostle
"Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
"Because the last we saw here had a tussle,
"And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,
"Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX.

"He was, if I remember, king of France;
"That head of his, which could not keep a crown
"On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
"A claim to those of martyrs—like my own:
"If I had had my sword, as I had once
"When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
"But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
"I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

XX.

" And then he set up such a headless howl,
" That all the saints came out, and took him in;
" And there he sits by St Paul, cheek by jowl;
" That fellow Paul—the parvenù! The skin
" Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
" In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin
" So as to make a martyr, never sped
" Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI

" But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
" There would have been a different tale to tell:
" The fellow feeling in the saints beholders
" Seems to have acted on them like a spell,
" And so this very foolish head heaven solders
" Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
" And seems the custom here to overthrow
" Whatever has been wisely done below."

XXII.

The Angel answer'd, " Peter! do not pout;
" The king who comes has head and all entire,
" And never knew much what it was about—
" He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,
" And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:
" My business and your own is not to inquire
" Into such matters, but to mind our cue—
" Which is to act as we are bid to do."

XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan.
  Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
  Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,
Or Thames, or Tweed) and midst them an old man
  With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host
  A Spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
  Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost;
  Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
  Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or sin,
With such a glance of supernatural hate,
  As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
He potter'd with his keys at a great rate,
  And sweated through his apostolic skin:
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled altogether,
  Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt
A tingling to the tip of every feather,
  And form'd a circle like Orion's belt
Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew whither
  His guards had led him, though they gently dealt
With royal manes (for by many stories,
And true, we learn the angels all are Tories.)

XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
  Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
Flung over space an universal hue
  Of many-coloured flame, until its tinges
Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a new
  Aurora borealis spread its fringes
O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound,
By Captain Parry's crews, in "Melville's Sound."

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
  A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
  Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:
My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
  With earthly likenesses, for here the night
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

'Twas the archangel Michael: all men know
The make of angels and archangels, since
There 's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.
There also are some altar-pieces, though
I really can't say that they much evince
One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
A goodly work of him from whom all glory
And good arise; the portal past—he stood;
Before him the young cherubs and saint hoary,
(I say *young*, begging to be understood
By looks, not years; and should be very sorry
To state, they were not older than Saint Peter,
But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter.)

XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
That arch-angelic Hierarch, the first
Of Essences angelical, who wore
The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nurst
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
No thought, save for his Maker's service, durst
Intrude, however glorified and high;
He knew him but the viceroy of the sky

XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met—
  They knew each other both for good and ill;
Such was their power, that neither could forget
  His former friend and future foe; but still
There was a high, immortal, proud regret
  In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their "Champ Clos" the spheres.

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space: we know
  From Job, that Sathan hath the power to pay
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;
  And that "the Sons of God," like those of clay,
Must keep him company; and we might show,
  From the same book, in how polite a way
The dialogue is held between the Powers
Of Good and Evil—but 'twould take up hours.

XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic *tract*,
  To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic
If Job be allegory or a fact,
  But a true narrative; and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an act
  As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.
'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is
The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,
And souls despatched to that world or to this;
And therefore Michael and the other wore
A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI.

The Archangel bowed, not like a modern beau,
But with a graceful Oriental bend,
Pressing one radiant arm just where below
The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
He turned as to an equal, not too low,
But kindly; Sathan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
An instant; and then raising it, he stood
In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
Cause why King George by no means could or should
Make out a case to be exempt from woe
Eternal, more than other kings endued
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."

XXXVIII.

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with this man,
"Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill
"Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
"That thou can'st claim him? Speak! and do thy will,
"If it be just: if in this earthly span
"He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
"His duties as a king and mortal, say,
"And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

XXXIX.

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even here
"Before the gate of him thou servest, must
"I claim my subject; and will make appear
"That as he was my worshipper in dust,
"So shall he be in spirit, although dear
"To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
"Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne
"He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL.

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*; it was,
"*Once*, *more* thy master's: but I triumph not
"In this poor planet's conquest, nor, alas!
"Need he thou servest envy me my lot:
"With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
"In worship round him, he may have forgot
"Yon weak creation of such paltry things;
"I think few worth damnation save their kings,

XLI.

" And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
  " Assert my right as lord; and even had
" I such an inclination, 'twere (as you
  " Well know) superfluous; they are grown so bad,
" That hell has nothing better left to do
  " Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad
" And evil by their own internal curse,
" Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII.

" Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
  " When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm,
" Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
  " The world and he both wore a different form,
" And much of earth and all the watery plain
  " Of ocean call'd him king: through many a storm
" His isles had floated on the abyss of Time;
" For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

LXIII.

" He came to his sceptre, young; he leaves it, old:
  " Look to the state in which he found his realm,
" And left it; and his annals too behold,
  " How to a minion first he gave the helm;
" How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
  " The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
" The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
" Thine eye along America and France!

XLIV.

" 'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last;
" (I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
" So let him be consumed! From out the past
" Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
" Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
" Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's school,
" Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
" More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain!

LXV.

" He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:
" Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
" So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'
" Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose
" History was ever stain'd as his will be
" With national and individual woes?
" I grant his household abstinence; I grant
" His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

XLVI.

" I know he was a constant consort; own
" He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
" All this is much, and most upon a throne;
" As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
" Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
" I grant him all the kindest can accord;
" And this was well for him, but not for those
" Millions who found him what oppression chose.

XLVII.

" The new world shook him off; the old yet groans
  " Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
" Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
  " To all his vices, without what begot
" Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones
  " Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
" A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
" Upon the throne of Earth; but let them quake!

XLVIII.

" Five millions of the primitive, who hold
  " The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored
" A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old,—
  " Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,
" Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
  " Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd
" The foe to Catholic participation
" In all the licence of a Christian nation.

XLIX.

" True! he allow'd them to pray God; but as
  " A consequence of prayer, refused the law
" Which would have placed them upon the same base
  " With those who did not hold the saints in awe."
But here Saint Peter started from his place,
  And cried, " You may the prisoner withdraw:
" Ere Heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelf,
" While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L.

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
"My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
"Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
"The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"
"Saint!" replied Sathan, "you do well to avenge
"The wrongs he made your satellites endure,
"And if to this exchange you should be given,
"I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven."

LI.

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint! and devil!
"Pray not so fast; you both out-run discretion.
"Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil.
"Sathan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
"And condescension to the vulgar's level:
"Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
"Have you got more to say?"—"No!"—"If you please,
"I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

LII.

Then Sathan turn'd and wav'd his swarthy hand,
Which stirr'd with its electric qualities
Clouds farther off than we can understand,
Although we find him sometimes in our skies;
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Sathan's most sublime inventions.

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controls
Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station
Is theirs particularly in the rolls
Of hell assigned; but where their inclination
Or business carries them in search of game,
They may range freely—being damn'd the same.

LIV.

They are proud of this—as very well they may,
It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
Stuck in their loins; or like to an "entré"
Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry:
I borrow my comparisons from clay,
Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
Offended with such base low likenesses;
We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell,—
About ten million times the distance reckon'd
From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
How much time it takes up, even to a second,
For every ray that travels to dispel
The fogs of London; through which, dimly beacon'd,
The weathercocks are gilt, some thrice a year,
If that the *summer* is not too severe:—

LVI.

I say that I can tell—'twas half a minute;
  I know the solar beams take up more time
Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;
  But then their telegraph is less sublime,
And if they ran a race, they would not win it
  'Gainst Sathan's couriers bound for their own clime.
The sun takes up some years for every ray
To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
  Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd,
(I've seen a something like it in the skies
  In the Ægean, ere a squall;) it near'd,
And, growing bigger, took another guise;
  Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd
Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer;—

LVIII.

But take your choice;) and then it grew a cloud,
  And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.
But such a cloud! No land ere saw a crowd
  Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these;
They shadow'd with their myriads space; their loud
  And varied cries were like those of wild-geese,
(If nations may be liken'd to a goose)
And realized the phrase of "hell broke loose."

LVIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:
There Paddy brogued "by Jasus!"—"What's your wull?"
The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French ghost swore
In certain terms I sha'nt translate in full,
As the first coachman will; and midst the war
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
"*Our* President is going to war, I guess."

XL.

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
In short, an universal shoal of shades
From Otaheite's Isle to Salisbury Plain,
Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
All summon'd by this grand "subpœna," to
Try if kings mayn't be damn'd, like me or you.

LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turned all colours—as a peacock's tail,
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Sathan: "Why—
"My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
"Our different parties make us fight so shy,
"I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
"Our difference is *political*, and I
"Trust that, whatever may occur below,
"You know my great respect for you; and this
"Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

LXIII.

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
"My call for witnesses? I did not mean
"That you should half of earth and hell produce;
"'Tis even superfluous, since two honest, clean,
"True testimonies are enough: we lose
"Our time, nay, our eternity, between
"The accusation and defence: if we
"Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality."

LXIV.

Sathan replied, "To me the matter is
"Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
"I can have fifty better souls than this
"With far less trouble than we have gone through
"Already; and I merely argued his
"Late Majesty of Britain's case with you
"Upon a point of form: you may dispose
"Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!"

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd "multifaced"
  By multo-scribbling Southey.) "Then we'll call
"One or two persons of the myriads placed
  "Around our congress, and dispense with all
"The rest," quoth Michael: "Who may be so graced
  "As to speak first? there's choice enough—who shall
"It be?" Then Sathan answered, "There are many;
"But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any."

LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious looking Sprite,
  Upon the instant started from the throng,
Drest in a fashion now forgotten quite;
  For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
By people in the next world; where unite
  All the costumes since Adam's, right or wrong,
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

LXVII.

The Spirit look'd around upon the crowds
  Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My friends of all
"The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds
  "So let's to business: why this general call?
"If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
  "And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
"Behold a candidate with unturn'd-coat!
"Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?

LXVIII.

"Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake: these things
"Are of a former life, and what we do
"Above is more august; to judge of kings
"Is the tribunal met; so now you know."
"Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,"
Said Wilkes, "are cherubs; and that soul below
"Looks much like George the Third; but to my mind
"A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?"

LXIX.

"He is what you behold him, and his doom
"Depends upon his deeds," the Angel said
"If you have ought to arraign in him, the tomb
"Gives licence to the humblest beggar's head
"To lift itself against the loftiest."—"Some,"
Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them laid in lead,
"For such a liberty—and I, for one,
"Have told them what I thought beneath the sun."

LXX.

"*Above* the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
"To urge against him," said the Archangel. "Why,"
Replied the Spirit, "since old scores are past,
"Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
"Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
"With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky
"I don't like ripping up old stories, since
"His conduct was but natural in a prince.

LXXI.

'Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
"A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
'But then I blame the man himself much less
"Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling
'To see him punish'd here for their excess,
"Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in
'Their place below; for me, I have forgiven,
'And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven."

LXXII.

'Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all this;
"You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,
'And seem to think it would not be amiss
"To grow a whole one on the other side
'Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*
"Reign is concluded; whatsoe'er betide,
'He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your labour,
'For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

LXXIII.

'However, I knew what to think of it,
"When I beheld you in your jesting way
'Flitting and whispering round about the spit
"Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
'With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
"His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
'That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;
'I'll have him *gagg'd*—'twas one of his own bills.

LXXIV.

"Call Junius!" From the crowd a Shadow stalk'd,
And at the name there was a general squeeze,
So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
In comfort, at their own aërial ease,
But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,
As we shall see) and jostled hands and knees,
Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder,
Or like a human cholic, which is sadder.

LXXV.

The Shadow came! a tall, thin, gray-hair'd figure,
That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;
Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
But nought to mark its breeding or its birth:
Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,
With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;
But as you gazed upon its features, they
Changed every instant—to *what*, none could say.

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
Could they distinguish whose the features were;
The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;
They varied like a dream—now here, now there;
And several people swore from out the press,
They knew him perfectly; and one could swear
He was his father; upon which another
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight
Mysterious changed his countenance at least
As oft as they their minds: though in full sight
He stood, the puzzle only was increased;
The man was a phantasmagoria in
Himself—he was so volatile and thin!

LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him *one*,
Presto! his face changed, and he was another;
And when that change was hardly well put on,
It varied, till I don't think his own mother
(If that he had a mother) would her son
Have known, he shifted so from one to t'other,
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
At this epistolary "iron mask."

LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—
"Three gentlemen at once," (as sagely says
Good Mrs. Malaprop;) then you might deem
That he was not even *one;* now many rays
Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam
Hid him from sight—like fogs on London days:
Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fanci
And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

LXXX.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own;
I never let it out till now, for fear
Of doing people harm about the throne,
And injuring some minister or peer
On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown;
It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!
'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call,
Was *really*, *truly*, nobody at all.

LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
Written without hands, since we daily view
Them written without heads; and books we see
Are fill'd as well without the latter too:
And really till we fix on somebody
For certain sure to claim them as his due,
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

LXXXII.

"And who and what art thou?" the Archangel said.
"For *that*, you may consult my title-page,"
Replied this mighty Shadow of a Shade:
"If I have kept my secret half an age,
"I scarce shall tell it now."—"Canst thou upbraid,"
Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
"Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You had better
"First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

LXXXIII.

"My charges upon record will outlast
"The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past
"Exaggeration? something which may doom
"Thyself, if false, as him if true? Thou wast
"Too bitter—is it not so? in thy gloom
"Of passion?" "Passion!" cried the Phantom dim,
"I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

"What I have written, I have written: let
"The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
Old "Nominis Umbra;" and while speaking yet,
Away he melted in celestial smoke.
Then Sathan said to Michael, "Don't forget
"To call George Washington, and John Horne Tooke,
"And Franklin:"—but at this time there was heard
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
"What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis not a ghost?"
"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
"Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI.

"Confound the Renegado! I have sprain'd
"My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think
"Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.
"But to the point: while hovering o'er the brink
"Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),
"I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
"And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
"No less on History than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and
"The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
"Belongs to all of us, you understand.
"I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,
"And brought him off for sentence out of hand:
"I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
"At least a quarter it can hardly be:
"I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

LXXXVIII.

Here Sathan said, "I know this man of old,
"And have expected him for some time here;
"A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
"Or more conceited in his petty sphere:
"But surely it was not worth while to fold
"Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear!
"We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
"With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

"But since he's here, let's see what he has done."
"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates
"The very business you are now upon,
"And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
"Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
"When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?"
"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has to say;
"You know we're bound to that in every way."

XC.

Now the Bard, glad to get an audience, which
By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
Into recitative, in great dismay
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
To murmur loudly through their long array;
And Michael rose ere he could get a word
Of all his founder'd verses under way,
And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend! 'twere
"*Non Di, non homines*—" you know the rest."

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;
The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
Before, to profit by a new occasion;
The Monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, "What! what!
"*Pye* come again? No more—no more of that!"

XCIII.

The tumult grew, an universal cough
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
When Castlereagh has been up long enough,
(Before he was first minister of state,
I mean—the *slaves hear now*;) some cried "off, off,"
As at a farce; till grown quite desperate,
The Bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;
A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
A smart and sharper looking sort of grace
To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
Was by no means so ugly as his case;
But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
Quite a poetic felony "*de se*."

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise
With one still greater, as is yet the mode
On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,
Which now and then will make a slight inroad
Upon decorous silence, few will twice
Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;
And now the Bard could plead his own bad cause,
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

XCVI.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread)
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few—
Wat Tyler—Rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide;
He had written praises of all kings whatever;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever;
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
Then grew a hearty antijacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing* "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as ere crawl'd—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd.
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than any body knows.

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life:—here, turning round
To Sathan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
"In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
"With notes and preface, all that most allures
"The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
"For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
"So let me have the proper documents,
"That I may add you to my other saints."

C.

Sathan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,
"With amiable modesty, decline
"My offer, what says Michael? There are few
"Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.
"Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
"As it was once, but I would make you shine
"Like your own trumpet; by the way, my own
"Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

* See "Life of H. Kirke White."

CI.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
"Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
"Judge with my judgment! and by my decision
"Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall!
"I settle all these things by intuition,
"Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,
"Like King Alfonso!* When I thus see double
"I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
He read the first three lines of the contents;
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang."†

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell:
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions;

* King Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolomean system, said, that "had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities."

† See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared "with a curious perfume and a melodious twang;" or see the Antiquary, Vol. I.

The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions—
(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his opinions;)
Michael took refuge in his trump—but lo!
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

CIV.

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
And at the fifth line knock'd the Poet down;
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
Into his lake, for there he did not drown,
A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er
Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

He first sunk to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
For all corrupted things are buoy'd, like corks*,
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vision,"
As Wellborn says—"the devil turn'd precisian."

* A drowned body lies at the body till rotten; it then floats, as most people know.

CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
  Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
  And show'd me what I in my turn have shown:
All I saw farther in the last confusion,
  Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF "MY GRANDMOTHER'S REVIEW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH REVIEW.

MY DEAR ROBERTS,

As a believer in the Church of England—to say nothing of the State—I have been an occasional reader, and great admirer of, though not a subscriber to, your Review, which is rather expensive. But I do not know that any part of its contents ever gave me much surprise till the eleventh article of your twenty-seventh number made its appearance. You have there most vigorously refuted a calumnious accusation of bribery and corruption, the credence of which in the public mind might not only have damaged your reputation as a barrister and an editor, but, what would have been still worse, have injured the circulation of your journal; which, I regret to hear, is not so extensive as the "purity (as you well observe) of its," &c. &c. and the present taste for propriety, would induce us to expect. The charge itself is of a solemn nature, and, although in verse, is couched in terms of such circumstantial gravity, as to induce a belief little short of that generally accorded to the thirty-nine articles, to which you so frankly subscribed on taking your degrees. It is a charge the most revolting to the heart of man, from its frequent occurrence; to the mind of a lawyer, from its occa-

sional truth; and to the soul of an editor, from its moral impossibility. You are charged then in the last line of one octave stanza, and the whole eight lines of the next, viz. 209th and 210th of the first canto of that "pestilent poem," Don Juan, with receiving, and still more foolishly acknowledging the receipt of, certain monies, to eulogize the unknown author, who by this account must be known to you, if to nobody else. An impeachment of this nature, so seriously made, there is but one way of refuting; and it is my firm persuasion, that whether you did, or did not (and *I* believe that you did not) receive the said monies, of which I wish that he had specified the sum, you are quite right in denying all knowledge of the transaction. If charges of this nefarious description are to go forth, sanctioned by all the solemnity of circumstance, and guaranteed by the veracity of verse (as Counsellor Phillips would say) what is to become of readers hitherto implicitly confident in the not less veracious prose of our critical journals? what is to become of the reviews? And, if the reviews fail, what is to become of the editors? It is common cause, and you have done well to sound the alarm. I myself, in my humble sphere, will be one of your echoes. In the words of the tragedian Liston, "I love a row," and you seem justly determined to make one.

It is barely possible, certainly improbable, that the writer might have been in jest; but this only aggravates his crime. A joke, the proverb says, "breaks no bones;" but it may break a bookseller, or it may be the cause of bones being broken. The jest is but a bad one at the best for the author, and might have been a still worse one for you, if your copious contradiction did not certify to all whom it may concern your own indignant innocence, and the immaculate purity of the British Review. I do not doubt your word, my dear Roberts,

yet I cannot help wishing that in a case of such vital importance, it had assumed the more substantial shape of an affidavit sworn before the Lord Mayor.

I am sure, my dear Roberts, that you will take these observations of mine in good part; they are written in a spirit of friendship not less pure than your own editorial integrity. I have always admired you; and not knowing any shape which friendship and admiration can assume more agreeable and useful than that of good advice, I shall continue my lucubrations, mixed with here and there a monitory hint as to what I conceive to be the line you should pursue, in case you should ever again be assailed with bribes, or accused of taking them. By the way, you don't say much about the poem, except that it is "flagitious." This is a pity—you should have cut it up; because, to say the truth, in not doing so, you somewhat assist any notions which the malignant might entertain on the score of the anonymous asseveration which has made you so angry.

You say, no bookseller "was willing to take upon himself "the publication, though most of them disgrace themselves "by selling it." Now, my dear friend, though we all know that those fellows will do any thing for money, methinks the disgrace is more with the purchasers; and some such, doubtless, there are, for there can be no very extensive selling (as you will perceive by that of the British Review) without buying. You then add, "what can the critic say?" I am sure I don't know; at present he says very little, and that not much to the purpose. Then comes, "for praise, as far "as regards the *poetry*, *many* passages might be exhibited; "for condemnation, as far as regards the morality, all." Now, my dear good Roberts, I feel for you and for your reputation; my heart bleeds for both; and I do ask you, whether or not such language does not come positively under the

description of "the puff collusive," for which see Sheridan's farce of "The Critic" (by the way, a little more facetious than your own farce under the same title) towards the close of scene second, act the first.

The poem is, it seems, sold as the work of Lord Byron; but you feel yourself "at liberty to suppose it not Lord B.'s "composition." Why did you ever suppose that it was? I approve of your indignation—I applaud it—I feel as angry as you can; but perhaps your virtuous wrath carries you a little too far, when you say that "no misdemeanour, not even "that of sending into the world obscene and blasphemous "poetry, the product of studious lewdness and laboured im-"piety, appears to you in so detestable a light as the ac-"ceptance of a present by the editor of a review, as the "condition of praising an author." The devil it doesn't!—Think a little. This is being critical overmuch. In point of Gentile benevolence or Christian charity, it were surely less criminal to praise for a bribe, than to abuse a fellow creature for nothing; and as to the assertion of the comparative innocence of blasphemy and obscenity, confronted with an editor's "acceptance of a present," I shall merely observe, that as an editor you say very well, but as a Christian barrister, I would not recommend you to transplant this sentence into a brief.

And yet you say, "the miserable man (for miserable he is, "as having a soul of which he cannot get rid")—But here I must pause again, and inquire what is the meaning of this parenthesis. We have heard of people of "little soul," or of "no soul at all," but never till now of "the misery of having "a soul of which we cannot get rid;" a misery under which you are possibly no great sufferer, having got rid apparently of some of the intellectual part of your own when you penned this pretty piece of eloquence.

But to continue. You call upon Lord Byron, always supposing him *not* the author, to disclaim "with all gentlemanly "haste," &c. &c. I am told that Lord B. is in a foreign country, some thousand miles off it may be; so that it will be difficult for him to hurry to your wishes. In the mean time, perhaps you yourself have set an example of more haste than gentility; but "the more haste the worse speed."

Let us now look at the charge itself, my dear Roberts, which appears to me to be in some degree not quite explicitly worded:

"I bribed my *Grandmother's* Review, the British."

I recollect hearing, soon after the publication, this subject discussed at the tea-table of Mr. S. the poet, who expressed himself, I remember, a good deal surprised that you had never reviewed his epic poem, nor any of his six tragedies, of which, in one instance, the bad taste of the pit, and in all the rest, the barbarous repugnance of the principal actors, prevented the performance. Mrs. and the Misses S. being in a corner of the room perusing the proof sheets of some new poems on Italy (I wish, by the by, Mrs. S. would make the tea a little stronger) the male part of the *conversazione* were at liberty to make a few observations on the poem and passage in question, and there was a difference of opinion. Some thought the allusion was to the "British Critic;" others, that by the expression, "my Grandmother's Review," it was intimated that "my grandmother" was not the reader of the review, but actually the writer; thereby insinuating, my dear Roberts, that you were an old woman; because, as people often say, "Jeffrey's Review," "Gifford's Review," in lieu of Edinburgh and Quarterly; so "my Grandmother's "Review" and Roberts's might be also synonimous. Now, whatever colour this insinuation might derive from the cir-

cumstance of your wearing a gown, as well as from your time of life, your general style, and various passages of your writings,—I will take upon myself to exculpate you from all suspicion of the kind, and assert, without calling Mrs. Roberts in testimony, that if ever you should be chosen Pope, you will pass through all the previous ceremonies with as much credit as any pontiff since the parturition of Joan. It is very unfair to judge of sex from writings, particularly from those of the British Review. We are all liable to be deceived; and it is an indisputable fact, that many of the best articles in your journal, which were attributed to a veteran female, were actually written by you yourself; and yet to this day there are people who could never find out the difference. But let us return to the more immediate question.

I agree with you that it is impossible Lord Byron should be the author, not only because, as a British peer, and a British poet, it would be impracticable for him to have recourse to such facetious fiction, but for some other reasons which you have omitted to state. In the first place, his lordship has no grandmother. Now the author—and we may believe him in this—doth expressly state that the "British" is his "Grandmother's Review;" and if, as I think I have distinctly proved, this was not a mere figurative allusion to your supposed intellectual age and sex, my dear friend, it follows, whether you be she or no, that there is such an elderly lady still extant. And I can the more readily credit this, having a sexagenary aunt of my own, who perused you constantly, till unfortunately falling asleep over the leading article of your last number, her spectacles fell off and were broken against the fender, after a faithful service of fifteen years, and she has never been able to fit her eyes since; so that I have been forced to read you aloud to her; and this is in fact the way in which I became acquainted with the sub-

ject of my present letter, and thus determined to become your public correspondent.

In the next place, Lord B.'s destiny seems in some sort like that of Hercules of old, who became the author of all unappropriated prodigies. Lord B. has been supposed the author of the "Vampire," of a "Pilgrimage to Jerusalem," "To the Dead Sea," of "Death upon the Pale Horse," of odes to "La Valette," to "Saint Helena," to the "Land of the Gaul," and to a sucking child. Now he turned out to have written none of these things. Besides, you say, he knows in what a spirit of, &c. you criticise—Are you sure he knows all this? that he has read you like my poor, dear aunt? They tell me he is a queer sort of a man; and I would not be too sure, if I were you, either of what he has read or of what he has written. I thought his style had been the serious and terrible. As to his sending you money, this is the first time that ever I heard of his paying his reviewers in *that coin;* I thought it was rather in *their own,* to judge from some of his earlier productions. Besides, though he may not be profuse in his expenditure, I should conjecture that his reviewer's bill is not so long as his tailor's.

Shall I give you what I think a prudent opinion? I don't mean to insinuate, God forbid! but if, by any accident, there should have been such a correspondence between you and the unknown author, whoever he may be, send him back his money: I dare say he will be very glad to have it again: it can't be much, considering the value of the article and the circulation of the journal; and you are too modest to rate your praise beyond its real worth.—Don't be angry,—I know you won't,—at this appraisement of your powers of eulogy; for on the other hand, my dear friend, depend upon it your abuse is worth, not its own weight,—that's a feather,—but *your* weight in gold. So don't spare it: if he has bargained for *that,*

give it handsomely, and depend upon your doing him a friendly office.

But I only speak in case of possibility; for, as I said before, I cannot believe in the first instance, that you would receive a bribe to praise any person whatever; and still less can I believe that your praise could ever produce such an offer. You are a good creature, my dear Roberts, and a clever fellow; else I could almost suspect that you had fallen into the very trap set for you in verse by this anonymous wag, who will certainly be but too happy to see you saving him the trouble of making you ridiculous. The fact is, that the solemnity of your eleventh article does make you look a little more absurd than you ever yet looked, in all probability, and at the same time does no good; fo if any body believed before in the octave stanzas, they will believe still, and you will find it not less difficult to prove your negative, than the learned Partridge found it to demonstrate his not being dead, to the satisfaction of the readers of almanacs.

What the motives of this writer may have been for (as you magnificently translate his quizzing you) "stating, with the "particularity which belongs to fact, the forgery of a ground-"less fiction," (do pray, my dear R., talk a little less "in "King Cambyses' vein") I cannot pretend to say; perhaps to laugh at you, but that is no reason for your benevolently making all the world laugh also. I approve of your being angry; I tell you I am angry too; but you should not have shown it so outrageously. Your solemn "*if* somebody per-"sonating the Editor of the," &c. &c. "has received from "Lord B. or from any other person," reminds me of Charley Incledon's usual exordium when people came into the tavern to hear him sing without paying their share of the reckoning —"If a maun, or *ony* maun, or *ony other* maun," &c. &c.;

you have both the same redundant eloquence. But why should you think any body would personate you? Nobody would dream of such a prank who ever read your compositions, and perhaps not many who have heard your conversation. But I have been inoculated with a little of your prolixity. The fact is, my dear Roberts, that somebody has tried to make a fool of you, and what he did not succeed in doing, you have done for him and for yourself.

With regard to the poem itself, or the author, whom I cannot find out (can you?) I have nothing to say; my business is with you. I am sure that you will, upon second thoughts, be really obliged to me for the intention of this letter, however far short my expressions may have fallen of the sincere good will, admiration, and thorough esteem, with which I am ever, my dear Roberts,

Most truly yours,

WORTLEY CLUTTERBUCK.

Sept. —, —.
Little Pidlington.

P.S. My letter is too long to revise, and the post is going. I forget whether or not I asked you the meaning of your last words, "the forgery of a groundless fiction." Now, as all forgery is fiction, and all fiction a kind of forgery, is not this tautological? The sentence would have ended more strongly with "forgery;" only it hath an awful Bank of England sound, and would have ended like an indictment, besides sparing you several words, and conferring some meaning upon the remainder. But this is mere verbal criticism. Good bye—once more yours truly,

W. C.

P. S. 2nd.—Is it true that the Saints make up the losses of the review?—It is very handsome in them to be at so great an expence—Pray pardon my taking up so much of your time from the bar, and from your clients, who I hear are about the same number with the readers of your journal. *Twice* more yours,

W. C.

THE FLORENTINE LOVERS.*

At the time when Florence was divided into the two fierce parties of Guelfs and Ghibelines, there was great hostility between two families of the name of Bardi and Buondelmonti. It was seldom that love took place between individuals of houses so divided; but, when it did, it was proportionately vehement, either because the individuals themselves were vehement in all their passions, or because love, falling upon two gentle hearts, made them the more pity and love one another, to find themselves in so unnatural a situation.

Of this latter kind was an affection that took place between a young lady of the family of the Bardi, called Dianora d'Amerigo, and a youth of the other family, whose name was Ippolito. The girl was about fifteen, and in the full flower of her beauty and sweetness. Ippolito was about three years older, and looked two or three more, on account of a certain gravity and deep regard in the upper part of his face. You might know by his lips that he could love well, and by his eyes that he could keep the secret. There was a likeness, as sometimes happens, between the two lovers; and perhaps this was no mean help to their passion; for as we find painters often giving their own faces to their heroes, so the more ex-

* The groundwork of this story is in a late Italian publication, called the Florentine Observer, descriptive of the old buildings and other circumstances of local interest in the capital of Tuscany.

cusable vanity of lovers delights to find that resemblance in one another, which Plato said was only the divorced half of the original human being rushing into communion with the other.

Be this as it may (and lovers in those times were not ignorant of such speculations) it needed but one sight of Dianora d'Amerigo to make Ippolito fall violently in love with her. It was in church on a great holiday. In the South the church has ever been the place where people fall in love. It is there that the young of both sexes oftenest find themselves in each other's company. There the voluptuous that cannot fix their thoughts upon heaven find congenial objects, more earthly, to win their attention; and there, the most innocent and devotional spirits, voluptuous also without being aware of it, and not knowing how to vent the grateful pleasure of their hearts, discover their tendency to repose on beings that can shew themselves visibly sensible to their joy. The paintings, the perfumes, the music, the kind crucifix, the mixture of aspiration and earthly ceremony, the draperies, the white vestments of young and old, the boys' voices, the giant candles, typical of the seraphic ministrants about God's altar, the meeting of all ages and classes, the echoings of the aisles, the lights and shades of the pillars and vaulted roofs, the very struggle of day-light at the lofty windows, as if earth were at once present and not present,—all have a tendency to confuse the boundaries of this world and the next, and to set the heart floating in that delicious mixture of elevation and humility, which is ready to sympathize with whatever can preserve to it something like its sensations, and save it from the hardness and definite folly of ordinary life. It was in a church that Boccaccio, not merely the voluptuous Boccaccio, who is but half-known by the half-witted, but Boccaccio, the future painter of the Falcon

and the Pot of Basil, first saw the beautiful face of his Fiammetta. In a church, Petrarch felt the sweet shadow fall on him that darkened his life for twenty years after. And the fond gratitude of the local historian for a tale of true love, has left it on record, that it was in the church of St. Giovanni at Florence, and on the great day of Pardon, which falls on the 13th of January, that Ippolito de' Buondelmonte became enamoured of Dianora d'Amerigo. [How delicious it is to repeat these beautiful Italian names, when they are not merely names. We find ourselves almost unconsciously writing them in a better hand than the rest; not merely for the sake of the printer, but for the pleasure of lingering upon the sound.]

When the people were about to leave church, Ippolito, in turning to speak to an acquaintance, lost sight of his unknown beauty. He made haste to plant himself at the door, telling his companion that he should like to see the ladies come out; for he had not the courage to say which lady. When he saw Dianora appear, he changed colour, and saw nothing else. Yet though he beheld, and beheld her distinctly, so as to carry away every feature in his heart, it seemed to him afterwards that he had seen her only as in a dream. She glided by him like a thing of heaven, drawing her veil over her head. As he had not had the courage to speak of her, he had still less the courage to ask her name; but he was saved the trouble. "God and St. John bless her beautiful face!" cried a beggar at the door; "she always gives double of any "one else."—"Curse her!" muttered Ippolito's acquaintance; "she is one of the Bardi." The ear of the lover heard both these exclamations, and they made an indelible impression. Being a lover of books and poetry, and intimate with the most liberal of the two parties, such as Dante Alighieri (afterwards so famous), and Guido Cavalcanti, Ippolito,

though a warm partisan himself, and implicated in a fierce encounter that had lately taken place between some persons on horseback, had been saved from the worst feelings attendant on political hostility; and they now appeared to him odious. He had no thought, it is true, of forgiving one of the old Bardi, who had cut his father down from his horse; but he would now have sentenced the whole party to a milder banishment than before; and to curse a female belonging to it, and that female Dianora!—he differed with the stupid fellow that had done it whenever they met afterwards.

It was a heavy reflection to Ippolito to think that he could not see his mistress in her own house. She had a father and mother living as well as himself, and was surrounded with relations. It was a heavier still that he knew not how to make her sensible of his passion; and the heaviest of all, that being so lovely, she would certainly be carried off by another husband. What was he to do? He had no excuse for writing to her; and as to serenading her under her window, unless he meant to call all the neighbours to witness his temerity and lose his life at once in that brawling age, it was not to be thought of. He was obliged to content himself with watching, as well as he could, the windows of her abode, following her about whenever he saw her leave it, and with pardonable vanity trying to catch her attention by some little action that should give her a good thought of the stranger; such as anticipating her in giving alms to a beggar. We must even record, that on one occasion he contrived to stumble against a dog and tread on his toes, in order that he might ostentatiously help the poor beast out of the way. But his day of delight was church-day. Not a fast, not a feast did he miss; not a Sunday, nor a saints'-day. "The devotion of that young "gentleman," said an old widow-lady, her aunt, who was in the habit of accompanying Dianora, "is indeed edifying;

"and yet he is a mighty pretty youth, and might waste his "time in sins and vanities with the gayest of them." And the old widow lady sighed, doubtless out of a tender pity for the gay. Her recommendation of Ippolito to her niece's notice would have been little applauded by her family; but, to say the truth, she was not responsible. His manœuvres and constant presence had already gained Dianora's attention; and, with all the unaffected instinct of an Italian, she was not long in suspecting who it was that attracted his devotions, and in wishing very heartily that they might continue. She longed to learn who he was, but felt the same want of courage as he himself had experienced. "Did you "observe," said the aunt, one day after leaving church, "how the poor boy blushed, because he did but catch my "eye? Truly, such modesty is very rare." "Dear aunt," replied Dianora, with a mixture of real and affected archness, of pleasure and of gratitude, "I thought you never wished "me to notice the faces of young men." "Not of young men, "niece," returned the aunt, gravely; "not of persons of "twenty-eight, or thirty or so, nor indeed of youths in "general, however young; but then this youth is very dif-"ferent; and the most innocent of us may look, once in a "way or so, at so very modest and respectful a young gen-"tleman. I say respectful, because when I gave him a slight "curtesy of acknowledgment, or so, for making way for me "in the aisle, he bowed to me with so solemn and thankful "an air as if the favour had come from me, which was ex-"tremely polite; and if he is very handsome, poor boy, how "can he help that? Saints have been handsome in their "days, aye, and young, or their pictures are not at all like, "which is impossible; and I am sure St. Dominic himself, "in the wax-work, God forgive me! hardly looks sweeter and "humbler at the Madonna and Child, than he did at me and

"you, as we went by." "Dear aunt," rejoined Dianora, "I "did not mean to reproach you, I'm sure; but, sweet aunt, "we do not know him, you know; and you know—" "Know," cried the old lady, "I'm sure I know him as well as if he "were my own aunt's son, which might not be impossible, "though she is a little younger than myself; and if he were "my own, I should not be ashamed." "And who then," inquired Dianora, scarcely articulating her words, "who "then is he?" "Who?" said the aunt; "why the most "edifying young gentleman in all Florence, that's who "he is; and it does not signify what he is else, mani-"festly being a gentleman as he is, and one of the noblest, "I warrant; and I wish you may have no worse husband, "child, when you come to marry, though there is time "enough to think of that. Young ladies, now-a-days, are "always for knowing who every body is, who he is, and "what he is, and whether he is this person or that person, "and is of the Grand Prior's side, or the Archbishop's side, "and what not; and all this before they will allow him to be "even handsome, which, I am sure, was not so in my youngest "days. It is all right and proper, if matrimony is concerned, "or they are in danger of marrying below their condition, or "a profane person, or one that's hideous, or a heretic; but "to admire an evident young saint, and one that never misses "church, Sunday or saints-day, or any day for aught that I "see, is a thing that, if any thing, shews we may hope for "the company of young saints hereafter; and if so very edi-"fying a young gentleman is also respectful to the ladies, "was not the blessed St. Francis himself of his opinion "in that matter? And did not the Seraphical St. Teresa "admire him the more for it? And does not St. Paul, in his "very epistles, send his best respects to the ladies Tryphœna "and Tryphosa? And was there ever woman in the New

"Testament (with reverence be it spoken, if we may say "women of such blessed females) was there ever woman, I "say, in the New Testament, not even excepting Madonna "Magdalen who had been possessed with seven devils (which "is not so many by half as some ladies I could mention) nor "Madonna, the other poor lady, whom the unforgiving "hypocrites wanted to stone" (and here the good old lady wept, out of a mixture of devotion and gratitude) "was "there one of all these women, or any other, whom our "Blessed Lord himself" (and here the tears came into the gentle eyes of Dianora) "did not treat with all that sweet-"ness, and kindness, and tenderness, and brotherly love, "which like all his other actions, and as the seraphical Fa-"ther Antonio said the other day in the pulpit, proved him "to be not only from heaven, but the truest of all nobles on "earth, and a natural gentleman born?"

We know not how many more reasons the good old lady would have given, why all the feelings of poor Dianora's heart, not excepting her very religion, which was truly one of them, should induce her to encourage her affection for Ippolito. By the end of this sentence they had arrived at their home, and the poor youth returned to his. We say "poor" of both the lovers, for by this time they had both become sufficiently enamoured to render their cheeks the paler for discovering their respective families, which Dianora had now done as well as Ippolito.

A circumstance on the Sunday following had nearly discovered them, not only to one another, but to all the world. Dianora had latterly never dared to steal a look at Ippolito, for fear of seeing his eyes upon her; and Ippolito, who was less certain of her regard for him than herself, imagined that he had somehow offended her. A few Sundays before she had sent him home bounding for joy. There had been two

places empty where he was kneeling, one near him, and the other a little farther off. The aunt and the niece, who came in after him, and found themselves at the spot where he was, were perplexed which of the two places to chuse; when it seemed to Ippolito, that by a little movement of her arm, Dianora decided for the one nearest him. He had also another delight. The old lady, in the course of the service, turned to her niece, and asked her why she did not sing as usual. Dianora bowed her head, and in a minute or two afterwards, Ippolito heard the sweetest voice in the world, low indeed, almost to a whisper, but audible to him. He thought it trembled: and he trembled also. It seemed to thrill within his spirit, in the same manner that the organ thrills through the body. No such symptom of preference occurred afterwards. The ladies did not come so near him, whatever pains he took to occupy so much room before they came in, and then make room when they appeared. However, he was self-satisfied as well as ingenious enough in his reasonings on the subject, not to lay much stress upon this behaviour, till it lasted week after week, and till he never again found Dianora looking even towards the quarter in which he sat: for it is our duty to confess, that if the lovers were two of the devoutest of the congregation, which is certain, they were apt also, at intervals, to be the least attentive; and, furthermore, that they would each pretend to look towards places at a little distance from the desired object, in order that they might take in, with the sidelong power of the eye, the presence and look of one another. But for some time Dianora had ceased even to do this; and though Ippolito gazed on her the more steadfastly, and saw that she was paler than before, he began to persuade himself that it was not on his account. At length, a sort of desperation urged him to get nearer to her, if she would not condescend to

come near himself; and, on the Sunday in question, scarcely knowing what he did, or how he saw, felt, or breathed, he knelt right down beside her. There was a pillar next him, which luckily kept him somewhat in the shade; and, for a moment, he leaned his forehead against the cold marble, which revived him. Dianora did not know he was by her. She did not sing; nor did the aunt ask her. She kept one unaltered posture, looking upon her mass-book, and he thought she did this on purpose. Ippolito, who had become weak with his late struggles of mind, felt almost suffocated with his sensations. He was kneeling side by side with her; her idea, her presence, her very drapery, which was all that he dared to feel himself in contact with, the consciousness of kneeling with her in the presence of him whom tender hearts implore for pity on their infirmities, all rendered him intensely sensible of his situation. By a strong effort, he endeavoured to turn his self-pity into a feeling entirely religious; but when he put his hands together, he felt the tears ready to gush away so irrepressibly, that he did not dare it. At last the aunt, who had in fact looked about for him, recognized him with some surprise, and more pleasure. She had begun to suspect his secret; and though she knew who he was, and that the two families were at variance, yet a great deal of good nature, a sympathy with pleasures of which no woman had tasted more, and some considerable disputes she had lately with another old lady, her kinswoman, on the subject of politics, determined her upon at least giving the two lovers that sort of encouragement, which arises not so much from any decided object we have in view, as from a certain vague sense of benevolence, mixed with a lurking wish to have our own way. Accordingly, the well-meaning old widow-lady, without much consideration, and loud enough for Ippolito to hear, whispered her niece to

"let the gentleman next her read in her book, as he seemed "to have forgotten to bring his own." Dianora, without lifting her eyes, and never suspecting who it was, moved her book sideways, with a courteous inclination of the head, for the gentleman to take it. He did so. He held it with her. He could not hinder his hand from shaking; but Dianora's reflections were so occupied upon one whom she little thought so near her, that she did not perceive it. At length the book tottered so in his hand, that she could not but notice it. She turned to see if the gentleman was ill; and instantly looked back again. She felt that she herself was too weak to look at him, and whispering to her aunt, "I am very unwell," the ladies rose and made their way out of the church. As soon as she felt the fresh air she fainted, and was carried home; and it happened, at the same moment, that Ippolito, unable to keep his feelings to himself, leaned upon the marble pillar at which he was kneeling, and groaned aloud. He fancied she had left him in disdain. Luckily for him, a circumstance of this kind was not unknown in a place where penitents would sometimes be overpowered by a sense of their crimes; and though Ippolito was recognized by some, they concluded he had not been the innocent person they supposed. They made up their minds in future that his retired and bookish habits, and his late evident suffering, were alike the result of some dark offence; and among these persons, the acquaintance who had cursed Dianora when he first beheld her, was glad to be one; for without knowing his passion for her, much less her return of it, which was more than the poor youth knew himself, he envied him for his accomplishments and popularity.

Ippolito dragged himself home, and after endeavouring to move about for a day or two, and to get as far as Dianora's abode,—an attempt he gave up for fear of being unable to

come away again,—was fairly obliged to take to his bed. What a mixture of delight, with sorrow, would he have felt, had he known that his mistress was almost in as bad a state! The poor aunt, who soon discovered her niece's secret, now found herself in a dreadful dilemma; and the worst of it was, that being on the female side of the love, and told by Dianora that it would be the death of her if she disclosed it to "*him*," or any body connected with him, or, indeed, any body at all, she did not know what steps to take. However, as she believed that at least death might possibly ensue if the dear young people were not assured of each other's love, and certainly did not believe in any such mortality as her niece spoke of, she was about to make her first election out of two or three measures which she was resolved upon taking, when, luckily for the salvation of Dianora's feelings, she was surprised by a visit from the person, whom of all persons in the world she wished to see,—Ippolito's mother.

The two ladies soon came to a mutual understanding, and separated with comfort for their respective patients. We need not wait to describe how a mother came to the knowledge of her son's wishes; nor will it be necessary to relate how delighted the two lovers were to hear of one another, and to be assured of each other's love. But Ippolito's illness now put on a new aspect; for the certainty of his being welcome to Dianora, and the easiness with which he saw his mother give way to his inclinations, made him impatient for an interview. Dianora was afraid of encountering him as usual in public; and he never ceased urging his mother, till she consented to advise with Dianora's aunt upon what was to be done. Indeed, with the usual weakness of those, who take any steps, however likely to produce future trouble, rather than continue a present uneasiness, she herself thought it high time to do something for the poor boy; for the house began to remark

on his strange conduct. All his actions were either too quick, or too slow. At one time he would start up to perform the most trivial office of politeness, as if he were going to stop a conflagration; at another, the whole world might move before him without his noticing. He would now leap on his horse, as if the enemy were at the city-gates; and next day, when going to mount it, stop on a sudden, with the reins in his hands, and fall a musing. "What is the matter with the "boy?" said his father, who was impatient at seeing him so little his own master; "has he stolen a box of jewels?" for somebody had spread a report that he gambled, and it was observed that he never had any money in his pocket. The truth is, he gave it all away to the objects of Dianora's bounty, particularly to the man who blessed her at the church door. One day his father, who loved a bitter joke, made a young lady, who sat next him at dinner, lay her hand before him instead of the plate; and upon being asked why he did not eat, he was very near taking a piece of it for a mouthful. "Oh, the gallant youth!" cried the father, and Ippolito blushed up to the eyes; which was taken as a proof that the irony was well-founded. But Ippolito thought of Dianora's hand, how it held the book with him when he knelt by her side; and, after a little pause, he turned and took up that of the young lady, and begged her pardon with the best grace in the world. "He has the air of a prince," thought his father, "if he would but behave himself like other young "men." The young lady thought he had the air of a lover; and as soon as the meal was over, his mother put on her veil, and went to seek a distant relation called Signora Veronica.

Signora Veronica was in a singular position with regard to the two families of Bardi and Buondelmonti. She happened to be related at nearly equal distances to them both; and she hardly knew whether to be prouder of the double relationship,

or more annoyed with the evil countenances they shewed her, if she did not pay great attention to one of them, and no attention to the other. The pride remained uppermost, as it is apt to do; and she hazarded all consequences for the pleasure of inviting now some of the young de' Bardi, and now some of the young de' Buondelmonti; hinting to them when they went away, that it would be as well for them not to say that they had heard any thing of the other family's visiting her. The young people were not sorry to keep the matter as secret as possible, because their visits to Gossip Veronica were always restrained for a long time, if anything of the sort transpired; and thus a spirit of concealment and intrigue was sown in their young minds, which might have turned out worse for Ippolito and Dianora, if their hearts had not been so good.

But here was a situation for Gossip Veronica! Dianora's aunt had been with her some days, hinting that something extraordinary, but as she hoped not unpleasant, would be proposed to the good Gossip, which for her part had her grave sanction; and now came the very mother of the young Buondelmonte to explain to her what this intimation was, and to give her an opportunity of having one of each family in her house at the same time! There was a great falling off in the beatitude, when she understood that Ippolito's presence was to be kept a secret from all her visitors that day, except Dianora; but she was reconciled on receiving an intimation that in future the two ladies would have no objection to her inviting whom she pleased to her house, and upon receiving a jewel from each of them as a pledge of their esteem. As to keeping the main secret, it was necessary for all parties.

Gossip Veronica, for a person in her rank of life, was rich, and had a pleasant villa at Monticelli, about half a mile from the city. Thither, on a holiday in September, which was

kept with great hilarity by the peasants, came Dianora d'Amerigo de' Bardi, attended by her aunt Madonna Lucrezia, to see, as her mother observed, that no "improper persons" were there;—and thither, before daylight, let in by Signora Veronica herself, at the hazard of her reputation and of the furious jealousy of a young vine-dresser in the neighbourhood, who loved her good things better than any thing in the world except her waiting-maid, came the young Ippolito Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti, looking, as she said, like the morning star.

The morning-star hugged and was hugged with great good will by the kind Gossip, and then twinkled with impatience from a corner of her chamber window till he saw Dianora. How his heart beat when he beheld her coming up through the avenue! Veronica met her near the garden-gate, and pointed towards the window, as they walked along. Ippolito fancied she spoke of him, but did not know what to think of it, for Dianora did not change countenance, nor do any thing but smile good-naturedly on her companion, and ask her apparently some common question. The truth was, she had no suspicion he was there; though the Gossip, with much smirking and mystery, said she had a little present there for her, and such as her lady-mother approved. Dianora, whom, with all imaginable respect for her, the Gossip had hitherto treated, from long habit, like a child, thought it was some trifle or other, and forgot it next moment. Every step which Ippolito heard on the stair-case he fancied was her's, till it passed the door, and never did morning appear to him at once so delicious and so tiresome. To be in the same house with her, what joy! But to be in the same house with her, and not to be able to tell her his love directly, and ask her for her's, and fold her into his very soul, what impatience and misery! Two or three times there was a knock of some one

to be let in; but it was only the Gossip, come to inform him that he must be patient, and that she did not know when Madonna Lucrezia would please to bring Dianora, but most likely after dinner, when the visitors retired to sleep a little. Of all impertinent things, dinner appeared to him the most tiresome and unfit. He wondered how any thinking beings, who might take a cake or a cup of wine by the way, and then proceed to love one another, could sit round a great wooden table, patiently eating of this and that nicety; and, above all, how they could sit still afterwards for a moment, and not do any thing else in preference,—stand on their heads, or toss the dishes out of window. Then the Festival! God only knew how happy the peasantry might chuse to be, and how long they might detain Dianora with their compliments, dances, and songs. Doubtless, there must be many lovers among them; and how they could bear to go jigging about in this gregarious manner, when they must all wish to be walking two by two in the green lanes, was to him, inexplicable. However, Ippolito was very sincere in his gratitude to Gossip Veronica, and even did his best to behave handsomely to her cake and wine; and after dinner his virtue was rewarded.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader, that he must not judge of other times and countries by his own. The real fault of those times, as of most others, lay, not in people's loves, but their hostilities; and if both were managed in a way somewhat different from our own, perhaps neither the loves were less innocent, nor the hostilities more ridiculous. After dinner, when the other visitors had separated here and there to sleep, Dianora, accompanied by her aunt and Veronica, found herself, to her great astonishment, in the same room with Ippolito; and in a few minutes after their introduction to each other, and after one had looked this way, and the other that,

and one taken up a book and laid it down again, and both looked out of the window, and each blushed, and either turned pale, and the gentleman adjusted his collar, and the lady her sleeve, and the elder ladies had whispered one another in a corner, Dianora, less to her astonishment than before, was left in the room with him alone. She made a movement as if to follow them, but Ippolito said something she knew not what, and she remained. She went to the window, looking very serious and pale, and not daring to glance towards him. He intended instantly to go to her, and wondered what had become of his fierce impatience; but the very delay had now something delicious in it. Oh, the happiness of those moments! oh, the sweet morning-time of those feelings! the doubt which is not doubt, and the hope which is but the coming of certainty! Oh, recollections enough to fill faded eyes with tears of renovation, and to make us forget we are no longer young, the next young and innocent beauty we behold! Why do not such hours make us as immortal as they are divine? Why are we not carried away, literally, into some place where they can last for ever, leaving those who miss us to say, "they were capable of loving, and they are gone to heaven!"

Reader. But, sir, in taking these heavenly flights of yours, you have left your two lovers.

Author. Surely, madam, I need not inform you that lovers are fond of being left—at least to themselves.

Reader. But, sir, they are Italians; and I did not think Italian lovers were of this bashful description. I imagined that the moment your two Florentines beheld one another, they would spring into each others arms, sending up cries of joy, and—and—

Author. Tumbling over the two old women by the way. It is a very pretty imagination, madam; but Italians partake

of all the feelings common to human nature; and modesty is really not confined to the English, even though they are always saying it is.

Reader. But I was not speaking of modesty, sir, I was only alluding to a sort of,—what shall I say—a kind of irrepressible energy, that which in the Italian character is called violence.

Author. I meant nothing personal, madam, believe me, in using the word modesty. You are too charitable, and have too great a regard for my lovers. I was not speaking myself of modesty in any particular sense, but of modesty in general; and all nations, not excepting our beloved and somewhat dictatorial countrymen, have their modesties and immodesties too, from which perhaps their example might instruct one another. With regard to the violence you speak of, and which is energy sometimes, and the weakest of weaknesses at others, according to the character which exhibits it, and the occasion that calls it forth, the Italians, who live in an ardent climate, have undoubtedly shewn more of it than most people; but it is only where their individual character is most irregular, and education and laws at their worst. In general it is nothing but pure self-will, and belongs to the two extremes of the community—the most powerful whose passions have been indulged, and the poorest whose passions have never been instructed. True energy manifests itself, not in violence, but in strength and intensity; and intensity is by its nature discerning, and not to be surpassed in quietness, where quietness is becoming. Besides, in the age we are writing of, there was as much refinement in love matters with some, as there was outrage and brutality with others. All the faculties of humanity, bad and good, may be said to have been making their way at that period, and trying for the mastery; and if on the one hand we are

presented with horrible spectacles of lust, tyranny, and revenge, on the other we find philosophy and even divinity refining upon the passion of love, and emulating the most beautiful subtleties of Plato in rendering it a thing angelical.

Reader. You have convinced me, sir; pray let us proceed.

Author. Your *us*, madam, is flattering; I fancy we are beholding the two lovers in company. We are like Don Cleofas and his ghostly friend, in the Devil on Two Sticks, when they saw into the people's houses; I, of course, the devil; and you the young student, only feminine—Donna Cleofasia, studying humanity.

Reader. Well, sir, as you please; only let us proceed.

Author. Madam, your sentiments are engaging to the last degree; so I proceed with pleasure.

We left our two lovers, madam, standing in Signora Veronica's bed-chamber, one at the window, the other at a little distance. They remained in this situation about the same space of time in which we have been talking. Oh! how impossible it is to present to ourselves two grave and happy lovers trembling with the approach of their mutual confessions, and not feel a graver and happier sensation than levity resume its place in one's thoughts!

Ippolito went up to Dianora. She was still looking out of the window, her eyes fixed upon the blue mountains in the distance, but conscious of nothing outside the room. She had a light green and gold net on her head, which enclosed her luxuriant hair without violence, and seemed as if it took it up that he might admire the white neck underneath. She felt his breath upon it; and beginning to expect that his lips would follow, raised her hands to her head, as if the net required adjusting. This movement, while it disconcerted him, presented her waist in a point of view so impossible not to touch, that taking it gently in both his hands, he pressed one

at the same time upon her heart, and said, "It will forgive me, even for doing this." He had reason to say so, for he felt it beat against his fingers, as if it leaped. Dianora, blushing and confused, though feeling abundantly happy, made another movement with her hands as if to remove his own, but he only detained them on either side. "Messer Ippolito," said Dianora, in a tone as if to remonstrate, though suffering herself to remain a prisoner, "I fear you must think me"—"No, no," interrupted Ippolito, "you can fear nothing that I think, or that I do. It is I that have to fear your lovely and fearful beauty, which has been ever at the side of my sick bed, and I thought looked angrily upon me—upon me alone of the whole world." "They told me you had been ill," said Dianora in a very gentle tone, "and my aunt perhaps knew that I—thought that I—Have you been very ill?" And without thinking, she drew her left hand from under his, and placed it upon it. "Very," answered Ippolito; "do not I look so?" and saying this, he raised his other hand, and venturing to put it round to the left side of her little dimpled chin, turned her face towards him. Dianora did not think he appeared so ill, by a good deal, as he did in the church; but there was enough in his face, ill or well, to make her eyesight swim as she looked at him; and the next moment her head was upon his shoulder, and his lips descended, welcome, upon hers.

There was a practice in those times, generated, like other involuntary struggles against wrong, by the absurdities in authority, of resorting to marriages, or rather plightings of troth, made in secret, and in the eye of heaven. It was a custom liable to great abuse, as all secrecies are; but the harm of it, as usual, fell chiefly on the poor, or where the condition of the parties was unequal. Where the families were powerful and on an equality, the hazard of violating the

engagement was, for obvious reasons, very great, and seldom encountered; the lovers either foregoing their claims on each other upon better acquaintance, or adhering to their engagement the closer for the same reason, or keeping it at the expense of one or the other's repentance for fear of the consequences. The troth of Ippolito and Dianora was indeed a troth. They plighted it on their knees, before a picture of the Virgin and Child, in Veronica's bed-room, and over a mass-book which lay open upon a chair. Ippolito then, for the pleasure of revenging himself of the pangs he suffered when Dianora knelt with him before, took up the mass-book and held it before her, as she had held it before him, and looked her entreatingly in the face; and Dianora took and held it with him as before, trembling as then, but with a perfect pleasure; and Ippolito kissed her twice and thrice out of a sweet revenge.—[We find we are in the habit of using a great number of *ands* on these occasions. We do not affect it, though we are conscious of it. It is partly, we believe, owing to our recollections of the good faith and simplicity in the old romances, and partly to a certain sense of luxury and continuance which these *ands* help to link together. It is the fault of "the accursed critical spirit," which is the bane of these times, that we are obliged to be conscious of the matter at all. But we cannot help not having been born six hundred years ago, and are obliged to be base and *reviewatory* like the rest. To affect not to be conscious of the critical in these times, would itself be a departure from what is natural; but we notice the necessity only to express our hatred of it, and hereby present the critics (ourselves included, as far as we belong to them) with our hearty discommendations.]

The thoughtless old ladies, Donna Lucrezia and the other (for old age is not always the most considerate thing in the

world, especially the old age of one's aunts and gossips) had now returned into the room where they left the two lovers; but not before Dianora had consented to receive her bridegroom in her own apartment at home, that same night, by means of that other old good-natured go-between, yclept a ladder of ropes. The rest of the afternoon was spent, according to laudable custom, in joining in the diversions of the peasantry. They sung, they danced, they eat the grapes that hung over their heads, they gave and took jokes and flowers, they flaunted with all their colours in the sun, they feasted with all their might under the trees. You could not say which looked the ripest and merriest, the fruit or their brown faces. In Tuscany they have had from time immemorial little rustic songs or stanzas that turn upon flowers. One of these, innocently addressed to Dianora by way of farewell, put her much out of countenance—"Voi siete un bel fione," sung a peasant girl, after kissing her hand:—

> You are a lovely flower. What flower? The flower
> That shuts with the dark hour:—
> Would that to keep you awake were in my power!

Ippolito went singing it all the way home, and ran up against a hundred people.

Ippolito had noticed a ladder of ropes which was used in his father's house for some domestic purposes. To say the truth, it was an old servant, and had formerly been much in request for the purpose to which it was now about to be turned by the old gentleman himself. He was indeed a person of a truly orthodox description, having been much given to intrigue in his younger days, being consigned over to avarice in his older, and exhibiting great submission to every thing established, always. Accordingly, he was considered as a personage equally respectable for his virtues, as

important from his rank and connexions; and if hundreds of ladders could have risen up in judgment against him, they would only have been considered as what are called in England "wild oats;"—wild ladders, which it was natural for every gentleman to plant.

Ippolito's character, however, being more principled, his privileges were not the same; and on every account he was obliged to take great care. He waited with impatience till midnight, and then letting himself out of his window, and taking the ropes under his cloak, made the best of his way to a little dark lane which bordered the house of the Bardi. One of the windows of Dianora's chamber looked into the lane, the others into the garden. The house stood in a remote part of the city. Ippolito listened to the diminishing sound of the guitars and revellers in the distance, and was proceeding to inform Dianora of his arrival by throwing up some pebbles, when he heard a noise coming. It was some young men taking a circuit of the more solitary streets, to purify them, as they said, from sobriety. Ippolito slunk into a corner. He was afraid, as the sound opened upon his ears, that they would turn down the lane; but the hubbub passed on. He stepped forth from his corner, and again retreated. Two young men, loiterers behind the rest, disputed whether they should go down the lane. One, who seemed intoxicated, swore he would serenade "the little foe," as he called her, if it was only to vex the old one, and "bring him out with his cursed long sword." "And a lecture twice as long," said the other. "Ah, there you have me," quoth the musician; "his sword is—a sword; but his lecture's the devil: reaches the other side of the river—never stops till it strikes one sleepy. But I must serenade." "No, no," returned his friend; "remember what the Grand Prior said, and don't let us commit ourselves in a petty brawl. We'll have it out of

their hearts some day." Ippolito shuddered to hear such words, even from one of his own party. "Don't tell me," said the pertinacious drunken man; "I remember what the Grand Prior said. He said, I must serenade; no, he didn't say I must serenade—but *I* say it; the Grand Prior said,' says he,—I remember it as if it was yesterday—he said—gentlemen, said he, there are three good things in the world, love, music, and fighting; and then he said a cursed number of other things by no means good; and all to prove, philosophically, you rogue, that love was good, and music was good, and fighting was good, philosophically, and in a cursed number of paragraphs. So I must serenade." "False logic, Vanni," cried the other; "so come along, or we shall have the enemy upon us in a heap, for I hear another party coming, and I am sure they are none of ours." "Good again," said the musician, "love and fighting, my boy, and music; so I'll have my song before they come up." And the fellow began roaring out one of the most indecent songs he could think of, which made our lover ready to start forth and dash the guitar in his face; but he repressed himself. In a minute he heard the other party come up. A clashing of swords ensued, and to his great relief the drunkard and his companion were driven on. In a minute or two all was silent. Ippolito gave the signal—it was acknowledged; the rope was fixed; and the lover was about to ascend, when he was startled with a strange diminutive face, smiling at him over a light. His next sensation was to smile at the state of his own nerves; for it was but a few minutes before, that he was regretting he could not put out a lantern that stood burning under a little image of the Virgin. He crossed himself, offered up a prayer for the success of his true love, and again proceeded to mount the ladder. Just as his hand reached the window, he thought he heard other steps. He

looked down towards the street. Two figures evidently stood at the corner of the lane. He would have concluded them to be the two men returned, but for their profound silence. At last one of them said out loud, "I am certain I saw a shadow of somebody by the lantern, and now you find we have not come back for nothing. Who's there?" added he, coming at the same time down the lane with his companion. Ippolito descended rapidly, intending to hide his face as much as possible in his hood and escape by dint of fighting, but his foot slipped in the ropes, and he was at the same instant seized by the strangers. The instinct of a lover, who above all things in the world cared for his mistress's reputation, supplied our hero with an artifice as quick as lightning. "They are all safe," said he, affecting to tremble with a cowardly terror, "I have not touched one of them." "One of what?" said the others; "what are all safe?" "The jewels," replied Ippolito; "let me go for the love of God, and it shall be my last offence, as it was my first. Besides, I meant to restore them." "Restore them!" cried the first spokesman; "a pretty jest truly. This must be some gentleman gambler by his fine would-be conscience; and by this light we will see who he is, if it is only for your sake, Filippo, eh?" For his companion was a pretty notorious gambler himself, and Ippolito had kept cringing in the dark. "Curse it," said Filippo, "never mind the fellow; he is not worth our while in these stirring times, though I warrant he has cheated me often enough." To say the truth, Messer Filippo was not a little afraid the thief would turn out to be some inexperienced desperado, whom he had cheated himself, and perhaps driven to this very crime; but his companion was resolute, and Ippolito finding it impossible to avoid his fate, came forward into the light. "By all the saints in the calendar," exclaimed the enemy, "a Buondelmonte! and

no less a Buondelmonte than the worthy and very magnificent Messer Ippolito Buondelmonte! Messer Ippolito, I kiss your hands; I am very much your humble servant and thief-taker. By my faith, this will be fine news for to-morrow."

To-morrow was indeed a heavy day to all the Buondelmonti, and as merry a one to all the Bardi, except poor Dianora. She knew not what had prevented Ippolito from finishing his ascent up the ladder; some interruption it must have been; but of what nature she could not determine, nor why he had not resumed his endeavours. It could have been nothing common. Was he known? Was *she* known? Was it all known? And the poor girl tormented herself with a thousand fears. Madonna Lucrezia hastened to her the first thing in the morning, with a full, true, and particular account. Ippolito de' Buondelmonti had been seized, in coming down a rope-ladder from one of the front windows of the house, with a great drawn sword in one hand and a box of jewels in the other. Dianora saw the whole truth in a moment, and from excess of sorrow, gratitude, and love, fainted away. Madonna Lucrezia guessed the truth too, but was almost afraid to confess it to her own mind, much more to speak of it aloud; and had not the news, and the bustle, and her niece's fainting, furnished her with something to do, she could have fainted herself very heartily, out of pure consternation. Gossip Veronica was in a worse condition when the news reached her; and Ippolito's mother, who guessed but too truly as well as the others, was seized with an illness, which joining with the natural weakness of her constitution, threw her into a stupor, and prevented her from attending to any thing. The next step of Madonna Lucrezia, after seeing Dianora out of her fainting fit, and giving the household to understand that the story of the robber had alarmed her, was to go to Gossip Veronica and concert measures of

concealment. The two women wept very sincerely for the poor youth, and admired his heroism in saving his mistress's honour; but with all their good-nature, they agreed that he was quite in the right, and that it would be but just to his magnanimity, and to their poor dear Dianora, to keep the secret as closely. Madonna Lucrezia then returned home, to be near Dianora, and help to baffle enquiry; while Gossip Veronica kept close in doors, too ill to see visitors, and alternately praying to the saint her namesake, and taking reasonable draughts of Montepulciano.

In those days there were too many wild young men of desperate fortunes to render Ippolito's confession improbable. Besides, he had been observed of late to be always without money; reports of his being addicted to gambling had arisen; and his father was avaricious. Lastly, his groaning in the church was remembered, under pretence of pity; and the magistrate (who was of the hostile party) concluded, with much sorrow, that he must have more sins to answer for than they knew of, which in so young a man was deplorable. The old gentleman had too much reason to know, that in elder persons it would have been nothing remarkable.

Ippolito, with a grief of heart which only served to confirm the bye-standers in their sense of his guilt, waited in expectation of his sentence. He thought it would be banishment, and was casting in his mind how he could hope some day or other to get a sight of his mistress, when the word Death fell on him like a thunderbolt. The origin of a sentence so severe was but too plain to every body; but the Bardi were uppermost that day; and the city, exhausted by some late party excesses, had but too much need of repose. Still it was thought a dangerous trial of the public pulse. The pity felt for the tender age of Ippolito was increased by the anguish which he found himself unable to repress. "Good

"God!" cried he, "must I die so young? And must I never "see—must I never see the light again, and Florence, and "my dear friends?" And he fell into almost abject intreaties to be spared; for he thought of Dianora. But the bye-standers fancied that he was merely afraid of death; and by the help of suggestions from the Bardi partisans, their pity almost turned into contempt. He prostrated himself at the magistrate's feet; he kissed his knees; he disgusted his own father; till finding every thing against him, and smitten at once with a sense of his cowardly appearance and the necessity of keeping his mistress's honour inviolable, he declared his readiness to die like a man, and at the same time stood wringing his hands, and weeping like an infant. He was sentenced to die next day.

The day came. The hour came. The Standard of Justice was hoisted before the door of the tribunal, and the trumpet blew through the city, announcing the death of a criminal. Dianora, to whom the news had been gradually broken, heard it in her chamber, and would have burst forth and proclaimed the secret but for Madonna Lucrezia, who spoke of her father, and mother, and all the Bardi, and the inutility of attempting to save one of the opposite faction, and the dreadful consequences to *every* body if the secret were betrayed. Dianora heard little about every body; but the habit of respecting her father and mother, and dreading their reproaches, kept her, moment after moment, from doing anything but listen and look pale; and, in the meantime, the procession began moving towards the scaffold.

Ippolito issued forth from the prison, looking more like a young martyr than a criminal. He was now perfectly quiet, and a sort of unnatural glow had risen into his cheeks, the result of the enthusiasm and conscious self-sacrifice into which he had worked himself during the night. He had only

prayed, as a last favour, that he might be taken through the street in which the house of the Bardi stood; for he had lived, he said, as every body knew, in great hostility with that family, and he now felt none any longer, and wished to bless the house as he passed it. The magistrate, for more reasons than one, had no objection; the old confessor, with tears in his eyes, said that the dear boy would still be an honour to his family, as surely as he would be a saint in heaven; and the procession moved on. The main feeling of the crowd, as usual, was that of curiosity, but there were few, indeed, in whom it was not mixed with pity; and many females found the sight so intolerable, that they were seen coming away down the streets, weeping bitterly, and unable to answer the questions of those they met.

The procession now began to pass the house of the Bardi. Ippolito's face, for an instant, turned of a chalky whiteness, and then resumed its colour. His lips trembled, his eyes filled with tears; and thinking his mistress might possibly be at the window, taking a last look of the lover that died for her, he bowed his head gently, at the same time forcing a smile, which glittered through his watery eyes. At that instant the trumpet blew its dreary blast for the second time. Dianora had already risen on her couch, listening, and asking what noise it was that approached. Her aunt endeavoured to quiet her with her excuses; but this last noise aroused her beyond controul; and the good old lady, forgetting herself in the condition of the two lovers, no longer attempted to stop her. "Go," said she, "in God's name, my child, "and Heaven be with you."

Dianora, her hair streaming, her eye without a tear, her cheek on fire, burst, to the astonishment of her kindred, into the room where they were all standing. She tore them aside from one of the windows with a preternatural strength, and,

stretching forth her head and hands, like one inspired, cried out, "Stop! stop! it is my Ippolito! my husband!" And, so saying, she actually made a movement, as if she would have stepped to him out of the window; for every thing but his image faded from her eyes. A movement of confusion took place among the multitude. Ippolito stood rapt on the sudden, trembling, weeping, and stretching his hands towards the window, as if praying to his guardian angel. The kinsmen would have prevented her from doing any thing further; but, as if all the gentleness of her character was gone, she broke from them with violence and contempt, and rushing down stairs into the street, exclaimed, in a frantic manner, "People! Dear God! Countrymen! I am a Bardi; he is a "Buondelmonte; he loved me; and that is the whole crime!" and, at these last words, they were locked in each other's arms.

The populace now broke through all restraint. They stopped the procession; they bore Ippolito back again to the seat of the magistracy, carrying Dianora with him; they described in a peremptory manner the mistake; they sent for the heads of the two houses; they made them swear a treaty of peace, amity, and unity; and in half an hour after the lover had been on the road to his death, he set out upon it again, the acknowledged bridegroom of the beautiful creature by his side.

Never was such a sudden revulsion of feeling given to a whole city. The women who had retreated in anguish, came back the gayest of the gay. Every body plucked all the myrtles they could find, to put into the hands of those who made the former procession, and who now formed a singular one for a bridal; but all the young women fell in with their white veils; and instead of the funeral dirge, a song of thanksgiving was chaunted. The very excess of their sensations enabled

the two lovers to hold up. Ippolito's cheeks, which seemed to have fallen away in one night, appeared to have plumped out again faster; and if he was now pale instead of high coloured, the paleness of Dianora had given way to radiant blushes which made up for it. He looked, as he ought,—like the person saved; she, like the angelic saviour.

Thus the two lovers passed on, as if in a dream tumultuous but delightful. Neither of them looked on the other; they gazed hither and thither on the crowd, as if in answer to the blessings that poured upon them; but their hands were locked fast; and they went like one soul in a divided body.

RHYME AND REASON;

OR A NEW PROPOSAL TO THE PUBLIC RESPECTING POETRY IN ORDINARY.

A FRIEND of ours the other day, taking up the miscellaneous poems of Tasso, read the title-page into English as follows:—"The Rhimes of the Lord Twisted Yew, Amorous, Bosky, and Maritime."* The Italians exhibit a modesty worthy of imitation in calling their Miscellaneous Poems, Rhimes. Twisted Yew himself, with all his genius, has put forth an abundance of these terminating blossoms, without any fruit behind them: and his countrymen of the present day do not scruple to confess, that their living poetry consists of little else. The French have a game at verses, called Rhymed Ends (Bouts Rimees) which they practise a great deal more than they are aware; and the English, though they are a more poetical people, and lay claim to the character of a less vain one, practise the same game to a very uncandid extent, without so much as allowing that the title is applicable to any part of it.

Yet how many "Poems" are there among all these nations, of which we require no more than the Rhymes, to be acquainted with the whole of them? You know what the rogues have done, by the ends they come to. For instance,

* Rime del Signor Torquato Tasso, Amorose, Boschereccie, Marittime, &c.

what more is necessary to inform us of all which the following gentleman has for sale, than the bell which he tinkles at the end of his cry? We are as sure of him, as of the muffin-man.

Grove,	Heart	Kiss
Night,	Prove,	Blest
Rove,	Impart,	Bliss
Delight.	Love.	Rest.

Was there ever per-oration more eloquent? Ever a series of catastrophes more explanatory of their previous history? Did any Chinese gentleman ever shew the amount of his breeding and accomplishments more completely, by the nails which he carries at his fingers' ends?

The Italian Rimatori are equally comprehensive. We no sooner see the majority of their rhymes, than we long to save the modesty of their general pretensions so much trouble in making out their case. Their *cores* and *amores* are not to be disputed. Cursed is he that does not put implicit reliance upon their *fedeltà!*—that makes inquisition why the possessor *più superbo va.* They may take the oaths and their seat at once. For example

Ben mio
Oh Dio
Da me

Fuggito
Rapito
La fe.

And again—

Amata
Sdegnata
Turbata
Irata
Furore
Dolore
Non so.

With—

O Cielo
Dal gielo
Tradire
Languire
Morire
Soffrire
Non può.

Where is the dull and inordinate person that would require these rhymes to be filled up? If they are brief as the love of which they complain, are they not pregnant in conclusions, full of a world of things that have past, infinitely retrospective, embracing, and enough? If not "vast," are they not "voluminous?"

It is doubtless an instinct of this kind that has made so many modern Italian poets intersperse their lyrics with those frequent single words, which are at once line and rhyme, and which some of our countrymen have in vain endeavoured to naturalize in the English opera. Not that they want the same pregnancy in our language, but because they are neither so abundant nor so musical; and besides, there is something in the rest of our verses, however common-place, which seems to be laughing at the incursion of these vivacious strangers, as if it were a hop suddenly got up, and unseasonably. We do not naturally take to any thing so abrupt and saltatory.

This objection however does not apply to the proposal we are about to make. Our rhymers *must* rhyme; and as there is a great difference between single words thus mingled with longer verses, and the same rhymes in their proper places, it has struck us, that a world of time and paper might be saved to the ingenious *rimatore*, whether Italian or English,

by foregoing at once all the superfluous part of his verses; that is to say, all the rest of them; and confining himself, entirely, to these very sufficing terminations. We subjoin some specimens in the various kinds of poetry; and inform the intelligent bookseller, that we are willing to treat with him for any quantity at a penny the hundred; which considering our characters, and how much more is obtained by the Laureate, and divers other tinkling old gentlemen about town, we trust will not be reckoned presuming.

A PASTORAL.

Dawn	Each	Fair	Me	Ray
Plains	Spoke	Mine	Too	Heat
Lawn	Beech	Hair	Free	Play
Swains.	Yokes.	Divine.	Woo.	Sweet.
Tune	Fields	Shades	Adieu	Farewell
Lays	Bowers	Darts	Flocks	Cows
Moon	Yields	Maids	Renew	Dell
Gaze.	Flowers.	Hearts.	Rocks.	Boughs.

Here, without any more ado, we have the whole history of a couple of successful rural lovers comparing notes. They issue forth in the morning; fall into the proper place and dialogue; record the charms and kindness of their respective mistresses; do justice at the same time to the fields and shades; and conclude by telling their flocks to wait as usual, while they renew their addresses under yonder boughs. How easily is all this gathered from the rhymes! and how worse than useless would it be in two persons, who have such interesting avocations, to waste their precious time and the reader's in a heap of prefatory remarks, falsely called verses!

Of Love-songs we have already had specimens; and by the bye, we did not think it necessary to give any French examples of our involuntary predecessors in this species of writing. The *yeux* and *dangereux*, *moi* and *foi*, *charmes* and *larmes*, are two well-known as well as too numerous to mention. We proceed to lay before the reader a Prologue; which, if spoken by a pretty actress, with a due sprinkling of nods and becks, and a judicious management of the pauses, would have an effect equally novel and triumphant. The reader is aware that a Prologue is generally made up of some observations on the drama in general, followed by an appeal in favour of the new one, some compliments to the nation, and a regular climax in honour of the persons appealed to. We scarcely need observe, that the rhymes should be read slowly, in order to give effect to the truly understood remarks in the intervals.

PROLOGUE.

Age	Fashion	Applause
Stage	British Nation.	Virtue's Cause
Mind		Trust
Mankind	Young	Just
Face	Tongue	Fear
Trace	Bard	Here
Sigh	Reward	Stands
Tragedy	Hiss	Hands
Scene	Miss	True
Spleen	Dare	You.
Pit	British fair	
Wit		

Here we have some respectable observations on the advan-

tages of the drama in every age, on the wideness of its survey, the different natures of tragedy and comedy, the vicissitudes of fashion, and the permanent greatness of the British empire. Then the young bard, new to the dramatic art, is introduced. He disclaims any hope of reward for any merit of his own, except that which is founded on a proper sense of the delicacy and beauty of his fair auditors, and his zeal in the cause of virtue. To this, at all events, he is sure his critics will be just; and though he cannot help feeling a certain timidity, standing where he does, yet upon the whole, as becomes an Englishman, he is perfectly willing to abide by the decision of his countrymen's hands, hoping that he shall be found

> —— to sense, if not to genius, true,
> And trusts his cause to virtue, and — to You.

Should the reader, before he comes to this explication of the Prologue, have had any other ideas suggested by it, we will undertake to say, that they will at all events be found to have a wonderful general similitude; and it is to be observed, that this very flexibility of adaptation is one of the happiest and most useful results of our proposed system of poetry. It comprehends all the possible common-places in vogue; and it also leaves to the ingenious reader something to fill up; which is a compliment, that has always been held due to him by the best authorities.

The next specimen is what, in a more superfluous condition of metre, would have been entitled *Lines* on Time. It is much in that genteel didactic taste, which is at once thinking and non-thinking, and has a certain neat and elderly dislike of innovation in it, greatly to the comfort of the seniors who adorn the circles.

ON TIME.

Time	Child	Race	Hold
Sublime	Beguil'd	Trace	Old
Fraught	Boy	All	Sure
Thought	Joy	Ball	Endure
Power	Man	Pride	Death
Devour	Span	Deride	Breath
Rust	Sire	Aim	Forgiven
Dust	Expire.	Same	Heaven.
Glass		Undo	
Pass	So	New	
Wings	Go		
Kings.			

We ask any impartial reader, whether he could possibly want a more sufficing account of the progress of this author's piece of reasoning upon Time? There is first the address to the hoary god, with all his emblems and consequence about him, the scythe excepted; that being an edge-tool to rhymers, which they judiciously keep inside the verse, as in a sheath. Then we are carried through all the stages of human existence, the caducity of which the writer applies to the world at large, impressing upon us the inutility of hope and exertion, and suggesting of course the propriety of thinking just as he does upon all subjects, political and moral, past, present, and to come. We really expect the thanks of the blue-stocking societies for this new-old piece of ethics, or at least of one of Mr. Southey's deputations of old women.

In Acrostics, the utility of our system would be too obvious to mention. But in nothing would it be more felicitous than in matters of Satire and Lampoon. Contempt is brief. Bitterness and venom are the better for being concentrated. A generous indignation wishes to save itself trouble:—a scan-

dal-monger would save himself detection and a beating; and every one would willingly be as safe as possible from the law. Now what can be briefer and more contemptuous than the mode in question? What a more essential salt or vitriolic acid, distilling in solitary and biting drops? What less exhausting to the writer's feeling? What more baffling to scrutiny, because able to dispense with all that constitutes style and peculiarity? What safer from the law, as far as any thing can be safe that is not supremely unlawful? Upon principles equally obvious it will be the same with flattery and panegyric, epithalamiums, odes on birth-days, &c. For instance—

A PANEGYRICAL ADDRESS TO A CERTAIN HOUSE.

What
Use
Rot
Abuse.

Tools
Host
Fools
Most.

Backs
Throne
Tax
Alone.

Seat
Sell
Complete
Hell.

Part
Vocation
"Start
Indignation."

Reform
Within
Storm
Begin.

Hire
Breath
Tire
Death.

Set
About
Get
Out.

A CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS FOR LORD C.

Packing
Hacking
Racking.

Washy
Splashy
Flashy.

Loathing
Frothing
Nothing.

ANOTHER, WITH KNOTS IN IT.

Hydrophoby
Of troops
Quoth the looby,
The booby.

Turn about on
Yourselves,
Quoth the spout on,
The doat on.

Go get your
Self taught
Beat your feature,
You creature.

A SOLILOQUY, BY THE SAME.

Folk	Say	Fate
Zoun's!	Blunder;	So
Smoke	Nay,	Great
Nouns:	Dunder!	Low.
Else	Hammer	Curse 'em
Miracles.	Grammar.	Disperse 'em.

A GERMAN APOLOGUE.

The other day Jupiter gave Mercury a remarkable commission. Whether the God had grown older since the times of Plato and of Horace, or that the tempers of Diana and Minerva had not sweetened, or that there was something in the existing state of the world which alarmed him for the continuance of his authority, we know not; but certain it is, that great complaints had been made for some time past against three persons, whose names will surprise the reader, in conjunction with such a circumstance; to wit, the Graces.

One body of persons represented, that they were grown much too philosophic for their taste: another (which seemed odd) that they were much too vivacious. A third asserted (which was still more singular, considering they are goddesses) that they had no religion. Another admitted they might have some little religion, because they are the same as the Charities; but that there was nothing vital in it, and that they had been heard to speak ill of Pluto. A number of old ladies and gentlemen declared that there were no longer any such things as Graces. But the most remarkable sight was to see all the puritans and debauchees assembled together, and maintaining that the Graces were no longer modest.

By way of counter-petition to all this, a numerous body of persons, dressed in the extremest point of the fashion, declared that they knew the Graces very well, that they were the best good-natured creatures in the world, and had helped

them to dress that morning. We are sorry to say, that this petition was rejected as frivolous and vexatious. The presenters however did not appear to be disconcerted. They smiled in a manner which seemed to say that conviction ought to follow it; and their smile, like that of the whole assembly, was changed into a convulsion of laughter by a poor crazy poet, who half stalking and half tottering forward, with an old laurel on his head, asserted that he could settle the whole matter at once; and being asked in what way, replied, "*I* am the three Graces."

The Graces were then called into court, but nobody came. Again they were called; but a dead silence prevailed over the vast assembly. Some old prophecies made Jupiter look uneasy. After waiting as long as he well could, he had them called, more solemnly, a third time. Not a Grace was to be seen. The old ladies and gentlemen could not help chuckling at this, as a proof of what they had said; but one of the most ancient of the females coming forward, and swearing she had seen them, and now saw them, in the likeness of three beautiful women of her own age, in stomachers and toupees, the laugh was turned in favour of the young ones. The laugh seemed to be echoed at a great distance by three of the most charming laughs in the world; which made somebody cry out, "*There* are the Graces!" upon which he was fined in a great passion by Mr. Justice Minos, for interrupting business. Indeed all the Judges, but one, seemed to be in a great passion; which was thought to be owing to a loyal interest they took in the anxiety of the King of Gods and Men. The one in question was in so great a passion, that he seemed to be in none at all. He was only considering all the while, how he should put the Graces to the torture, if ever he caught them.

At length Jupiter, not knowing what was to be done,

asked the opinion of the great men present, particularly of three ordinary looking persons, who though not of the priesthood, piqued themselves upon being the holiest of his vice-gerents. Their opinion was (and it was also the unanimous opinion of the judges, of the most orthodox of the priests, of the female writers on Tartarus, and indeed of every one who had a right to give an opinion; that is to say, who had a respectable superfluity of possession, particularly of nonsense) that the three goddesses, hitherto known by the name of the Graces, ought to be deprived of their name and offices, and other three ladies, properly deified for the occasion, appointed in their stead. The warrant was accordingly drawn up by three commissioners instantly nominated for that purpose; to wit, the dispassionate Judge above-mentioned, one of the female writers on Tartarus, and an old Scotch lord, whose past profligacy of life, and extreme filthiness of conversation, did not hinder him from knowing what was quite right and delicate in his old age, and having a becoming zeal for it. The warrant was drawn up with a rapidity proportionate to the zeal. It purported, that whereas the three very irregular, anti-Tartar, and indecorous personages, the Charities, better known by the style and title of the Three Graces, had utterly lost, ruined, and abolished their reputations, as well by certain wicked compliances with pretended humanists and philosophers, as by certain other abominable non-compliances with their right lords, masters, and mistresses,—the said Three Graces, commonly so called, are from this day forward, in their own persons and existence, utterly abolished, done away, va-viad, driven out with uplifted hands and eyes, reprobated, non-elected, and altogether nihili-vili-pilified,—any apparent life, vitality, beauty, or entity of theirs notwithstanding:—And in the room of the said Three Graces, commonly so called, three certain other

Graces, hereafter to be more especially nominated, are to prevail and be received with all due worship in their stead, and to preside in particular over all elegancies, proprieties, decorums, withdrawing-rooms, female influences, prudes, prostitutes (for their better undoing) old generals, nice distinctions, in short, all that exquisite moral order of things genteel, which, in the midst of every vice, maintains, as it were, every virtue, and by the mere strength of a close, thick, and hard-grained integrity in the few, would suffice, if necessary, for the utter rottenness of virtue and felicity in all the rest:—The said three new Graces to be of equal heights, bearings and accomplishments, like the former ones; only to be dressed, instead of undressed, except when they go to court; and to be undeniably beautiful, unexceptionably orthodox, and irreversibly chaste.

For the discovery of these requisite trinal triplicities, Mercury was immediately dispatched on his travels. We luckily need not accompany him, for he sought every where, like the Squire of Dames; and though he was not in a dilemma, so extremely one and indivisible, as that in which the Squire is represented by the courtly poet who has related his adventures,* yet he was hampered quite enough. He could not for the life of him meet with the three ultra-qualified perfections altogether. Many ladies were undeniably beautiful, but not unexceptionably orthodox. The lovelier their style of beauty, the more heterodox they were as Tartars. A great number were undeniably beautiful, but by no means irreversibly chaste. Some who claimed the merit of being irreversibly chaste, as well as unexceptionably orthodox, were a great way off indeed from being undeniably beautiful,—not to say truly *what* they were. In short, the young

* See Faerie Queene, Book 3rd.

deity, who carried his scrupulosity of proof somewhat further, we suspect, than his employers intended, found plenty of women who pretended to all the qualifications, but none who completely stood the test of investigation. In direct proportion to their claims in some respects, they were apt to fail in others; and even when they made no pretensions at all, but were at once unaffectedly beautiful, virtuous, and chaste, Mercury found that in proportion to the trusting simplicity of their goodness, the *irreversible* part of the business stood very aukwardly in the way.

At length, to his great joy, he had accounts which he could rely on, of three persons who completely answered the description in request. Without further delay, he wrote about them to Jupiter, and proceeded to the place they lived in to claim them: when unluckily he had the mortification to find, that they had been taken away by Pluto the day before, for the Three Furies.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

LETTER I.—PISA.

We have adopted the present form of communication with the reader for these articles, because we found the use of one's plural privileges inconvenient in travelling. An author must reverse on these occasions the custom of his legitimate brother *we's*, and travel *cognito;* otherwise his personal experiences will sometimes have a very ludicrous and inconsistent effect. He will not be able to move about with so much freedom, or give the results of his impressions and encounters with such vivacity, as if he were unhampered with a body corporate. It is not every body, like Cerberus or a king, who can be " three gentlemen at once," and at the same time lose nothing of his loco-motion. Therefore, be it known once for all, that when we travel, though in company, we are one, and shall use the first person accordingly; being, nevertheless, at all other times, more than one, and ready to prove it beyond a doubt upon the head of any one else, who shall dispute our miscellaneousness.

Pisa, one of the oldest cities in Europe, and supposed to have originated in a colony from its Grecian namesake, was at one time the most flourishing city in Tuscany. But the sea deserted it; and with the sea gradually departed all its modern importance. What it retained longest, and up to a late period, was its renown as a place of learning and education. But even that has departed now. It has indeed an

university, whose name is loth to abandon it; and the education, to those who are very much in earnest about it, is worth procuring, because private tuition, of a very attentive kind, is to be had for a trifle; and the university lectures may be attended gratuitously.* The science most in request is medicine, or rather surgery. The name of Professor Vaccà (a man in the prime of life, with an intelligent and pleasing countenance) is known all over Europe. There is also another liberality, truly becoming the study of letters, and worth the imitation of countries that pique themselves on their advances beyond superstition:—men of any sect or religion can take all the degrees in the university, except those in divinity or canonical law. One of the most interesting sights now in Pisa is a venerable Greek Archbishop, who takes his walk on the Lungarno every evening. It is understood that he is superintending the education of some Greek youths, and that he puts the receipts of his office to the noble purpose of assisting it. Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, who joined his countrymen last year in their great struggle, and to whom Mr. Shelley has dedicated his Hellas, was studying here when his glorious duty called him off. I know not on what errand a rich Russian comes to the same place; but the other evening, in the cathedral, I saw one of the sons of the late Marshal S. His semi-barbarous, fair, active-looking, and not ill-natured face, formed a curious contrast with the procession of dark southern heads, that was passing him up the middle of the church. His brother, who is said to be handsome, is here also. I was told they

* The writer of this article, for some weeks, had the pleasure of interchanging some English and Italian reading with the Abate Giuliani, an elegant scholar; and there is a young man of the name of Giannetti, who made a very kind and attentive master to his children, and promises to be an excellent instructor.

had been in Pisa about a year, and were *ricchissimi* (very rich)—a word which an Italian utters with a peculiar gravity.

What renders Pisa interesting now, and will continue to render it so as long as it exists, is its being left to a comparative solitude, and its containing one of the most singular, and many of the most ancient specimens of the arts, in Italy. It now stands five miles from the sea, and so completely out of the ordinary roads of communication, that the writers of elaborate works upon Italy do not think it incumbent upon them to notice it. Such however as have a true taste for their subject, cannot be well satisfied with themselves for the omission. Let the reader imagine a small white city, with a tower also white, leaning very distinctly in the distance at one end of it, trees on either side, and blue mountains for the back-ground. Such is the first sight of Pisa, as the traveller sees it in coming from Leghorn. Add to this, in summer-time, fields of corn on all sides, bordered with hedge-row trees, and the festoons of vines, of which he has so often read, hanging from tree to tree; and he may judge of the impression made upon an enthusiastic admirer of Italy, who is in Tuscany for the first time. It looks like a thing you have dreamt of, and answers most completely to the imagination.

In entering the city, the impression is beautiful. What looked white in the distance remains as pure and fair on closer acquaintance. You cross a bridge, and cast your eye up the whole extent of the city one way, the river Arno (the river of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio) winding through the middle of it under two more bridges; and fair elegant houses of good size bordering the wide pavement on either side. This is the Lung'arno, or street along the Arno. The mountains, in which you now discover the look of their marble veins (for it is from these that the marble of Carrara comes)

tower away beautifully at the further end, and seem much nearer than they are. The Arno, which is about as wide perhaps as the Isis at Oxford, is sandy coloured, and in the summer-time shrunken; but still it is the river of the great Tuscan writers, the visible possessor of the name we have all heard a thousand times, and we feel what a true thing is that which is called ideal.

The first novelty that strikes you, after your dreams and matter-of-fact have recovered from the surprise of their introduction to one another, is the singular fairness and new look of houses that have been standing hundreds of years. This is owing to the Italian atmosphere. Antiquity every where refuses to look ancient; it insists upon retaining its youthfulness of aspect. The consequence at first is a mixed feeling of admiration and disappointment; for we miss the venerable. The houses seem as if they ought to have sympathized more with humanity, and were as cold and as hard-hearted as their materials. But you soon find that Italy is the land, not of the venerable, but the beautiful; and cease to look for old age in the chosen country of the Apollo and the Venus. The only real antiquities are those in Dante and the oldest painters, who treat of the Bible in an ancient style. Among the mansions on the Lungarno is one entirely fronted with marble, and marble so pure and smooth that you can see your face in it. It is in a most graceful style of architecture, and has a curious symbol and motto over the door, which is the second Pisan mystery. The symbol is an actual fetter, attached with great nicety of taste to the middle stone over the door-way: the motto, Alla Giornata (For the Day, or the Day's Work). The allusion is supposed to be to some captivity undergone by one of the Lanfreducci family, the proprietors: but nobody knows. Further up on the same side of the way, is the old ducal palace,

said to be the scene of the murder of Don Garcia by his father, which is the subject of one of Alfieri's tragedies: and between both, a little before you come to the old palace, is the mansion still belonging to the family of the Lanfranchi, formerly one of the most powerful in Pisa. Part of the inside is said to have been built by Michael Angelo. The Lanfranchi were among the nobles, who conspired to pull down the traitorous ascendancy of Count Ugolino, and wreaked that more infamous revenge on him and his young children. I need not remind the reader of the passage in Dante; but perhaps he is not aware, that Chaucer has worthily related the story after him, referring, with his usual modesty, for a more sufficing account, to "the grete poete "of Itaille." See the Monk's Tale, part the last, entitled "Hugelin of Pise." The tower in which Ugolino was starved, was afterwards called the Tower of Famine. Chaucer, who is supposed to have been in Italy, says that it stood "a littel out" of Pisa; Villani says, in the Piazza of the Anziani. It is understood to be no longer in existence, and even its site is disputed. It is curious to feel oneself sitting quietly in one of the old Italian houses, and think of all the interests and passions that have agitated the hearts of so many generations of its tenants; all the revels and the quarrels that have echoed along its walls; all the guitars that have tinkled under its windows: all the scuffles that have disputed its doors. Along the great halls, how many feet have hurried in alarm! how many stately beauties have drawn their quiet trains! how many huge torches have ushered magnificence up the staircases! how much blood perhaps been shed! The ground-floors of all the great houses in Pisa, as in other Italian cities, have iron bars at the windows, evidently for security in time of trouble. The look is at first very gloomy and prison-like, but you get used to it. The bars

also are thin, round, and painted white, and the interstices large; and if the windows are towards a garden, and bordered with shrubs and ivy, as in the Casa Lanfranchi, the imagination makes a compromise with their prison-like appearance, and persuades itself they are guards only in time of war, but trellises during a peace-establishment All the floors are made for separate families, it having been the custom in Italy from time immemorial for fathers and mothers, sons and daughters-in-law, or vice versa, with as many other relations as might be "agreeable," to live under the same roof. Spaciousness and utility were the great objects with the builder; and a stranger is sometimes surprised with the look of the finest houses outside, particularly that of the ground-floor. The stables used often to be there, and their place is now as often occupied by shops. In the inside of the great private houses there is always a certain majestic amplitude; but the entrances of the rooms and the staircase on the ground floor are often placed irregularly, so as to sacrifice everything to convenience. In the details there is sure to be a noble eye to proportion. You cannot look at the elevation of the commonest door-way, or the ceiling of a room appropriated to the humblest purposes, but you recognize the land of the fine arts. You think Michael Angelo has been at the turning of those arches,—at the harmonizing of those beautiful varieties of shape, which by the secret principles common to all the arts and sciences, affect the mind like a sort of inaudible music. The very plasterer who is hired to give the bare walls of some old unused apartment an appearance of ornament, paints his door-ways, his pilasters, and his borders of leaves, in a bold style of relief and illusion, which would astonish the doubtful hand of many a gentleman "in the higher walks of art." It must be observed however, that this is a piece of good

taste which seems to have survived most others, and to have been kept up by the objects upon which it works; for the arts are at present lying fallow in Italy, waiting for more strenuous times.

I was so taken up, on my arrival at Pisa, with friends and their better novelties, that I forgot even to look about me for the Leaning Tower. You lose sight of it on entering the town, unless you come in at the Lucca gate. On the Sunday following however I went to see it, and the majestic spot in which it stands, with Mr. Shelley. Good God! what a day that was, compared with all that have followed it! I had my friend with me, arm-in-arm, after a separation of years: he was looking better than I had ever seen him—we talked of a thousand things—we anticipated a thousand pleasures — — — I must plunge again into my writing, that I may try to forget it.

The Leaning Tower stands in a solitary quarter of the city, but in illustrious company. Mr. Forsythe, a late traveller of much shrewdness and pith, (though a want of ear, and an affectation of ultra good sense, render him sometimes extremely unfit for a critic on Italy,—as where he puts music and perfumery on a level,) has been beforehand with the spot itself in putting this idea in my head. "Pisa," says he, "while the capital of a republic, was celebrated for its "profusion of marble, its patrician towers, and its grave "magnificence. It still can boast some marble churches, "a marble palace, and a marble bridge. Its towers, though "no longer a mark of nobility, may be traced in the walls of "modernized houses. Its gravity pervades every street; "but its magnificence is now confined to one sacred corner. "There stand the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning "Tower, and the Campo Santo; all built of the same marble, "all varieties of the same architecture, all venerable with

"years, and fortunate both in their society and in their soli-
" tude."—Forsythe's Italy, 1801.

I know not whether my first sensation at the sight of the Leaning Tower, was admiration of its extreme beauty, or its threatening attitude. I remember being exceedingly struck with both. Its beauty has never been sufficiently praised. Its overhanging aspect seems to menace the houses near it with instant destruction. The inclination is fourteen feet out of the perpendicular, and has singularly escaped the exaggerations of travellers and pictures. We wonder that people should build houses underneath it, till we recollect that it has probably stood thus ever since it was built, that is to say, for nearly six hundred and fifty years; and that habit reconciles us to any thing. "The Leaning Tower at " first sight," says Mr. Matthews, in his Diary of an Invalid, " is quite terrific, and exceeds expectation. There is, I be-" lieve, no doubt of the real history of this tower. The foun-" dation-ground gave way during the progress of the build-" ing, and the architect completed his work in the direction ' thus accidentally given to it. Accordingly, we find in the " construction of the upper part, that the weight is sup-" ported in a way to support the equilibrium." He means, that something of a curve backwards is given to it. Mr. Forsythe seems to ridicule opinions to this effect; but I can only say, that such was the impression on my own eyes, before I called to mind anything that had been said about it. The structure was begun by a German artist, William of Inspruck, and finished by Italians. Several other towers in Pisa, including the Observatory, have a very visible inclination, owing to the same cause,—the sinking of the soil, which is light, sandy, and full of springs; and surely nothing is more probable than an attempt on the part of the builders of so beautiful a structure to counteract the consequences of

the foundation's having given way. The tower is a campanile or belfry to the Cathedral. It was the custom in Italy to make the belfry a separate building, and the custom was a good one; for it afforded variety, and prevented barbarism. The height of the tower is about 150 feet, but it looks more, on account of its happy situation and the lowness of the houses near it. Let the reader imagine the Monument of London sheathed in an open work of eight stories of little columns, and leaning in a fine open situation, and he will have some idea of this noble cylinder of marble. The sheath is its great beauty, and gives it an extraordinary aspect of richness and simplicity.

With regard to the company in which it stands, let the reader suppose the new square at Westminster Abbey, converted into a broad grass walk, and standing in a much more solitary part of the town. Let him suppose at one end of this walk the Leaning Tower, with some small but elegant houses on one side of it, looking down the grass plot; the Baptistery, a rotunda, standing by itself at the opposite end; the public hospital, an extremely neat and quiet building, occupying the principal length of the road which borders the grass plot on one side; on the other side, and on the grass itself, the Cathedral, stretching between the Leaning Tower and the Baptistery; and lastly, at the back of the Cathedral, and visible between the openings at its two ends, the Campo Santo or Burial Ground, a set of walled marble cloisters full of the oldest paintings in Italy. All these buildings are detached; they all stand in a free, open situation; they all look as if they were built but a year ago; they are all of marble; the whole place is kept extremely clean—the very grass in a state of greenness not common to turf in the South; and there are trees looking upon it over a wall next the Baptistery. Let the reader add to this scene a few boys playing

about, all ready to answer your questions in pure Tuscan,—women occasionally passing with veils or bare heads, or now and then a couple of friars; and though finer individual sights may be found in the world, it will be difficult to come upon an assemblage of objects more rich in their communion.

The Baptistery is a large rotunda, richly carved, and appropriated solely to the purpose after which it is christened. It is in a mixed style, and was built in the twelfth century. Mr. Forsythe, who is deep in arches and polygons, objects to the crowd of unnecessary columns; to the "hideous "tunnel which conceals the fine swell of the cupola;" and to the appropriation of so large an edifice to a christening. The "tunnel" may deserve his wrath; but his architectural learning sometimes behaves as ill as the tunnel, and obscures his better taste. A christening, in the eyes of a good Catholic, is at least as important an object as a rotunda; and there is a religious sentiment in the profusion with which ornament is heaped upon edifices of this nature. It forms a beauty of itself, and gives even mediocrity a sort of abundance of intention that looks like the wealth of genius. The materials take leave of their materiality, and crowd together into a worship of their own. It is no longer, "let every "thing," only, "that has *breath*, praise the Lord;" but let every thing else praise him; and take a meaning and life accordingly. Let column obscure column, as in a multitude of men; let arch strain upon arch, as if to ascend to heaven; let there be infinite details, conglomerations, mysteries, lights, darknesses; and let the birth of a new soul be well and worthily celebrated in the midst of all.

The Cathedral is in the Greek style of the middle ages, a style which Mr. Forsythe thinks should rather be called the Lombard, "as it appeared in Italy first under the Lombard princes." He says, that it includes "whatever was grand or

"beautiful in the works of the middle ages;" and that "this "was perhaps the noblest of them all." He proceeds to find fault with certain incongruities, amongst which are some remains of Pagan sculpture left standing in a Christian church; but he enthusiastically admires the pillars of oriental granite that support the roof. The outside of the building consists of mere heaps of marble, mounting by huge steps to the roof; but their simplicity as well as size gives them a new sort of grandeur; and Mr. Forsythe has overlooked the extraordinary sculpture of the bronze doors, worthy of the same hand that made those others at Florence, which Michael Angelo said were fit to be the gates of Paradise. It is divided into compartments, the subjects of which are taken from Scripture; and if the doors at Florence surpass it, they must be divine indeed. The relief is the most graceful and masterly conceivable, the perspective astonishing, as if in a drawing; and equal justice is done to the sharp monstrosities of the devil with his bat-wings, and the gentle graces of the Saviour. There is a great number of pictures in the Cathedral, good enough to assist rather than spoil the effect, but not remarkable. I have not been present when the church-service has been at its best; but the leader does not seem to rely much on his singers, by the noise which he makes in behalf of time. His vehement roll of paper, sounds like the lashing of a whip. One evening, in August, I saw the whole inside of the Cathedral lit up with wax in honour of the Assumption. The lights were disposed with much taste, but soon produced a great heat. There was a gigantic picture of the Virgin displayed at the upper end, who was to be supposed sitting in heaven, surrounded with the celestial ardours; but she was "dark with excess of bright." It is impossible to see this profusion of lights, especially when one knows their symbolical meaning, without being struck

with the source from which Dante took his idea of the beatified spirits. His heaven, filled with lights, and lights too arranged in figures, which glow with lustre in proportion to the beatitude of the souls within them, is clearly a sublimation of a Catholic church. And it is not the worse for it, that nothing escapes the look of definiteness and materiality like fire. It is so airy, joyous, and divine a thing, when separated from the idea of pain and an ill purpose, that the language of happiness naturally adopts its terms, and can tell of nothing more rapturous than burning bosoms and sparkling eyes. The Seraph of the Hebrew theology was a Fire. But then the materials of heaven and hell are the same? Yes; and a very fine piece of moral theology might be made out of their sameness, always omitting the brute injustice of eternal punishment. Is it not by our greater or less cultivation of health and benevolence, that we all make out our hells and heavens upon earth? by a turning of the same materials and passions of which we are all composed, to different accounts? Burning now in the horrors of hell with fear, hatred, and uncharitableness, and now in the joys or at least the happier sympathies of heaven, with good effort, courage, gratitude, generosity, love? When Dante was asked where he found his hell, *he* answered, "upon earth." He found his heaven in the same place; and no disparagement either to a future state. If it is impossible for the mass of matter to be lost, or even diminished, it seems equally impossible for the mass of sensations to be lost; and it is surely worth while, whatever our creeds may be, to take as much care as possible that what we have to do with it, may be done well, and rendered worth the chance of continuance.*

* See an ingenious article on this subject in Tucker's Light of Nature, which however is not imagined as highly as it might be, or illustrated with as much as he could reasonably have deduced from nature.

The crowning glory of Pisa is the Campo Santo. I entered for the first time at twilight, when the indistinct shapes, colours, and antiquity of the old paintings wonderfully harmonized with the nature of the place. I chose to go towards evening, when I saw it again; and though the sunset came upon me too fast to allow me to see all the pictures as minutely as I could have wished, I saw enough to warrant my giving an opinion of them; and I again had the pleasure of standing in the spot at twilight. It is an oblong inclosure, about the size of Stratford Place, and surrounded with cloisters wider and lighter than those of Westminster. At least, such is my impression. The middle is grassed earth, the surface of which, for some depth, is supposed to have been brought from Palestine at the time of the crusades, and to possess the virtue of decomposing bodies in the course of a few hours. The tradition is, that Ubaldo Lanfranchi, Archbishop of Pisa, who commanded the forces contributed by his countrymen, brought the earth away with him in his ships; but though such a proceeding would not have been impossible, the story is now, I believe, regarded as a mere legend. The decomposition of the bodies might have been effected by other means. Persons are buried both in this enclosure and in the cloisters, but only persons of rank or celebrity. Most of the inscriptions for instance (of which there are some hundreds, all on marble, and mixed with busts and figures) are to the memory of Pisans in the rank of nobility; but there are several also to artists and men of letters. The most interesting grave is that of Benozzo, one of the old painters, who lies at the foot of his own works. Here is a handsome monument, with a profile, to Algarotti, erected by Frederick of Prussia. Pignotti, the fabulist, has another; and Fabroni, the late eulogist of eminent Italians on handsome paper, has a bust so good-natured and full of

a certain jolly gusto, that we long to have eat olives with him. In truth, these modern gettings up of renown, in the shape of busts and monuments to middling men of talent, appear misplaced, when you come to notice them. They look in the way. But the old pictures, which they seem to contradict and interfere with, reconcile them at last. Any thing and every thing mortal has its business here. The pretensions of mediocrity are exalted into the claims of the human being. One blushes to deny the writers of amiable books what one would demand for one's own common nature, or to think of excluding a man for doing better than hundreds of the people there, merely because he has not done so well as some who are not there. Pignotti and Algarotti, at last, even harmonize with some sprightly figures who play their harps and their love-songs in the pictures, and who flourished hundreds of years ago, as their readers flourish now; and even the bustling and well-fed amenity of Monsignor Fabroni is but a temporary contradiction, which will be rendered serious some day by the crumbling away of his marble cheeks, or the loss of some over-lively feature. Let him, for God's sake, live in inscription, and look treats in stone.

Besides these modern pieces of sculpture, there has been for some years a collection of ancient marbles, chiefly urns and sarcophagi, together with some fragments of the early Italian school. It is so impossible to pay proper attention to any large collection of art, without repeated visits, that I do not pretend to have given it to the old pictures, much less to the marbles. The first impression is not pleasant,—their orderly array, the numerals upon them, and the names of the donors upon the walls behind, giving the whole too much the air of a shew-room or common gallery. The pictures form part of the sentiment of the place as a burial

ground, and would certainly be better by themselves; but the antiquity of the marbles reconciles us at last. From the glance I took at them, many appear to be poor enough, but several very good. I noticed in particular one or two sarcophagi with reliefs of Bacchus and Ariadne, and a head supposed to be that of a Roman Emperor, and looking quite brutal enough. As to the Paganism, I do not quarrel, like Mr. Forsythe, with the presence of things Pagan in a Christian edifice; not only because the Pagan and Catholic religions have much that is in common externally, their draperies, altars, incense, music, winged genii, &c.; but because from a principle which the author of a new Comment on Dante has noticed, there is in fact an identity of interests and aspirations in all these struggles of mortal man after a knowledge of things supernatural.*

The paintings on the walls, the great glory of Pisa, are by Orgagna, Simon Memmi, Giotto, Buffalmacco, Benozzo, and others,—all more or less renowned by illustrious pens; all, with more or less gusto, the true and reverend harbingers of the greatest painters of Italy. Simon Memmi is the artist celebrated by Petrarch for his portrait of Laura; Buffalmacco is the mad wag (grave enough here) who cuts such a figure in the old Italian novels; and Giotto, the greatest of them all, is the friend of Dante, the hander down of his like-

* See a "Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," just published. It is written in the style of one who has been accustomed to speak another language, and ventures upon some singularly gratuitous assumptions respecting the doctrine of eternal punishment: but the poetical reader will consider it a valuable addition to the stock of criticism on Dante, and wish that the author may continue it. It contains some happy local illustrations, a complete account of the real history of Paulo and Francesca, a settlement of the question respecting Beatrice, and a variety of metaphysico-theological remarks in as good and deep a taste as those above-mentioned are idle.

ness to posterity, and himself the Dante of his art. High as this eulogy is, nobody will think it too high who has seen his works in the Campo Santo. They are of the same fine old dreaming character, the same imaginative mixture of things familiar with things unearthly, the same strenuous and (when they choose) gentle expression,—in short, the same true discernment of the "differences of things," now grappling with a fiend or a fierce thought, now sympathising with fear and sorrow, now setting the muscles of grim warriors, now dissolving in the looks and flowing tresses of women; or setting a young gallant in an attitude to which Raphael might have traced his cavaliers. And this is more or less the character of the very oldest pictures in the Campo Santo. They have the germs of beauty and greatness, however obscured and stiffened, the struggle of true pictorial feeling with the inexperience of art. As you proceed along the walls, you see gracefulness and knowledge gradually helping one another, and legs and arms, lights, shades, and details of all sorts taking their proper measures and positions, as if every separate thing in the world of painting had been created with repeated efforts, till it answered the original and always fair idea. They are like a succession of quaint dreams of humanity during the twilight of creation.

I have already mentioned that the pictures are painted on the walls of the four cloisters. They occupy the greater part of the elevation of these walls, beginning at top and finishing at a reasonable distance from the pavement. The subjects are from the Old Testament up to the time of Solomon, from the legends of the middle ages, particularly St. Ranieri (the patron saint of Pisa) and from the history of the Crucifixion, Resurrection, &c. with the Day of Judgment. There is also a Triumph of Death. The colours of some of them, especially of the sky and ship in the voyage of St. Ranieri, are

wonderfully preserved. The sky looks as intensely blue as the finest out of doors. But others are much injured by the sea air, which blows into Pisa; and it is a pity that the windows of the cloisters in these quarters are not glazed, to protect them from further injury. The best idea perhaps which I can give an Englishman of the general character of the paintings, is by referring him to the engravings of Albert Durer, and the serious parts of Chaucer. There is the same want of proper costume—the same intense feeling of the human being, both in body and soul—the same bookish, romantic, and retired character—the same evidences, in short, of antiquity and commencement, weak (where it is weak) for want of a settled art and language, but strong for that very reason in first impulses, and in putting down all that is felt. An old poet however always has the advantage of an old painter, because he is not obliged to a literal description of arms, legs, and attitudes, and thus escapes half his quaintness. But they truly illustrate one another. Chaucer's *Duke* Theseus, clothed and behaving accordingly—his yawning courtiers, who thank king Cambuscan for dismissing them to bed—his god Janus keeping Christmas with his fire-side and his dish of brawn, &c.—exhibit the same fantastic alternations of violated costume and truth of nature. The way in which he mingles together personages of all times, nations, and religions, real and fictitious, Samson and Turnus with Socrates, Ovid with St. Augustin, &c. and his descriptions of actual "purtreyings on a wall," in which are exhibited at once, Narcissus, Solomon, Venus, Crœsus, and "the porter Idleness," resemble the manner in which some of the painters of the Campo Santo defy all perspective, and fill one picture with twenty different solitudes. There is a painting for instance devoted to the celebrated anchorites or hermits of the desart. They are represented according to their seve-

ral legends—reading, dying, undergoing temptations, assisted by lions, &c. At first they all look like fantastic actors in the same piece; but you dream, and are reconciled. The contempt of every thing like interval, and of all which may have happened in it, makes the ordinary events of life seem of as little moment; and the mind is exclusively occupied with the sacred old men and their solitudes, all at the same time, and yet each by himself. The manner in which some of the hoary saints in these pictures pore over their books and carry their decrepit old age, full of a bent and absorbed feebleness—the set limbs of the warriors on horseback—the sidelong unequivocal looks of some of the ladies playing on harps, and conscious of their ornaments—the people of fashion, seated in rows, with Time coming up unawares to destroy them—the other rows of elders and doctors of the church, forming part of the array of heaven—the uplifted hand of Christ denouncing the wicked at the Day of Judgment—the daring satires occasionally introduced against hypocritical monks and nuns—the profusion of attitudes, expressions, incidents, broad draperies, ornaments of all sorts, visions, mountains, ghastly looking cities, fiends, angels, sybilline old women, dancers, virgin brides, mothers and children, princes, patriarchs, dying saints;—it is an injustice to the superabundance and truth of conception in all this multitude of imagery, not to recognise the real inspirers as well as harbingers of Raphael and Michael Angelo, instead of confining the honour to the Massacios and Peruginos. The Massacios and Peruginos, for all that ever I saw, meritorious as they are, are no more to be compared with them, than the sonnetteers of Henry the Eighth's time are to be compared with Chaucer. Even in the very rudest of the pictures, where the souls of the dying are going out of their mouths in the shape of little children, there are passages not unworthy of Dante or Mi-

chael Angelo,—angels trembling at the blowing of trumpets, men in vain attempting to carry their friends into heaven; and saints, who have lived ages of temperance, sitting in calm air upon hills far above the triumphant progress of Death, who goes bearing down the great, the luxurious, and the young. The picture by Titian, in which he has represented the three great stages of existence, bubble-blowing childhood, love-making manhood, and death-contemplating old age, is not better conceived, and hardly better made out, than some of the designs of Orgagna and Giotto. Since I have beheld the Campo Santo, I have enriched my day-dreams and my stock of the admirable, and am thankful that I have names by heart, to which I owe homage and gratitude. Tender and noble Orgagna, be thou blessed beyond the happiness of thine own heaven! Giotto, be thou a name to me hereafter, of a kindred brevity, solidity, and stateliness, with that of thy friend Dante!*

The air of Pisa is soft and balmy to the last degree. Mr. Forsythe thinks it too moist, and countenance is given to his opinion by the lowness and flatness of the place, which lies in a plain full of springs and rivers, between the Apennines and the sea. The inhabitants also have a proverb,—*Pisa pesa a chi posa,*—which may be translated,

Pisa sits ill
On those who sit still.

To me the air seemed as dry as it is soft; and most people will feel oppressed every where, if they do not take exercise. The lower rooms of the houses are reckoned how-

* There is a good description of the pictures in the Campo Santo, written by Professor Rosini, of Pisa, and enriched with some criticisms by his friend the Cavaliere de Rossi.

ever too damp in winter, at least on the Lungarno; though the winter season is counted delicious, and the Grand Duke always comes here to spend two months of it. The noon-day sun in summer-time is formidable, resembling more the intense heat struck from burning metal, than any thing we can conceive of it in England. But a sea-breeze often blows of an evening, when the inhabitants take their exercise. A look out upon the Lungarno at noon-day is curious. A blue sky is overhead—dazzling stone underneath—the yellow Arno gliding along, generally with nothing upon it, sometimes a lazy sail; the houses on the opposite side, sleeping with their green blinds down; and nobody passing but a few labourers, carmen, or countrywomen in their veils and handkerchiefs, hastening with bare feet, but never too fast to forget a certain air of strut and stateliness. Dante, in one of his love poems, praises his mistress for walking like a peacock, nay even like a crane, *strait above herself*:—

> Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone,
> Diritta sopra se, come una grua.
>
> Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; strait
> Above herself, like to the lady crane.

This is the common walk of Italian women, rich and poor. The step of Madame Vestris on the stage resembles it. To an English eye at first it seems wanting in a certain modesty and moral grace; but you see what the grave poet has to say for it, and it is not associated in an Italian mind with any such deficiency: that it has a beauty of its own is certain.

Solitary as Pisa may look at noon-day, it is only by comparison with what you find in very populous cities. Its desolate aspect is much exaggerated. The people, for the most part, sit in shade at their doors in the hottest weather, so

that it cannot look so solitary as many parts of London at the same time of the year; and though it is true that grass grows in some of the streets, it is only in the remotest. The streets, for the most part, are kept very neat and clean, not excepting the poorest alleys, a benefit arising not only from the fine pavement which is every where to be found, but from the wise use to which criminals are put. The punishment of death is not kept up in Tuscany. Robbers, and even murderers, are made to atone for the ill they have done by the goods works of sweeping and keeping clean. A great murderer on the English stage used formerly to have a regular suit of brick-dust. In Tuscany, or at least in Pisa, robbers are dressed in a red livery, and murderers in a yellow. A stranger looks with a feeling more grave than curiosity at these saffron-coloured mysteries, quietly doing their duty in the open streets, and not seeming to avoid observation. But they look just like other men. They are either too healthy by temperance and exercise to exhibit a conscience, or think they make up very well by their labour for so trifling an ebullition of animal spirits. And they have a good deal to say for themselves, considering their labour is in chains and for life.

The inhabitants of Pisa in general are not reckoned a favourable specimen of Tuscan looks. You are sure to meet fine faces in any large assembly, but the common run is certainly bad enough. They are hard, prematurely aged, and what expression there is, is worldly. Some of them have no expression whatever, but are as destitute of speculation and feeling as masks. The bad Italian face and the good Italian face are the extremes of insensibility and the reverse. But it is rare that the eyes are not fine, and the females have a profusion of good hair. Lady Morgan has justly remarked the promising countenances of Italian

children, compared with what they turn out to be as they grow older; and adds with equal justice, that it is an evident affair of government and education. You doubly pity the corruptions of a people, who besides their natural genius, preserve in the very midst of their sophistication a frankness distinct from it, and an entire freedom from affectation. An Italian annoys you neither with his pride like an Englishman, nor with his vanity like a Frenchman. He is quiet and natural, self-possessed without wrapping himself up sulkily in a corner, and ready for cheerfulness without grimace. His frankness sometimes takes the air of a simplicity, at once singularly misplaced and touching. A young man who exhibited a taste for all good and generous sentiments, and who, according to the representation of his friends, was a very worthy as well as ingenious person, did not scruple to tell me one day, as a matter of course, that he made a point of getting acquainted with the rich families, purely to be invited to their houses and partake of their good things. Many an Englishman would undoubtedly do this, but he would hardly be so frank about it to a stranger; nor would an Englishman of the same tastes in other respects be easily found to act so. But it is the old story of "following a multitude to do evil," and is no doubt accounted a mere matter of necessity and good sense.

The Pisans claim the merit of speaking as pure Italian, if not purer, as any people in Tuscany; and there is a claim among the poorer orders in this part of Italy, which has been too hastily credited by foreigners, of speaking a language quite as pure as the educated classes. It is certainly not true, whatever may be claimed for their Tuscan as ancient or popular Tuscan. The Pisans in general also seem to have corrupted their pronunciation, and the Florentines too, if report is to be believed. They use a soft aspirate

instead of the C, as if their language was not genteel and tender enough already. *Casa* is *'hasa,—cuoco* (a cook) *hoho,—locando, lohando,—cocomero, hohomero,*—and even *crazie* (a sort of coin) *hrazie.* But they speak well out, trolling the words clearly over the tongue. There seems a good deal of talent for music among them, which does not know how to make its way. You never hear the poorest melody, but somebody strikes in with what he can muster up of a harmony. Boys go about of an evening, and parties sit at their doors, singing popular airs, and hanging as long as possible on the last chord. It is not an uncommon thing for gentlemen to play their guitars as they go along to a party. I heard one evening a voice singing past a window, that would not have disgraced an opera; and I once walked behind a common post-boy, who in default of having another to help him to a harmony, contrived to make chords of all his notes, by rapidly sounding the second and treble one after the other. The whole people are bitten with a new song, and hardly sing any thing else till the next: there were two epidemic airs of this kind, when I was there, which had been imported from Florence, and which the inhabitants sung from morning till night, though they were nothing remarkable. And yet Pisa is said to be the least fond of music of any city in Tuscany.

I must not omit a great curiosity which is in the neighbourhood of Pisa, towards the sea;—namely, the existence of a race of camels, which was brought from the East during the crusades. I have not seen them out of the city, though the novelty of the sight in Europe, the sand of the sea-shore, and the vessels that sometimes combine with the landscape in the distance, are said to give it a look singularly Asiatic. They are used for agricultural purposes, and may be some-

times met within the walls. The forest between Pisa and another part of the sea-shore, is extensive and woody.

Pisa is a tranquil, an imposing, and even now a beautiful and stately city. It looks like the residence of an university: many parts of it seem made up of colleges; and we feel as if we ought to "walk gowned." It possesses the Campo Santo, rich above earthly treasure; its river is the river of Tuscan poetry, and furnished Michael Angelo with the subject of his cartoon; and it disputes with Florence the birth of Galileo. Here at all events he studied and he taught: here his mind was born, and another great impulse given to the progress of philosophy and Liberal Opinion.

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

[The following is a translation by Mr. Shelley of the May-day Night scene in the tragedy of Faust. A few passages were not filled up in the manuscript; and one or two others, perhaps of a like nature, have been omitted, not out of an idle squeamishness, but that the true spirit of them might not be mistaken for want of being accompanied by the context of the whole work. The scene is the first specimen, we believe, of a poetical English translation of that extraordinary production, to which no man was better able to do justice than our lamented friend. The poetical reader will feel with what vivacity he has encountered the ghastly bustle of the revellers,—with what apprehensiveness of tact, yet strength of security, he has carried us into the thick of "the witch element." These are strong terms of praise for a translation; but Mr. Shelley went to his work in a kindred spirit of genius, and Goethe has so completely made his work a work of creation, it seems a thing so involuntarily growing out of the world he has got into, like the animated rocks and crags which he speaks of,—that a congenial translator in one's own language seems to step into his place as the abstract observer, and to leave but two images present to one's mind, the work and himself. In other words, he is the true representative of his author. This is the very highest triumph both of poetry and translation.

Webster and Middleton would have liked this scene. Every body will like it, who can feel at all what the poet feels most, the secret analogies that abound in all things,—the sympathies, of which difference and even antipathy cannot get rid. How we pity Faust in this play, who refines and hardens himself out of his faith in things good, and acquires the necessity of inordinate excitement! How we congratulate even the Devil, who, having got a pitch still further, discovers a kind of faith in faithlessness itself, and extracts a good, wretched as it is, out of his laughing at every thing! And how delightful, is it not, to see the blankest scepticism itself thus brought round to poetry and imagination by the very road which seemed to lead

farthest from it, and the misfortune of worldly-mindedness inculcated by the very charities which the poet finds out in its behalf!

We have sometimes thought of attempting a work, in which beasts and birds should speak, not as in Æsop, but as they might be supposed to talk, if they could give us the result of their own actual perceptions and difference of organization. Goëthe would handle such a subject to perfection.]

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

SCENE—*The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Meph. Would you not like a broomstick? As for me
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from the appointed place.
Faust. This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?
Meph. Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
But see how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission,
I'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid:
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you

Would favour us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray be so good as light us up this way.
Ignis-f. With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature;
Our course you know is generally zig-zag.
Meph. Ha, ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With m n. Go strait on, in the Devil's name,
Or I will blow your flickering life out.
Ignis-f. Well,
I see you are the master of the house;
I will accommodate myself to you.
Only consider, that to-night this mountain
Is all enchanted, and if Jack-a-lantern
Shews you his way, though you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him

(Faust, Mephistopheles, and Ignis-fatuus, in alternate chorus.)

The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desart waste.

But see how swift advance, and shift,
Trees behind trees, row by row,—
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their fawning foreheads as we go.
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones
Stream and streamlet hurry down—

A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Paradise on Earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above.
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill, and wood, and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

To-whoo! to whoo! Near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake as if 'twere day?
See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the lake!
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hill side,
With strange contortions through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And, animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennæ,
To blister with their poison spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-coloured mice, that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troops each others motions cross,
Through the heath and through the moss;
And, in legions intertangled,

The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!
Every thing around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puffed up and multiplied.

Meph. Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag.
One may observe with wonder from this point,
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

Faust. Aye—
And strangely through the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
Of mountains, lightning hitherward: there rise
Pillars of smoke, here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colours spreading,
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensest splendour.
And near us, see! sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in, are kindled.

Meph. Rare, in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
His palace for this festival . . . . it is
A pleasure which you had not known before.
I spy the boisterous guests already.
Faust. Now
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!
Meph. Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.
Beware! for if with them thou warrest
In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
A cloud thickens the night.
Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest!
The owls fly out in strange affright;
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shattered;
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
And ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crushed and shattered
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall;
And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
The airs hiss and howl.
It is not the voice of the fountain,
Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.
Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear;
The witches are singing!

The torrent of a raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

Chorus of Witches.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the Brocken the witches go;
The mighty multitude here may be seen
Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air;
Hey over stock! and hey over stone!
'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done?
Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A Voice.

Upon a sow swine, whose farrows were nine,
Old Baubo rideth alone.

Chorus.

Honour her to whom honour is due,
Old mother Baubo, honor to you!
An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour!
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night, and outspeeding the wind.

A Voice.

Which way comest thou?

A Voice.

Over Ilsenstein;
The owl was awake in the white moon-shine;
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad, bright eye.

Voices.

And you may now as well take your course on to Hell,
Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.

A Voice.

She dropt poison upon me as I past.
Here are the wounds——

Chorus of Witches.

Come away! come along!
The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a bedlam throng?
Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom.
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
And the mother is clapping her hands.

Semi-Chorus of Wizards I.

We glide in
Like snails, when the women are all away;
And from a house once given over to sin
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

Semi-Chorus II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
Where a man but a single spring will make.

Voices above.

Come with us, come with us, from Felumee.

Voices below.

With what joy would we fly through the upper sky!
We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we;
But our toil and our pain is for ever in vain.

Both Chorusses.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.
Come away!

Voices below.

Stay, oh, stay!

Voices above.

Out of the crannies of the rocks,
Who calls?

Voices below.

Oh, let me join your flocks!
I three hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt and mount to Heaven,—
And still in vain. Oh, might I be
With company akin to me!

Both Chorusses.

Some on a ram, and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along;
Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.

A Half-witch below.

I have been tripping this many an hour:
Are the others already so far before?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!
And less methinks is found by the road.

Chorus of Witches.

Come onward, away! aroint thee, aroint!
A witch to be strong must anoint—anoint—
Then every trough will be boat enough;
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky,
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?

Both Chorusses.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground;
Witch legions thicken around and around;
Wizard swarms cover the heath all over.

(They descend.)

Mephistopheles.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling;
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling;
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning,
As Heaven and Earth were overturning.
There is a true witch element about us.
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided.
Where are you?

Faust. (From a distance.)—Here!

Meph. I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland! pray make way, good people.
Take hold on me, doctor, and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way; we shall slip down there in a minute.

Faust. Spirit of Contradiction! Well, lead on—
'Twere a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humours of the time.

Meph. See yonder, round a many coloured flame
A merry club is huddled all together:
Even with such little people as sit there
One would not be alone.

Faust. Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the evil ones; there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me!

Meph. Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.
'Tis our old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.

I hear them tune their instruments—one must
Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I'll lead you
Among them; and what you there do and see,
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.
How say you now? this space is wide enough—
Look forth, you cannot see the end of it—
An hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable:
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
What is there better in the world than this?

Faust. In introducing us, do you assume
The character of wizard or of devil?

Meph. In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito; and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala days.
I have no ribbon at knee; but here
At home the cloven foot is honourable.
See you that snail there?—she comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes has smelt out something.
I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come now, we'll go about from fire to fire:
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

(To some old women, who are sitting round a heap of glimmering coals.)

Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here?
You ought to be with the young rioters
Right in the thickest of the revelry—
But every one is best content at home.

General.

Who dare confide in night or a just claim?
So much as I had done for them! and now—
With women and the people 'tis the same,

Youth will stand foremost ever,—age may go
To the dark grave unhonoured.

Minister.

Now-a-days
People assert their rights: they go too far;
But as for me, the good old times I praise;
Then we were all in all, 'twas something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

*Parvenu.**

We too are active, and we did and do
What we ought not, perhaps; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

Author.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And wonderous volume? 'tis impertinence
To write what none will read, therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless people try.

Meph. (*Who at once appears to have grown very old.*)
I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain;
And as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drained to the dregs.

Pedlar-Witch. Look here,
Gentlemen; do not hurry on so fast
And lose the chance of a good pennyworth.
I have a pack full of the choicest wares
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
Is nothing like what may be found on earth;
Nothing that in a moment will make rich

* A sort of fundholder.

Men and the world with fine malicious mischief—
There is no dagger drunk with blood; no bowl
From which consuming poison may be drained
By innocent and healthy lips; no jewel
The price of an abandoned maiden's shame;
No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,
Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back;
No——

Meph. Gossip, you know little of these times.
What has been, has been; what is done, is past.
They shape themselves into the innovations,
They breed, and innovation drags us with it.
The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us:
You think to impel, and are yourself impelled.

Faust. Who is that yonder?

Meph. Mark her well. It is
Lilith.

Faust. Who?

Meph. Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.

Faust. There sit a girl and an old woman—they
Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

Meph. There is rest to night for any one:
When one dance ends another is begun;
Come, let us to it! We shall have rare fun.

(Faust dances and sings with a girl, and Mephistopheles with an old woman.)

Brocto-phantasmist. What is this cursed multitude about?

Have we not long since proved to demonstration
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet?
But these are dancing just like men and women.

The Girl. What does he want then at our ball?

Faust. Oh! he
Is far above us all in his conceit:
Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment;
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be considered as a step.
There are few things that scandalize him not:
And when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

Broct. Fly!
Vanish! Unheard of impudence! What, still there!
In this enlightened age too, since you have been
Proved not to exist!——But this infernal brood
Will hear no reason and endure no rule.
Are we so wise, and is the *pond* still haunted?
How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish
Of superstition, and the world will not
Come clean with all my pains!—it is a case
Unheard of!

The Girl. Then leave off teazing us so.

Broct. I tell you spirits, to your faces now,
That I should not regret this despotism
Of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
To night I shall make poor work of it,
Yet I will take a round with you, and hope

Before my last step in the living dance
To beat the poet and the devil together.

Meph. At last he will sit down in some foul puddle;
That is his way of solacing himself;
Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
Cures him of spirits and the spirit together.

(To Faust, who has seceded from the dance.)

Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
Who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

Faust. A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprung from her mouth.

Meph. That was all right, my friend.
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey.
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.

Faust. Then saw I——

Meph. What?

Faust. Seest thou not a pale
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I cannot overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret.

Meph. Let it be—pass on—
No good can come of it—it is not well
To meet it—it is an enchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol; with a numbing look,
It freezes up the blood of man; and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.

Faust. Oh, too true!
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse

Which no beloved hand has closed, alas!
That is the heart which Margaret yielded to me—
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed!

Meph. It is all magic, poor deluded fool!
She looks to every one like his first love.

Faust. Oh, what delight! what woe! I cannot turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!

Meph. Aye, she can carry
Her head under her arm upon occasion;
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures
End in delusion.—Gain this rising ground,
It is as airy here as in a [ ]
And if I am not mightily deceived,
I see a theatre—What may this mean?

Attendant. Quite a new piece, the last of seven, for 'tis
The custom now to represent that number.
'Tis written by a Dilettante, and
The actors who perform are Dilettanti;
Excuse me, gentlemen; but I must vanish.
I am a Dilettante curtain-lifter.

ARIOSTO'S EPISODE OF CLORIDAN, MEDORO, AND ANGELICA.

It is no great boast to say, that this is perhaps the first time an English reader has had any thing *like* a specimen given him of the Orlando Furioso. Harrington, the old translator, wrote with a crab-stick, and Hoole with a rule. (The rhyme is lucky for him, and perhaps for our gentilities; for he provokes one of some sort.) The characteristics of Ariosto's style are great animal spirits, great ease and flow of versification, and great fondness for natural and strait-forward expressions, particularly in scenes of humour and tenderness. What approaches Harrington makes to these with his sapless crutches, or Hoole with his conventional stilts, let those discover who can. Harrington has perhaps twenty good stanzas in his whole work; and he is to be preferred to Hoole, because he has at all events an air of greater good faith in what he does. Hoole is a mere bundle of common-places. He understood nothing of his author but the story. He sometimes apologizes for the difficulty he feels in "raising the style," and when he comes to a passage more than usually familiar, thinks that the most "tolerable" way of rendering it is by doing away all its movement and vivacity. "Most tolerable" it is certainly, and "not to be endured." Yet a friend once quoted to us one good line out of Hoole. "It was something," he said, "about

"Neptune's white herds lowing o'er the deep."

He had mended the version unconsciously. Hoole could hardly, by any chance, have given a line of such deep and varied intonation, particularly as he was obliged to have *rave* and *wave* in a passage about a storm. His line is—

And Neptune's white herds low above the wave;

which is very different It does justice neither to the sound of the original, nor to the idea of extent suggested by the word *mare*, or *deep;* not to mention that Ariosto says nothing about Neptune, but leaves you to that indefinite and mysterious sense of the resemblance between roaring white billows and something animated, which strikes every one who has been at sea, and doubtless suggested the ancient popular superstition to which he may also allude. But it is doing too much honour to Hoole to find fault with him for a particular passage. Let the reader, if he has any curiosity, only dip into his first book, and he may judge of all the rest by a few of his *hearts* and *smarts,—man, span,—side, spy'd, &c.*

"The beautiful and pathetic tale of the two friends "Medoro and Cloridano," says Dr. Wharton, speaking of this episode, "is an artful and exact copy of the Nisus and "Euryalus of Virgil; yet the author hath added some "original beauties to it, and in particular hath assigned a more "interesting motive for this midnight excursion, than what "we find in Virgil; for Medoro and Cloridan venture into "the field of battle to find out among the heaps of slain "the body of their lord. This perhaps is one of the most "excellent passages in this wild and romantic author, who "yet abounds in various beauties, the merit of which ought not "to be tried by the established rules of classical criticism." *Postscript to his Virgil, quoted by Hoole.* Hoole further observes on his own part (for he sometimes writes a respect-

able note) that in Virgil "the attempt of exploring the "enemy's camp is first suggested by Nisus, and that the "young Euryalus takes fire at the proposal; but in Ariosto "the youth is the first mover, instigated by love and grati-"tude to his dead prince, which circumstance greatly ele-"vates his character and adds to the pathos of the story."—It may be added, that Ariosto has contrived to write the story of Angelica with that of Medoro in a manner singularly new and beautiful, and to reward the youth's virtue with life and love, without depriving the episode of its pathos. The danger also into which Medoro is brought by refusing to throw aside his master's dead body, and save himself by flight, is a circumstance exquisitely touching. On the other hand, if these are great additions, Virgil has one or two circumstances extremely natural and dramatic, which Ariosto seems to have thought it as well for his new incidents to omit; such as the discovery of Euryalus by means of the glittering belt he had carried off:—then the care he takes to provide for his mother before he sets out on the adventure, and her introduction after his death, where she gazes on his exposed head in a state of distraction, are both in the best style of the pathetic: and in short, if Virgil had been more improved upon by Ariosto than he has been, his merits would have been on a level with him, because he invented the episode. To say the truth, in comparing two good things, we are never very anxious to lean to this side or that. We are better pleased to relish them both to the full; and to like what they differ in, as well as what they have in common. Our great object is to make others sensible of the merits of as many good things as possible.

ALL night, the Saracens, in their battered stations,
Feeling but ill secure, and sore distressed,
Gave way to tears, and groans, and lamentations,
Only as hushed as possible, and suppressed;
Some for the death of friends and of relations
Left on the field; others for want of rest,
Who had been wounded, and were far from home;
But most for dread of what was yet to come.

Among the rest, two Moorish youths were there,
Born of a lowly stock in Ptolemais;
Whose story furnishes a proof so rare
Of perfect love, that it must find a place.
Their names Medoro and Cloridano were.
They had shewn Dardinel the same true face,
Whatever fortune waited on his lance,
And now had crossed the sea with him to France.

The one, a hunter used to every sky,
Was of the rougher look, but prompt and fleet:
Medoro had a cheek of rosy die,
Fair, and delightful for its youth complete:
Of all that came to that great chivalry,
None had a face more lively or more sweet.
Black eyes he had, and sunny curls of hair;
He seemed an angel, newly from the air.

These two with others, where the ramparts lay,
Were keeping watch to guard against surprise,
What time the night, in middle of its way,
Wonders at heaven with its drowsy eyes.
Medoro there, in all he had to say,
Could not but talk, in melancholy wise,

Of Dardinel his master, and complain
That he had won no honour that campaign.

Turning at last, he said, " O Cloridan,
I cannot tell thee how it swells my blood
To think our lord lies left upon the plain
To wolves and crows ; alas, too noble food !
When I reflect how pleasant and humane
He always was to me, I feel I could
Let out this life that he might not be so,
And yet not pay him half the debt I owe.

I will go forth,—I will,—and seek him yet,
That he may want not a grave's covering:
And God perhaps will please that I shall get
Even to the quiet camp of the great king.
Do thou remain ; for if my name is set
For death in heav'n, thou mayst relate the thing :
So that if fate cuts short the glorious part,
The world may know, at least, I had the heart.

Struck with amaze was Cloridan to see
Such heart, such love, such nobleness in a youth ;
And laboured (for he loved him tenderly)
To turn a thought so dangerous to them both ;
But no—a sorrow of that high degree
Is no such thing to comfort or to soothe.
Medoro was disposed, either to die,
Or give his lord a grave wherein to lie.

Seeing that nothing bent him or could move,
Cloridan cried, " My road then shall be thine :—

I too will join in such a work of love;
I too would clasp a death-bed so divine.
Life—pleasure—any thing—what would it behove,
Remaining without thee, Medoro mine!
Such death with thee would better far become me,
Than die for grief, shouldst thou be taken from me.

Thus both resolv'd, they put into their place
The next on guard, and slip from the redoubt.
They cross the ditch, and in a little space
Enter our quarters, looking round about.
So little dream we of a Saracen face,
Our camp is hush'd, and every fire gone out.
'Twixt heaps of arms and carriages they creep,
Up to the very eyes in wine and sleep.

Cloridan stopp'd a while, and said, "Look here!
We must not lose this opportunity:
Some of the race who cost our lord so dear,
Surely, Medoro, by this arm must die.
Do thou meanwhile keep watch, all eye and ear,
Lest any one should come:—I'll push on, I,
And lead the way, and make through bed and board
A bloody passage for thee with my sword."

He said; and hushing, push'd directly through
The tent where Alpheus lay, a learned Mars,
Who had but lately come to court, and knew
Physic, and magic, and a world of stars.
This was a cast they had not help'd him to:
Indeed their flatteries had been all a farce;
For he had found, that after a long life
He was to die, poor man, beside his wife:

And now the careful Saracen has put
His sword, as true as lancet, in his weasand.
Four mouths close by are equally well shut,
Before they can find time to ask the reason.
Their names are not in Turpin; and I cut
Their lives as short, not to be out of season.
Next Palidon died, a man of snug resources,
Who had made up his bed between two horses.

They then arrived, where pillowing his head
Upon a barrel, lay unhappy Grill.
Much vow'd had he, and much believ'd indeed,
That he, that blessed night, would sleep his fill.
The reckless Moor beheads him on his bed,
And wastes his blood and wine at the same spill
For he held quarts; and in his dreams that very
Moment had fill'd, but found his glass miscarry.

Near Grill, a German and a Greek there lay,
Andropono and Conrad, who had pass'd
Much of the night *al fresco*, in drink and play;
A single stroke a-piece made it their last.
Happy, if they had thought to play away
Till daylight on their board his eye had cast!
But fate determines all these matters still,
Let us forecast them for her as we will.

Like as a lion in a fold of sheep,
Whom desperate hunger has made gaunt and spare,
Kills, bleeds, devours, and mangles in a heap
The feeble flock collected meekly there;
So the fierce Pagan bleeds us in our sleep,
And lays about, and butchers every where:

And now Medoro joins the dreadful sport,
But scorns to strike among the meaner sort.

Upon a duke he came, Labrett, who slept
Fast in his lady's arms, embrac'd and fix'd;
So close they were, so fondly had they kept,
That not the air itself could get betwixt.
O'er both their necks at once the faulchion swept.
O happy death! O cup too sweetly mix'd!
For as their bosoms and their bodies were,
Ev'n so, I trust, their souls went clasp'd in air.

Malindo and Ardalico next are slain,
Sons of the prince, of whom the Flemings held:
They had been just made knights by Charlemagne,
And had the lilies added to their shield,
Because, the hardest day of the campaign,
He saw them both turn blood-red in the field.
Lands too he said he'd give; and would have done it,
Had not Medoro put his veto on it.

The wily sword was reaching now the ring,
Which the pavilions of the Paladins
Made round the high pavilion of the King.
They were his guard by turns. The Saracens
Here make a halt, and think it fit to bring
Their slaughter to a close, and get them hence;
Since it appears impossible to make
So wide a circuit, and find none awake.

They might have got much booty if they chose,
But save themselves, and they'll have done their good.
Cloridan leads as heretofore, and goes

Picking the safest way out that he could.
At last they come, where, amidst shields and bows,
And swords, and spears, in a red plash of blood,
Lie poor and rich, the monarch and the slave,
And men and horses heap'd without a grave.

The horrible mixture of the bodies there,
(For all the field was reeking round about)
Would have made vain their melancholy care
Till day-time, which 'twas best to do without,
Had not the moon, at poor Medoro's prayer,
Put from a darksome cloud her bright horn out.
Medoro to the beam devoutly raised
His head, and thus petitioned as he gazed:—

"O holy queen, who by our ancestors
Justly wert worshipp'd by a triple name;
Who shew'st in heav'n, and earth, and hell, thy powers
And beauteous eye, another and the same;
And who in forests, thy old favourite bowers,
Art the great huntress, following the game;
Shew me, I pray thee, where my sovereign lies,
Who while he lived found favour in thine eyes."

At this, whether 'twas chance or faith, the moon
Parted the cloud, and issued with a stoop,
Fair, as when first she kissed Endymion,
And to his arms gave herself naked up.
The city, at that light, burst forth and shone,
And both the camps, and all the plain and slope,
And the two hills that rose on either quarter,
Far from the walls, Montlery and Montmartre.

Most brilliantly of all the lustre showered
Where lay the son of great Almontes, dead.
Medoro, weeping, went to his dear lord,
Whom by his shield he knew, part white and red.
The bitter tears bathed all his face, and poured
From either eye, like founts along their bed.
So sweet his ways, so sweet his sorrows were,
They might have stopt the very winds to hear.

But low he wept, and scarcely audible;
Not that he cared what a surprise might cost,
From any dread of dying; for he still
Felt a contempt for life, and wished it lost;
But from the dread, lest ere he could fulfil
His pious business there, it might be crost.
Raised on their shoulders is the crowned load;
And shared between them thus, they take their road.

With the dear weight they make what speed they may,
Like an escaping mother to a birth;
And now comes he, the lord of life and day,
To take the stars from heav'n, the shade from earth;
When the young Scottish prince, who never lay
Sleeping, when things were to be done of worth,
After continuing the pursuit all night,
Came to the field with the first morning light.

And with him came, about him and behind,
A troop of knights, whom they could see from far,
All met upon the road, in the same mind
To search the field for precious spoils of war.
"Brother," said Cloridan, "we must needs, I find,

" Lay down our load, and see how fleet we are.
" It would be hardly wise to have it said,
" We lost two living bodies for a dead.

And off he shook his burden, with that word,
Fancying Medoro would do just the same;
But the poor boy, who better loved his lord,
Took on his shoulders all the weight that came.
The other ran, as if with one accord,
Not guessing what had made his fellow lame.
Had he, he would have dared, not merely one,
But heaps of deaths, rather than fled alone.

The knights, who were determined that those two
Should either yield them prisoners or die,
Disperse themselves, and without more ado
Seize every pass which they might issue by.
The chief himself rode on before, and drew
Nearer and nearer with an earnest eye;
For seeing them betray such marks of fear,
He plainly saw that enemies were there.

There was an old forest there in those days,
Thick with o'ershadowing trees and underwood,
Which, like a labyrinth, ran into a maze
Of narrow paths, and was a solitude.
The pagans reckoned on its friendly ways,
For giving them close covert while pursued:—
But he that loves these chaunts of mine in rhyme,
May chuse to hear the rest another time.*

* Here the 18th Canto ends, and the 19th begins.

None knows the heart in which he may confide,
As long as he sits high on Fortune's wheel;
For friends of all sorts then are by his side,
Who shew him all the self-same face of zeal:
But let the goddess roll him from his pride,
The flattering set are off upon their heel;
And he who loved him in his heart alone
Stands firm, and will, even when life is gone.

If eyes could see the heart as well as face,
Many a great man at court who tramples others,
And many an humble one in little grace,
Would change their destiny for one another's;
This would mount up into the highest place—
That go and help the scullions and their mothers.
But turn we to Medoro, good and true,
Who lov'd his lord, whatever fate could do.

The unhappy youth, now in the thickest way
Of all the wood, would fain have hidden close;
But the dead weight that on his shoulders lay,
Hampers his path, whichever side he goes.
Strange to the country too, he goes astray,
And turns and tramples 'midst the breaks and boughs.
Meanwhile his friend, less burdened for the race,
Has got in safety to a distant place.

Cloridan came to where he heard no more
The hue and cry that sent him like a dart;
But when he turned about and missed Medoro,
He seemed to have deserted his own heart.
"Good God!" he cried; "not to see this before!

"How could I be so mad! How could I part
"With thee, Medoro, and come driving here,
"And never dream I left thee, when or where!"

So saying, he returns in bitter wise
Into the tangled wood, by the same path,
And keeps it narrowly with yearning eyes,
And treads with zeal the track of his own death.
And all the while, horses he hears, and cries,
And threatening voices that take short his breath:
And last of all he hears, and now can see,
Medoro, press'd about with cavalry.

They are a hundred, and all round him. He,
While the chief cries to take him prisoner,
Turns like a wheel, and faces valiantly
All that would seize him, leaping here and there,
Now to an elm, an oak, or other tree,
Nor ever parts he with his burden dear.
See!—he has laid it on the ground at last,
The better to controul and keep it fast.

Like as a bear, whom men in mountains start
In her old stony den, and dare, and goad,
Stands o'er her children with uncertain heart,
And roars for rage and sorrow in one mood:
Anger impels her, and her natural part,
To use her nails and bathe her lips in blood;
Love melts her, and for all her angry roar,
Holds her eyes back to look on those she bore.

Cloridan knows not how to give his aid,
And yet he must, and die too:—that he knows:

But ere he changes from alive to dead,
He casts about to settle a few foes.
He takes an arrow,—one of his best made,—
And works so well in secret, that it goes
Into a Scotchman's head, right to the brains,
And jerks his lifeless fingers from the reins.

The horsemen in confusion turn about,
To see by what strange hand their fellow died,
When a new shaft's in middle of the rout,
And the man tumbles by his fellow's side.
He was just wondering, and calling out,
And asking questions, fuming as he cried;
The arrow comes, and dashes to his throat,
And cuts him short in middle of his note.

Zerbin, the leader of the troop, could hold
His rage no longer at this new surprise,
But darting on the boy, with eyes that roll'd,
" You shall repent this insolence," he cries;
Then twisting with his hand those locks of gold,
He drags him back, to see him as he dies;
But when he set his eyes on that sweet face,
He could not do it, 'twas so hard a case.

The youth betook him to his prayers, and said,
" For God's sake, sir, be not so merciless
" As to prevent my burying the dead:
" 'Tis a king's body that's in this distress:
" Think not I ask, from any other dread;
" Life could give me but little happiness.
" All the life now which I desire to have,
" Is just enough to give my lord a grave.

" If you've a Theban heart, and birds of prey
" Must have their food before your rage can cool,
" Feast then on me; only do let me lay
" His limbs in earth, that has been used to rule."
So spake the young Medoro, in a way
To turn a rock, it was so beautiful.
As for the prince, so deeply was he moved,
That all at once he pardoned and he loved

A ruffian, at this juncture, of the band,
Little restrain'd by what restrain'd the rest,
Thrust with his lance across the suppliant's hand,
And pierc'd his delicate and faithful breast.
The act,—in one too under his command,—
Displeas'd the princely chief, and much distress'd;
The more so, as the poor boy dropp'd his head,
And fell so pale, that all believ'd him dead.

Such was his grief, and such was his disdain,
That crying out, " The blood be on his head!"
He turned in wrath to give the thrust again;
But the false villain, ere the words were said,
Put spurs into his horse and fled amain,
Stooping his rascal shoulders, as he fled.
Cloridan, when he sees Medoro fall,
Leaps from the wood, and comes defying all;

And casts away his bow, and almost mad,
Goes slashing round among his enemies,
Rather for death, than any hope he had
Of cutting his revenge to its fit size.
His blood soon coloured many a dripping blade,
And he perceives with pleasure that he dies;

And so his strength being fairly at an end,
He lets himself fall down beside his friend.

The troop then follow'd where their chief had gone,
Pursuing his stern chase along the trees,
And leave the two companions there alone,
One surely dead, the other scarcely less.
Long time Medoro lay without a groan,
Losing his blood in such large quantities,
That life would surely have gone out at last,
Had not a helping hand been coming past.

There came, by chance, a damsel passing there,
Dress'd like a shepherdess in lowly wise,
But of a royal presence, and an air
Noble as handsome, with sweet maiden eyes.
'Tis so long since I told you news of her,
Perhaps you know her not in this disguise.
This, you must know then, was Angelica,
Proud daughter of the Khan of great Cathay.

You know the magic ring and her distress?
Well, when she had recovered this same ring,
It so increased her pride and haughtiness,
She seem'd too high for any living thing.
She goes alone, desiring nothing less
Than a companion, even though a king:
She even scorns to recollect the flame
Of one Orlando, or his very name.

But above all she hates to recollect
That she had taken to Rinaldo so;
She thinks it the last want of self-respect,

Pure degradation, to have looked so low.
" Such arrogance," said Cupid, " must be checked."
The little God betook him with his bow,
To where Medoro lay, and standing by,
Held the shaft ready with a lurking eye.

Now when the princess saw the youth all pale,
And found him grieving, with his bitter wound,
Not for what one so young might well bewail,
But that his king should not be laid in ground,
She felt a something, strange and gentle, steal
Into her heart by some new way it found,
Which touched its hardness, and turned all to grace;
And more so, when he told her all his case.

And calling to her mind the little arts
Of healing, which she learnt in India,
(For 'twas a study valued in those parts,
Even for those who were in sovereign sway,
And yet so easy too, that like the heart's,
'Twas more inherited than learnt, they say)
She cast about, with herbs and balmy juices,
To save so fair a life for all its uses.

And thinking of an herb that caught her eye
As she was coming, in a pleasant plain,
(Whether 'twas panacea, dittany,
Or some such herb accounted sovereign,
For staunching blood, quickly and tenderly,
And winning out all spasm and bad pain)
She found it not far off, and gathering some,
Returned with it to save Medoro's bloom.

In coming back she met upon the way
A shepherd, who was riding through the wood
To find a heifer, that had gone astray,
And been two days about the solitude.
She took him with her where Medoro lay,
Still feebler than he was, with loss of blood:
So much he lost, and drew so hard a breath,
That he was now fast fading to his death.

Angelica got off her horse in haste,
And made the shepherd get as fast from his;
She ground the herbs with stones, and then expressed
With her white hands the balmy milkiness;
Then dropped it in the wound, and bathed his breast,
His stomach, feet, and all that was amiss:
And of such virtue was it, that at length
The blood was stopped, and he looked round with strength.

At last he got upon the shepherd's horse,
But would not quit the place till he had seen
Laid in the ground his lord and master's corse;
And Cloridan lay with it, who had been
Smitten so fatally with sweet remorse.
He then obeys the will of the fair queen;
And she, for very pity of his lot,
Goes and stays with him at the shepherd's cot.

Nor would she leave him, she esteem'd him so,
Till she had seen him well with her own eye;
So full of pity did her bosom grow,
Since first she saw him faint and like to die.
Seeing his manners now, and beauty too,

She felt her heart yearn somehow inwardly;
She felt her heart yearn somehow, till at last
'Twas all on fire, and burning warm and fast.

The shepherd's house was good enough, and neat,
A little shady cottage in a dell:
The man had just rebuilt it all complete,
With room to spare, in case more births befell.
There with such knowledge did the lady treat
Her handsome patient, that he soon grew well;
But not before she had, on her own part,
A secret wound much greater in her heart.

Much greater was the wound, and deeper far,
The invisible arrow made in her heart-strings;
'Twas from Medoro's lovely eyes and hair;
'Twas from the naked archer with the wings.
She feels it now; she feels, and yet can bear
Another's less than her own sufferings.
She thinks not of herself: she thinks alone
How to cure him, by whom she is undone.

The more his wound recovers and gets ease,
Her own grows worse, and widens day by day.
The youth gets well; the lady languishes,
Now warm, now cold, as fitful fevers play.
His beauty heightens like the flowering trees;
She, miserable creature, melts away
Like the weak snow, which some warm sun has found
Fall'n, out of season, on a rising ground.

And must she speak at last, rather than die?
And must she plead, without another's aid?

She must, she must;—the vital moments fly—
She lives—she dies, a passion-wasted maid.
At length she bursts all ties of modesty;
Her tongue explains her eyes; the words are said;
And she asks pity underneath that blow,
Which he perhaps that gave it did not know.

O County Orlando! O King Sacripant!
That fame of yours, say, what avails it ye?
That lofty honour, those great deeds ye vaunt,
Say, what's their value with the lovely she?
Shew me—recal to memory (for I can't)—
Shew me, I beg, one single courtesy
That ever she vouchsafed ye, far or near,
For all you've done and have endured for her.

And you, if you could come to life again,
O Agrican, how hard 'twould seem to you,
Whose love was met by nothing but disdain,
And vile repulses, shocking to go through!
O Ferragus! O thousands, who in vain
Did all that loving and great hearts could do,
How would ye feel, to see, with all her charms,
This thankless creature in a stripling's arms!

The young Medoro had the gathering
Of the world's rose, the rose untouched before;
For never, since that garden blush'd with spring,
Had human being dared to touch the door.
To sanction it,—to honestize the thing,*
The priest was called to read the service o'er,
(For without marriage what can come but strife?)
And the bride-mother was the shepherd's wife.

* Per onestar la cosa.

All was performed, in short, that could be so
In such a place, to make the nuptials good;
Nor did the happy pair think fit to go,
But spent the month and more, within the wood.
The lady to the stripling seemed to grow.
His step her step, his eyes her eyes pursued;
Nor did her love lose any of its zest,
Though she was always hanging on his breast.

In doors and out of doors, by night, by day,
She had the charmer by her side for ever:
Morning and evening they would stroll away,
Now by some field, or little tufted river;
They chose a cave in middle of the day,
Perhaps not less agreeable or clever,
Than Dido and Æneas found to screen them,
When they had secrets to discuss between them.

And all this while there was not a smooth tree,
That stood by stream or fountain with glad breath,
Nor stone less hard than stones are apt to be,
But they would find a knife to carve it with;
And in a thousand places you might see,
And on the walls about you and beneath,
ANGELICA AND MEDORO, tied in one,
As many ways as lovers' knots can run.

And when they thought they had out-spent their time,
Angelica the royal took her way,
She and Medoro, to the Indian clime,
To crown him king of her fair realm, Cathay.

THE COUNTRY MAIDEN.

FROM POLITIAN.

La pastorella si leva per tempo
Menando le caprette a pascer fuora ;
Di ſuora, fuora, la traditora
Co suoi begli occhi la m' innamora,
E fa di mezza notte apparir giorno.

Poi se ne giva a spasso a la ſontana
Calpestando l'erbette tenerelle,
(O) tenerelle, galanti e belle,
Sermollin fresco, fresche mortelle,
E 'l grembo ha pien di rose e di viole.

Poi si sbraccia e si lava il suo bel viso,
Le man, la gamba, il suo pulito petto,
Pulito petto, con gran diletto,
Con bianco aspetto,
Che ride intorno intorno (o) le campagne.

E qualche volta canta una canzona,
Che le pecore balla e gli agnelletti :
E gli agnelletti fanno i scambietti,
Così le capre con li capretti,
E tutti fanno a gara (o) le lor danze.

E qualche volta in sur un verde prato
La tesse ghirlandette (o) di bei fiori,
(O) di bei fiori, di bei colori,
Così le ninfe con li pastori,
E tutti imparan da la pastorella.

Poi la sera ritorna a la sua stanza
Con la vincastra in man discinta e scalza,
Discinta le scalza
Ride e saltella per agni balza.
Così la pastorella passa il tempo.

TRANSLATION.

The sweet country maiden she gets up betimes,
Taking her kids to feed out on the grass,—
On the grass, on the grass,—ah! the sly little lass,
Her eyes make me follow with mine as they pass;
I am sure they'd make day in the middle of night.

Then she goes, the first thing, to the fountain hard by,
Treading the turf with her fresh naked feet,—
Naked feet, naked feet,—O so light and so sweet,
Through the thyme and the myrtles they go so complete,
And she makes up a lap, which she fills full of flowers.

Then she tucks up her sleeve to wash her sweet face,
And her hands, and her legs, and her bosom so white,—
Her bosom so white,—with a gentle delight;
I never beheld such a beautiful sight,
It makes the place smile, wheresoever it turns.

And sometimes she sings a rustical song,
Which makes the kids dance, and the sheep also—

The sheep also,—they hark, and they go;
The goats with the kids, all so merrily O!
You would think they all tried to see who could dance best.

And sometimes, upon a green meadow, I've seen her
Make little garlands of beautiful flowers,—
O, most beautiful flowers,—which last her for hours,
And the great ladies make them for their paramours,
But all of them learn from my sweet country lass.

And then in the evening she goes home to bed,
Bare-footed, and loos'ning her laces and things,—
Her laces and things,—and she laughs and she sings,
And leaps all the banks with one of her springs;
And thus my sweet maiden she passes her time.

EPIGRAM OF ALFIERI,

UPON THE TREATMENT OF THE WORD "CAPTAIN" BY THE ITALIANS, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH.

Capitano è parola
Sonante, intera, e nell' Italia nata;
Capitèn, già sconsola,
Nasalmente dai Galli smozzicata;
Keptn poi dentro gola
De' Britanni aspri sen sta straspolpata.

IMITATED AND ANSWERED.

Poor Italy, one needs must own,
Has the word "Captain," and the word alone;

France had the man, but gave him those
Whom he had taken for her by the nose;
England had her's, and has him still,
Who'll cut her own throat for her, if she will

EPIGRAMS ON LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Oh, CASTLEREAGH! thou art a patriot now;
Cato died for his country, so did'st thou;
He perish'd rather than see Rome enslav'd,
Thou cut'st thy throat, that Britain may be sav'd.

So CASTLEREAGH has cut his throat!—The worst
Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last!—He! Who?
The man who cut his country's long ago.

CONTENTS

OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

ERRATA.

Page 6, line 6, instead of "a *worse* king never left a realm undone," read "a *weaker* king ne'er left a realm undone."

Page 7, line 16, instead of "a bad ugly woman," read "an unhandsome woman."

Page 20, line 5, for "dwell," read "well."

Page 23, line 6, instead of "amidst the *war*," read "amidst the *roar*."

Page 38, in the note, for "body," read "bottom."

Page 62, lines 29 and 30—and page 68, line 15, for "*Signora* Veronica," read "*Gossip* Veronica."

Page 109, line 10, for "about the size of Stratford Place," read "about *half* the size."

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THE

LIBERAL.

No. II.

HEAVEN AND EARTH,

A MYSTERY,

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.

"And it came to pass . . . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

"And woman wailing for her demon lover."—COLERIDGE.

PART I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Angels.—SAMIASA.
AZAZIEL.
RAPHAEL the Archangel.
Men.—NOAH and his Sons.
IRAD.
Women.—ANAH.
AHOLIBAMAH.

Chorus of Spirits of the Earth.—Chorus of Mortals.

SCENE I.

A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat.—Time, midnight.—Enter ANAH *and* AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. Our father sleeps: it is the hour when they
Who love us are accustomed to descend
Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat:—
How my heart beats!

Aho. Let us proceed upon
Our invocation.
Anah. But the stars are hidden.
I tremble.
Aho. So do I, but not with fear
Of aught save their delay.
Anah. My sister, though
I love Azaziel more than——oh, too much!
What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.
Aho. And where is the impiety of loving
Celestial natures?
Anah. But, Aholibamah,
I love our God less since his angel loved me:
This cannot be of good; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right.
Aho. Then wed thee
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!
There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long;
Marry, and bring forth dust!
Anah. I should have loved
Azaziel not less were he mortal; yet
I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him.
And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,
As he adores the Highest, death becomes
Less terrible; but yet I pity him;
His grief will be of ages, or at least
Mine would be such for him, were I the Seraph,
And he the perishable.
Aho. Rather say,
That he will single forth some other daughter
Of Earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.

Anah. And if it should be so, and she so loved him,
Better thus than that he should weep for me.

Aho. If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All Seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.
But to our invocation! 'Tis the hour.

Anah. Seraph!
From thy sphere!
Whatever star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of heaven
Albeit thou watchest with "the seven,"*
Though through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!
Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!
And though she nothing is to thee,
Yet think that thou art all to her.
Thou canst not tell,—and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—
The bitterness of tears.
Eternity is in thine years,
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;
With me thou canst not sympathize,
Except in love, and there thou must
Acknowledge that more loving dust
Ne'er wept beneath the skies.
Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st
The face of him who made thee great,
As he hath made me of the least
Of those cast out from Eden's gate:
Yet, Seraph dear!
Oh hear!

* The Archangels, said to be seven in number.

For thou hast loved me, and I would not die
Until I know what I must die in knowing,
That thou forget'st in thine eternity
Her whose heart death could not keep from o'erflowing
For thee, immortal essence as thou art!
Great is their love who love in sin and fear;
And such, I feel, are waging in my heart
A war unworthy: to an Adamite
Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts appear,
For sorrow is our element;
Delight
An Eden kept afar from sight,
Though sometimes with our visions blent.
The hour is near
Which tells me we are not abandoned quite.—
Appear! Appear!
Seraph!
My own Azaziel! be but here,
And leave the stars to their own light.

Aho. Samiasa!
Wheresoe'er
Thou rulest in the upper air—
Or warring with the spirits who may dare
Dispute with him
Who made all empires, empire; or recalling
Some wandering star, which shoots through the abyss,
Whose tenants dying, while their world is falling,
Share the dim destiny of clay in this;
Or joining with the inferior cherubim,
Thou deignest to partake their hymn—
Samiasa!
I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.

Many may worship thee, that will I not:
If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,
Descend and share my lot!
Though I be formed of clay,
And thou of beams
More bright than those of day
On Eden's streams,
Thine immortality can not repay
With love more warm than mine
My love. There is a ray
In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,
I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.
It may be hidden long: death and decay
Our mother Eve bequeath'd us—but my heart
Defies it: though this life must pass away,
Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part?
Thou art immortal—so am I: I feel—
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—"thou liv'st for ever!"
But if it be in joy
I know not, nor would know;
That secret rests with the Almighty giver
Who folds in clouds the fonts of bliss and woe.
But thee and me he never can destroy;
Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm; we are
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With him if he will war with us: with *thee*
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
For thou hast ventured to share life with *me*,
And shall *I* shrink from thine eternity?

No! though the serpent's sting should pierce me thorough,
And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
Around me still! and I will smile
And curse thee not; but hold
Thee in as warm a fold
As ——but descend; and prove
A mortal's love
For an immortal. If the skies contain
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!

Anah. Sister! sister! I view them winging
Their bright way through the parted night.

Aho. The clouds from off their pinions flinging
As though they bore to-morrow's light.

Anah. But if our father see the sight!

Aho. He would but deem it was the moon
Rising unto some sorcerer's tune
An hour too soon.

Anah. They come! *he* comes!—Azaziel!

Aho. Haste
To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear
My spirit, while they hover there,
To Samiasa's breast!

Anah. Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset;—lo!
On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-colour'd bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Returned to night, as rippling foam,
Which the leviathan hath lash'd
From his unfathomable home,
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,

Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.

Aho. They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!

Anah. My Azaziel!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Irad *and* Japhet.

Irad. Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander thus
To add thy silence to the silent night,
And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?
They cannot aid thee.

Japh. But they soothe me—now
Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.
Methinks a being that is beautiful
Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,
The eternal beauty of undying things.
Oh, Anah!

Irad. But she loves thee not.

Japh. Alas!

Irad. And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.

Japh. I feel for thee too.

Irad. Let her keep her pride,
Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn;
It may be, time too will avenge it.

Japh. Canst thou
Find joy in such a thought?

Irad. Nor joy, nor sorrow.
I loved her well; I would have loved her better,
Had love been met with love: as 'tis, I leave her
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

Japh. What destinies?
Irad. I have some cause to think
She loves another.
Japh. Anah!
Irad. No; her sister.
Japh. What other?
Irad. That I know not; but her air,
If not her words, tells me she loves another.
Japh. Ay, but not Anah: she but loves her God.
Irad. Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,
What can it profit thee?
Japh. True, nothing; but
I love.
Irad. And so did I.
Japh. And now thou lov'st not,
Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier?
Irad. Yes.
Japh. I pity thee.
Irad. Me! why?
Japh. For being happy,
Deprived of that which makes my misery.
Irad. I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,
And would not feel as thou dost, for more shekels
Than all our father's herds would bring if weigh'd
Against the metal of the sons of Cain—
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,
As if such useless and discolour'd trash,
The refuse of the earth, could be received
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all
Our flocks and wilderness afford.—Go, Japhet,
Sigh to the stars as wolves howl to the moon—
I must back to my rest.
Japh. And so would I
If I could rest.

Irad. Thou wilt not to our tents then?

Japh. No, Irad; I will to the cavern, whose
Mouth they say opens from the internal world
To let the inner spirits of the earth
Forth when they walk its surface.

Irad. Wherefore so?
What wouldst thou there?

Japh. Soothe further my sad spirit
With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot,
And I am hopeless.

Irad. But 'tis dangerous;
Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with terrors.
I must go with thee.

Japh. Irad, no; believe me
I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.

Irad. But evil things will be thy foe the more
As not being of them: turn thy steps aside,
Or let mine be with thine.

Japh. No; neither, Irad;
I must proceed alone.

Irad. Then peace be with thee!

[*Exit* Irad.

Japh. (solus). Peace! I have sought it where it should be found,
In love—with love too, which perhaps deserved it;
And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart—
A weakness of the spirit—listless days,
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep—
Have come upon me. Peace! what peace? the calm
Of desolation, and the stillness of
The untrodden forest, only broken by
The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs;
Such is the sullen or the fitful state

Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown wicked,
And many signs and portents have proclaim'd
A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming doom
To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!
When the dread hour denounced shall open wide
The fountains of the deep, how mightest thou
Have lain within this bosom, folded from
The elements; this bosom, which in vain
Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,
While thine——Oh, God! at least remit to her
Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the failing
As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench,
Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!
How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst not;
And still would I redeem thee—see thee live
When Ocean is Earth's grave, and, unopposed
By rock or shallow, the leviathan,
Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

[*Exit* JAPHET.

Enter NOAH *and* SHEM.

Noah. Where is thy brother Japhet?
Shem. He went forth,
According to his wont, to meet with Irad,
He said; but, as I fear, to bend his steps
Towards Anah's tents, round which he hovers nightly
Like a dove round and round its pillaged nest;
Or else he walks the wild up to the cavern
Which opens to the heart of Ararat.
Noah. What doth he there? It is an evil spot
Upon an earth all evil; for things worse
Than even wicked men resort there: he
Still loves this daughter of a fated race,

Although he could not wed her if she loved him,
And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts
Of men! that one of my blood, knowing well
The destiny and evil of these days,
And that the hour approacheth, should indulge
In such forbidden yearnings! Lead the way;
He must be sought for!

Shem. Go not forward, father:
I will seek Japhet.

Noah. Do not fear for me:
All evil things are powerless on the man
Selected by Jehovah—let us on.

Shem. To the tents of the father of the sisters?

Noah. No; to the cavern of the Caucasus.

[*Exeunt* NOAH *and* SHEM.

SCENE III.

The mountains.—A cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.

Japh. (solus). Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled
Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,

And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
And man——Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who
Shall weep above your universal grave,
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
Alas! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her?
And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
No more to have the morning sun break forth,
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow? no more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
No more to be the beacon of the world,
For angels to alight on, as the spot
Nearest the stars? And can those words "*no more*"
Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
And the predestined creeping things reserved
By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
He preserve *them*, and *I not* have the power
To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,
Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,
To hiss and sting through some emerging world,
Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until
The salt morass subside into a sphere
Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,

Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much
Breath will be still'd at once! All beauteous world!
So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I
With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
And night by night, thy numbered days and nights.
I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
Whose love had made me love thee more; but as
A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
Such as—Oh God! and canst thou—— [*He pauses.*

A rushing sound from the cavern is heard and shouts of laughter—afterwards a Spirit passes.

Japh. In the name
Of the Most High, what art thou?

Spirit. (laughs.) Ha! Ha! Ha!

Japh. By all that earth holds holiest, speak!

Spirit. (laughs.) Ha! Ha!

Japh. By the approaching deluge! by the earth
Which will be strangled by the ocean! by
The deep which will lay open all her fountains!
The heaven which will convert her clouds to seas,
And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!
Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me!
Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?

Spirit. Why weep'st thou?

Japh. For earth and all her children.

Spirit. Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Spirit vanishes.*

Japh. How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,
The coming desolation of an orb,
On which the sun shall rise and warm no life!

How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is
Sleep too upon the very eve of death!
Why should they wake to meet it? What is here,
Which look like death in life, and speak like things
Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds!
[*Various Spirits pass from the cavern.*

Spirit. Rejoice!
The abhorred race
Which could not keep in Eden their high place,
But listen'd to the voice
Of knowledge without power,
Are nigh the hour
Of death!
Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,
Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sapping motion,
Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow!
Earth shall be ocean!
And no breath,
Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave
Shall lift its point to save,
Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,
After long looking o'er the ocean wide
For the expected ebb which cometh not:
All shall be void,
Destroyed!
Another element shall be the lord
Of life, and the abhorr'd
Children of dust be quench'd; and of each hue
Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;
And of the variegated mountain

Shall nought remain
Unchanged, or of the level plain;
Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain:
All merged within the universal fountain,
Man, earth, and fire, shall die,
And sea and sky
Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.
Upon the foam
Who shall erect a home?

Japh. (coming forward.) My sire!
Earth's seed shall not expire;
Only the evil shall be put away
From day.
Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste!
Who howl your hideous joy
When God destroys whom you dare not destroy;
Hence! haste!
Back to your inner caves!
Until the waves
Shall search you in your secret place,
And drive your sullen race
Forth, to be roll'd upon the tossing winds
In restless wretchedness along all space!

Spirit. Son of the saved!
When thou and thine have braved
The wide and warring element;
When the great barrier of the deep is rent,
Shall thou and thine be good or happy?—No!
Thy new world and new race shall be of woe—
Less goodly in their aspect, in their years
Less than the glorious giants, who
Yet walk the world in pride,

The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.
Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.
And art thou not ashamed
Thus to survive,
And eat, and drink, and wive?
With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
As even to hear this wide destruction named,
Without such grief and courage, as should rather
Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,
Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,
And build thy city o'er the drown'd Earth's grave?
Who would outlive their kind,
Except the base and blind?
Mine
Hateth thine
As of a different order in the sphere,
But not our own.
There is not one who hath not left a throne
Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here,
Rather than see his mates endure alone.
Go, wretch! and give
A life like thine to other wretches—live!
And when the annihilating waters roar
Above what they have done,
Envy the Giant Patriarchs then no more,
And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!
Thyself for being his son!

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.

Rejoice!
No more the human voice
Shall vex our joys in middle air

With prayer;
No more
Shall they adore;
And we, who ne'er for ages have adored
The prayer-exacting Lord,
To whom the omission of a sacrifice
Is vice;
We, we shall view the deep's salt sources pour'd
Until one element shall do the work
Of all in chaos; until they,
The creatures proud of their poor clay,
Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk
In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where
The Deep shall follow to their latest lair;
Where even the brutes, in their despair,
Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,
And the striped tiger shall lie down to die
Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother;
Till all things shall be as they were,
Silent and uncreated, save the sky:
While a brief truce
Is made with Death, who shall forbear
The little remnant of the past creation,
To generate new nations for his use;
This remnant, floating o'er the undulation
Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,
When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil
Into a world, shall give again to Time
New beings—years—diseases—sorrow—crime—
With all companionship of hate and toil,
Until——

Japh. (*interrupting them.*) The eternal will

Shall deign to expound this dream
Of good and evil; and redeem
Unto himself all times, all things;
And, gather'd under his almighty wings,
Abolish hell!
And to the expiated Earth
Restore the beauty of her birth,
Her Eden in an endless paradise,
Where man no more can fall as once he fell,
And even the very demons shall do well!

Spirits. And when shall take effect this wond'rous spell?

Japh. When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,
And then in glory.

Spirit. Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,
Till earth wax hoary;
War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven, in vain,
Until the clouds look gory
With the blood reeking from each battle plain;
New times, new climes, new arts, new men; but still
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,
Shall be amongst your race in different forms;
But the same moral storms
Shall oversweep the future, as the waves
In a few hours the glorious Giant's graves.*

Chorus of Spirits.

Brethren, rejoice!
Mortal, farewell!

* "And there were Giants in those days, and after; mighty men, which were of old men of renown."—*Genesis.*

Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice
Of growing ocean's gloomy swell;
The winds, too, plume their piercing wings!
The clouds have nearly filled their springs;
The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,
And heaven set wide her windows; while mankind
View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token—
Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
We hear the sound they cannot hear,
The mustering thunders of the threatening sphere;
Yet a few hours their coming is delay'd;
Their flashing banners, folded still on high,
Yet undisplay'd,
Save to the Spirits' all-pervading eye.
Howl! howl! oh Earth!
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth:
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
The ocean's overflow!
The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,
The little shells, of ocean's least things be
Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells—
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
Unanswered, save by the encroaching swell;—
While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,
The wings which could not save!—
Where could he rest them, while the whole space brings
Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave?
Brethren, rejoice!
And loudly lift each superhuman voice—
All die,
Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—
The seed of Seth,

Exempt for future Sorrow's sake from death.
But of the sons of Cain
None shall remain;
And all his goodly daughters
Must lie beneath the desolating waters;
Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid
Along the wave, the cruel heaven upbraid,
Which would not spare
Beings even in death so fair.
It is decreed,
All die!
And to the universal human cry
The universal silence shall succeed!
Fly, brethren, fly!
But still rejoice!
We fell!
They fall!
So perish all
These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from Hell!
[*The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.*

Japh. (*solus.*) God hath proclaimed the destiny of Earth:
My father's ark of safety hath announced it;
The very demons shriek it from their caves;
The scroll* of Enoch prophesied it long
In silent books, which, in their silence, say
More to the mind than thunder to the ear:
And yet men listen'd not, nor listen; but
Walk darkling to their doom; which, though so nigh,
Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,
Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty purpose,
Or deaf obedient Ocean, which fulfils it.

* The Book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the Flood.

No sign yet hangs its banner in the air;
The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture;
The sun will rise upon the earth's last day
As on the fourth day of creation, when
God said unto him, "Shine!" and he broke forth
Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet
Unform'd forefather of mankind—but roused
Before the human orison the earlier
Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,
Which in the open firmament of heaven
Have wings like angels, and like them salute
Heaven first each day before the Adamites:
Their matins now draw nigh—the East is kindling—
And they will sing! and day will break! Both near,
So near the awful close! For these must drop
Their outworn pinions on the deep; and Day,
After the bright course of a few brief morrows,—
Ay, day will rise; but upon what? A chaos,
Which was ere day; and which, renew'd, makes time
Nothing! for, without life, what are the hours?
No more to dust than is eternity
Unto Jehovah, who created both.
Without him, even Eternity would be
A void: without man, Time, as made for man,
Dies with man, and is swallow'd in that Deep
Which has no fountain; as his race will be
Devour'd by that which drowns his infant world.—
What have we here? Shapes of both earth and air?
No—*all* of heaven, they are so beautiful.
I cannot trace their features; but their forms,
How lovelily they move along the side
Of the gray mountain, scattering its mist!
And after the swart savage spirits, whose

Infernal Immortality pour'd forth
Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
Welcome as Eden. It may be they come
To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
For which I have so often pray'd—They come!
Anah! oh, God! and with her——

Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, *and* AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. Japhet!

Sam. Lo!
A son of Adam!

Aza. What doth the earth-born here,
While all his race are slumbering?

Japh. Angel! what
Dost thou on earth when thou should'st be on high?

Aza. Know'st thou not, or forget'st thou, that a part
Of our great function is to guard thine earth?

Japh. But all good angels have forsaken earth,
Which is condemn'd; nay, even the evil fly
The approaching Chaos. Anah! Anah! my
In vain, and long, and still to be beloved!
Why walk'st thou with this Spirit, in those hours
When no good spirit longer lights below?

Anah. Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet
Forgive me——

Japh. May the Heaven, which soon no more
Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.

Aho. Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!
We know thee not.

Japh. The hour may come when thou
May'st know me better; and thy sister know
Me still the same which I have ever been.

Sam. Son of the Patriarch, who hath ever been

Upright before his God, whate'er thy griefs,
And thy words seem of sorrow, mix'd with wrath,
How have Azaziel, or myself, brought on thee
Wrong?

Japh. Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou
Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not.
Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
That word so often! but now say it, ne'er
To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er
Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power
To save this beautiful—*these* beautiful
Children of Cain?

Aza. From what?

Japh. And is it so,
That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye
Have shared man's sin, and, it may be, now must
Partake his punishment; or at the least
My sorrow.

Sam. Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now
To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.

Japh. And hath not the Most High expounded them?
Then ye are lost, as they are lost.

Aho. So be it!
If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink
More to be mortal, than I would to dare
An immortality of agonies
With Samiasa!

Anah. Sister! sister! speak not
Thus.

Aza. Fearest thou, my Anah?

Anah. Yes, for thee;
I would resign the greater remnant of
This little life of mine, before one hour
Of thine eternity should know a pang.

Japh. It is for *him*, then! for the Seraph thou
Has left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not
Left thy God too! for unions like to these,
Between a mortal and immortal, cannot
Be happy or be hallow'd. We are sent
Upon the earth to toil and die; and they
Are made to minister on high unto
The Highest; but if he can *save* thee, soon
The hour will come in which celestial aid
Alone can do so.

Anah. Ah! he speaks of death.

Sam. Of death to *us!* and those who are with us!
But that the man seems full of sorrow, I
Could smile.

Japh. I grieve not for myself, nor fear;
I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found
Righteous enough to save his children. Would
His power was greater of redemption! or
That by exchanging my own life for hers,
Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could share
The Ark which shall receive a remnant of
The seed of Seth!

Aho. And dost thou think that we,
With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's, blood
Warm in our veins,—strong Cain! who was begotten
In Paradise,—would mingle with Seth's children?
Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?
No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril!
Our race hath alway dwelt apart from thine
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

Japh. I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
Too much of the forefather, whom thou vauntest,
Has come down in that haughty blood which springs
From him who shed the first, and that a brother's!
But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,
Albeit thou art not; 'tis a word, I cannot
Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah!
Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel
Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art
The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,
For all of them are fairest in their favour——

Aho. (interrupting him.) And would'st thou have her like our father's foe
In mind, in soul? If *I* partook thy thought,
And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in *her!*—
Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou mak'st strife.

Japh. Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!

Aho. But
He slew not Seth; and what hast thou to do
With other deeds between his God and him?

Japh. Thou speakest well: his God hath judged him, and
I had not named his deed, but that thyself
Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink
From what he had done.

Aho. He was our fathers' father;
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for him,
From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,
Their courage, strength, and length of days——

Japh. They are number'd.——

Aho. Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,
I glory in my brethren and our fathers!
Japh. My sire and race but glory in their God,
Anah! and thou?——
Anah. Whate'er our God decrees,
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey:
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
It would not be to live, alone exempt
Of all my house. My sister! Oh, my sister!
What were the world, or other worlds, or all
The brightest future without the sweet past—
Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all
The things which sprung up with me, like the stars,
Making my dim existence radiant with
Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:
I abhor death, because that thou must die.
Aho. What! hath this dreamer, with his father's ark,
The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,
Shaken *my* sister? Are *we* not the loved
Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?
Rather than thus——But the enthusiast dreams
The worst of dreams, the phantasies engender'd
By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who
Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,
And bid those clouds and waters take a shape
Distinct from that which we and all our sires
Have seen them wear on their eternal way?
Who shall do this?

Japh. He, whose one word produced them.

Aho. Who *heard* that word?

Japh. The Universe, which leap'd
To life before it. Ah! smil'st thou still in scorn?
Turn to thy seraphs; if they attest it not,
They are none.

Sam. Aholibamah, own thy God!

Aho. I have ever hailed Our Maker, Samiasa,
As thine, and mine: a God of love, not sorrow.

Japh. Alas! what else is Love but Sorrow? Even
He who made earth in love, had soon to grieve
Above its first and best inhabitants.

Aho. 'Tis said so.

Japh. It is even so.

Enter NOAH *and* SHEM.

Noah. Japhet! What
Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?
Dread'st thou not to partake their coming doom?

Japh. Father, it cannot be a sin to seek
To save an earth-born being; and behold,
These are not of the sinful, since they have
The fellowship of angels.

Noah. These are they then,
Who leave the throne of God, to take them wives
From out the race of Cain; the sons of Heaven,
Who seek Earth's daughters for their beauty?

Aza. Patriarch!
Thou hast said it.

Noah. Woe, woe, woe to such communion!
Has not God made a barrier between earth
And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?

Sam. Was not man made in high Jehovah's image?
Did God not love what he had made? And what
Do we but imitate and emulate
His love unto created love?

Noah. I am
But man, and was not made to judge mankind,
Far less the sons of God; but as our God
Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal
His judgments, I reply, that the descent
Of seraphs from their everlasting seat
Unto a perishable and perishing,
Even on the very *eve* of *perishing*, world,
Cannot be good.

Aza. What! though it were to save?

Noah. Not ye in all your glory can redeem
What he who made you glorious hath condemn'd.
Were your immortal mission safety, 't would
Be general, not for two, though beautiful,
And beautiful they are, but not the less
Condemn'd.

Japh. Oh father! say it not.

Noah. Son! son!
If that thou would'st avoid their doom, forget
That they exist; they soon shall cease to be,
While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,
And better.

Japh. Let me die with *this*, and *them!*

Noah. Thou *should'st* for such a thought, but shalt not; he
Who *can*, redeems thee.

Sam. And why him and thee,
More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?

Noah. Ask him who made thee greater than myself
And mine, but not less subject to his own

Almightiness. And lo! his mildest and
Least to be tempted Messenger appears!

Enter RAPHAEL *the Archangel.*

Raph. Spirits!
Whose seat is near the throne,
What do ye here?
Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown
Now that the hour is near
When earth must be alone?
Return!
Adore and burn
In glorious homage with the elected "seven."
Your place is heaven.

Sam. Raphael!
The first and fairest of the sons of God,
How long hath this been law,
That earth by angels must be left untrod?
Earth! which oft saw
Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!
The world he loved, and made
For love; and oft have we obey'd
His frequent mission with delighted pinions.
Adoring him in his least works display'd;
Watching this youngest star of his dominions:
And as the latest birth of his great word,
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.
Why is thy brow severe?
And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?

Raph. Had Samiasa and Azaziel been
In their true place, with the angelic choir,
Written in fire
They would have seen

Jehovah's late decree,
And not enquired their Maker's breath of me:
But ignorance must ever be
A part of sin;
And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less
As they wax proud within;
For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.
When all good angels left the world, ye staid,
Stung with strange passions, and debased
By mortal feelings for a mortal maid;
But ye are pardon'd thus far, and replaced
With your pure equals: Hence! away! away!
Or stay,
And lose eternity by that delay!

Aza. And Thou! if earth be thus forbidden
In the decree
To us until this moment hidden,
Dost thou not err as we
In being here?

Raph. I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,
In the great name and at the word of God!
Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear
That which I came to do: till now we trod
Together the eternal space, together
Let us still walk the stars. True, earth must die!
Her race, return'd into her womb, must wither,
And much which she inherits; but oh! why
Cannot this earth be made, or be destroy'd,
Without involving ever some vast void
In the immortal ranks? immortal still
In their immeasurable forfeiture.
Our brother Satan fell, his burning will

Rather than longer worship dared endure!
But ye who still are pure!
Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest one,
Think how he was undone!
And think if tempting man can compensate
For heaven desired too late?
Long have I warred,
Long must I war
With him who deem'd it hard
To be created, and to acknowledge him
Who midst the cherubim
Made him as suns to a dependent star,
Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.
I loved him—beautiful he was: oh heaven!
Save *his* who made, what beauty and what power
Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour
In which he fell could ever be forgiven!
The wish is impious: but oh ye!
Yet undestroyed, be warned! Eternity
With him, or with his God, is in your choice:
He hath not tempted you, he cannot tempt
The angels, from his further snares exempt;
But man hath listen'd to his voice,
And ye to woman's—beautiful she is,
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss,
The snake but vanquish'd dust; but she will draw
A second host from heaven, to break heaven's law.
Yet, yet, oh fly!
Ye cannot die,
But they
Shall pass away,
While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
For perishable clay,

Whose memory in your immortality
Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.
Think how your essence differeth from theirs
In all but suffering! Why partake
The agony to which they must be heirs—
Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares,
And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil?
Even had their days been left to toil their path
Through time to dust, unshorten'd by God's wrath,
Still they are Evil's prey and Sorrow's spoil.

Aho. Let them fly!
I hear the voice which says that all must die,
Sooner than our white-bearded Patriarchs died;
And that on high
An ocean is prepared,
While from below
The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.
Few shall be spared,
It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain
Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.
Sister! since it is so,
And the eternal Lord
In vain would be implored
For the remission of one hour of woe,
Let us resign even what we have adored,
And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,
If not unmoved, yet undismay'd,
And wailing less for us than those who shall
Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,
And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,
Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.
Fly, Seraphs! to your own eternal shore,
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.

Our portion is to die,
And yours to live for ever:
But which is best, a dead eternity,
Or living, is but known to the great Giver:
Obey him, as we shall obey;
I would not keep this life of mine in clay
An hour beyond his will;
Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,
For all the mercy which Seth's race
Find still.
Fly!
And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,
Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,
Samiasa!
And if I look up with a tearless eye,
'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep—
Farewell! Now rise, inexorable Deep!

Anah. And must we die?
And must I lose thee too,
Azaziel?
Oh, my heart! my heart!
Thy prophecies were true,
And yet thou wert so happy too!
The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls as new;
But yet depart!
Ah, why?
Yet let me not retain thee—fly!
My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be
Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.
Too much already hast thou deign'd
To one of Adam's race!
Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,
But to the spirits who have not disdained

To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.
The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurled
From his once archangelic throne
Into some unknown world:
And thou, Azaziel! No—
Thou shalt not suffer woe
For me. Away! nor weep!
Thou canst not weep; but yet
Mayst suffer more, not weeping: then forget
Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling Deep
Can bring no pang like this. Fly! Fly!
Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die.

Japh. Oh say not so!
Father! and thou, archangel, thou!
Surely celestial Mercy lurks below
That pure severe serenity of brow:
Let them not meet this sea without a shore,
Save in our ark, or let me be no more!

Noah. Peace, child of passion, peace!
If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue
Do God no wrong!
Live as he wills it—die, when he ordains,
A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.
Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease
To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.
Would'st thou have God commit a sin for thee?
Such would it be
To alter his intent
For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!
And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.

Japh. Ay, father! but when they are gone,
And we are all alone,
Floating upon the azure desart, and

The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
Buried in its immeasurable breast,
Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then command?
Can we in desolation's peace have rest?
Oh God! be thou a God, and spare
Yet while 'tis time!
Renew not Adam's fall:
Mankind were then but twain,
But they are numerous now as are the waves
And the tremendous rain,
Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,
Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.

Noah. Silence, vain boy! each word of thine's a crime!
Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.

Raph. Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion: Ye!
Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
May now return with me.

Sam. It may not be:
We have chosen, and will endure.

Raph. Say'st thou?

Aza. He hath said it, and I say, Amen!

Raph. Again!
Then from this hour,
Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,
And aliens from your God,
Farewell!

Japh. Alas! where shall they dwell?
Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

Noah. Hark, hark! the sea-birds cry!
In clouds they overspread the lurid sky
And hover round the mountain, where before
Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
Yet dared to soar,
Even when the waters waxed too fierce to brave.
Soon it shall be their only shore,
And then, no more!

Japh. The sun! the sun!
He riseth, but his better light is gone;
And a black circle, bound
His glaring disk around,
Proclaims earth's last of summer days hath shone!
The clouds return into the hues of night,
Save where their brazen-coloured edges streak
The verge where brighter morns were wont to break.

Noah. And lo! yon flash of light,
The distant thunder's harbinger, appears!
It cometh! hence, away,
Leave to the elements their evil prey!
Hence to where our all-hallowed ark uprears
Its safe and wreckless sides.

Japh. Oh, father, stay!
Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!

Noah. Must we not leave all life to such? Begone!

Japh. Not I.

Noah. Then die
With them!
How dar'st thou look on that prophetic sky,
And seek to save what all things now condemn,
In overwhelming unison
With just Jehovah's wrath?

Japh. Can rage and justice join in the same path?

Noah. Blasphemer! dar'st thou murmur even now?
Raph. Patriarch, be still a father! smoothe thy brow:
Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink;
He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink
With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters;
But be, when Passion passeth, good as thou,
Nor perish like Heaven's children with Man's daughters.
Aho. The Tempest cometh; Heaven and Earth unite
For the annihilation of all life.
Unequal is the strife
Between our strength and the Eternal Might!
Sam. But ours is with thee: we will bear ye far
To some untroubled star,
Where thou and Anah shalt partake our lot:
And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth,
Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot.
Anah. Oh! my dear father's tents, my place of birth!
And mountains, land, and woods, when ye are not,
Who shall dry up my tears?
Aza. Thy Spirit-lord.
Fear not, though we are shut from heaven,
Yet much is ours, whence we can not be driven.
Raph. Rebel! thy words are wicked, as thy deeds
Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming sword,
Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,
Still flashes in the angelic hands.
Aza. It cannot slay us: threaten dust with death,
And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds!
What are thy swords in our immortal eyes?
Raph. The moment cometh to approve thy strength;
And learn at length
How vain to war with what thy God commands:
Thy former force was in thy faith.

[*Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.*

Chorus of Mortals.

The heavens and earth are mingling—God! oh God!
What have we done? Yet spare!
Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth their pray'r!
The dragon crawls from out his den,
To herd in terror innocent with men;
And the birds scream their agony through air.
Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet withdraw thy rod
Of wrath, and pity thine own world's despair!
Hear not Man only but all Nature plead!

Raph. Farewell, thou earth! ye wretched sons of clay,
I cannot, must not aid you. 'Tis decreed!

[*Exit* RAPHAEL.

Japh. Some clouds sweep on as vultures for their prey,
While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word
At which their wrathful vials shall be pour'd.
No azure more shall robe the firmament,
Nor spangled stars be glorious: Death hath risen:
In the Sun's place a pale and ghastly glare
Hath wound itself around the dying air.

Aza. Come, Anah! quit this chaos-founded prison,
To which the elements again repair,
To turn it into what it was: beneath
The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,
As was the eagle's nestling once within
Its mother's.—Let the coming chaos chafe
With all its elements! Heed not their din!
A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe
Ethereal life, will we explore:
These darken'd clouds are not the only skies.

[AZAZIEL *and* SAMIASA *fly off, and disappear with* ANAH *and* AHOLIBAMAH.

Japh. They are gone! They have disappear'd amidst the roar
Of the forsaken world; and never more,
Whether they live, or die with all earth's life,
Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes.

Chorus of Mortals.

Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!
What, wilt thou leave us all—all—*all* behind?
While safe amidst the elemental strife,
Thou sit'st within thy guarded ark?

A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET.) Oh let this child embark!
I brought him forth in woe,
But thought it joy
To see him to my bosom clinging so.
Why was he born?
What hath he done—
My unwean'd son—
To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?
What is there in this milk of mine, that Death
Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy
My boy,
And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?
Save him, thou seed of Seth!
Or cursed be—with him who made
Thee and thy race, for which we are betray'd!

Japh. Peace! 'tis no hour for curses, but for pray'r!

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer!!!
And where

Shall prayer ascend,
When the swoln clouds unto the mountains bend
And burst,
And gushing oceans every barrier rend,
Until the very deserts know no thirst?
Accurst
Be he, who made thee and thy sire!
We deem our curses vain; we must expire;
But as we know the worst,
Why should our hymn be raised, our knees be bent
Before the implacable Omnipotent,
Since we must fall the same?
If he hath made earth, let it be his shame,
To make a world for torture:—Lo! they come
The loathsome waters in their rage!
And with their roar make wholesome Nature dumb!
The forest's trees (coeval with the hour
When Paradise upsprung,
Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,
Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung,)
So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,
Are overtopt,
Their summer blossoms by the surges lopt,
Which rise, and rise, and rise.
Vainly we look up to the lowering skies—
They meet the seas,
And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.
Fly, son of Noah, fly, and take thine ease
In thine allotted Ocean-tent;
And view, all floating o'er the Element,
The corpses of the world of thy young days:
Then to Jehovah raise
Thy song of praise!

A Mortal. Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord!
And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,
Yet, as *his* word,
Be the decree adored!
He gave me life—he taketh but
The breath which is his own:
And though these eyes should be for ever shut,
Nor longer this weak voice before his throne
Be heard in supplicating tone,
Still blessed be the Lord,
For what is past,
For that which is:
For all are his,
From first to last—
Time—space—eternity—life—death—
The vast known and immeasurable unknown.
He made, and can unmake;
And shall *I*, for a little gasp of breath,
Blaspheme and groan?
No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake!

Chorus of Mortals.

Where shall we fly?
Not to the mountains high;
For now their torrents rush with double roar,
To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,
Already grasps each drowning hill,
Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave.

Enter a Woman.

Woman. Oh, save me, save!

Our valley is no more:
My father and my father's tent,
My brethren and my brethren's herds,
The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent
And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,
The little rivulet which freshen'd all
Our pastures green,
No more are to be seen.
When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,
I turn'd to bless the spot,
And not a leaf appear'd about to fall;—
And now they are not!—
Why was I born?
Japh. To die! in youth to die;
And happier in that doom,
Than to behold the universal tomb
Which I
Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain.
Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

[*The Waters rise: Men fly in every direction; many are overtaken by the waves; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the Mountains; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.*

END OF PART FIRST.

THE GIULI TRE.

OUR readers would miss one of the good things that there are in this world, or rather three of them, if they were not made aware of the existence of our facetious friends, the Giuli Tre. The author says, in one of his sonnets, that as there are Three Fates, and Three Harpies, and Cerberus has Three Heads, so Three Giuli contain some fatal mystery of triplicity hieroglyphical of his troubles. Had he lived now, he would have added the three members of the Holy Alliance. On the other hand, we are rather reminded of something triple and pleasant; of the three corners of his own cocked hat, or the Three Graces, or the three Miss Smiths (who were perpetually recurring to a friend of ours), or above all, of the three Mrs. Wigginses who haunt an old gentleman of that name in the farce. Had our author been acquainted with those ladies, he would unquestionably have devoted a sonnet to their memory, under the title of the Tre Vigginise.

The Giuli Tre (Three Juliuses, so called, we suppose, from a head of one of the Popes of that name) are three pieces of money, answering to about fifteen-pence of our coin, for which the Italian poet, Casti, says he was pestered from day to day by an unblushing creditor. The poet accordingly had his revenge on him, and incarcerated the vermin in immortal amber, by devoting to the subject no less than 200 sonnets, which he published under the above

title. The Abate Casti is known to the English public, by means of Mr. Stewart Rose's pleasant abridgment, as the author of the Animali Parlanti; and he is also known to what we suppose must be called the English private, as the writer of a set of tales in verse, which an acquaintance of ours says "every body has read, and nobody acknowledges to have read." The Animali Parlanti is justly celebrated throughout Europe. The tales have the undeniable merit which a man of genius puts into whatever work he condescends to perform; but they are a gross mistake in things amatory, and furnish one of those portentous specimens of excess on the side of indecent writing, which they who refer every detail of the world to Providence could only account for by supposing, that some such addition of odd fuel was necessary to the ordinary inflammability of the young and unthinking.

The work before us, as the Florentine editor observes, is in every respect unexceptionable. He informs us, that it is not liable to a charge brought against the Abate's other works, of being too careless in point of style, and unidiomatic. The Giuli Tre, according to him, speak the true Italian language; so that the recommendation they bring with them to foreigners is complete; and we really think it would be worth the while of some bookseller to print a London edition. It would make a neat pocket-volume; and we would lend him our copy for the purpose, if he could not get one at home.

We proceed to give some specimens. The fertility of fancy and learned allusion, with which the author has written his 200 sonnets on a man's coming to him every day and asking him for Tre Giuli, is inferior only to what Butler or Marvell might have made of it. The very recurrence of the words becomes a good joke. Let statesmen

say what they will of "the principle of resurrection," the principles of imagination and continuation are the intense things in this our mortal state. As the perpetual accompaniment and exaggeration of one image is the worst thing in sorrow, so it is the merriest thing in a piece of wit. A metaphysician once attempted to persuade us, that there was nothing laughable in Andrew Marvell's account of the amphibious Dutch and their cousins-german the fishes. We answered him by an irrepressible fit of laughter at the recollection. We hope nobody will go about to take our Giuli Tre out of our pockets, or to persuade us that they are not three of the pleasantest, readiest, and yet never-to-be-forthcoming pieces of money extant. We are grateful to the mere sound, to the very chink of their names. It has amply repaid us for our attempt to translate some of it into English metal, though the reader may lose by the exchange. The Giuli Tre are henceforth among our standing jokes, among our Lares and Penates of pleasantry—

"Familiar in our mouths as household words."

Nobody that we have met with in Italy could resist the mention of them. The priest did not pretend it. The ladies were glad they could find something to approve in a poet of so erroneous a reputation. The man of the world laughed as merrily as he could. The patriot was happy to relax his mustachios. Even the bookseller, of whom we bought them, laughed with a real laugh, evidently not the mercenary and meretricious grin with which he laughs at the customer instead of the book, when he has the luck to get rid of some heavy facetiosity by a chance sale,—not "the bought smile,

—— Loveless, joyless, unendeared,
Casual fruition."

The Giuli Tre are one of those happy thoughts, which are at once inimitably original and universally intelligible. At second hand it would be comparatively nothing, however well done. Nobody can take it up; but every body can feel it. To poetical readers it will come with a peculiar grace, from their sympathy with the natural unmonied faculties of poets in general, and the straits to which they render them liable. Those indeed who love pleasure pushed to a verge of pain, will not fail to discover the kind of fascination which such a subject might well have for too many authors. Casti himself has touched upon this point of attraction; and for our parts, we feel it so sensibly, that like himself we shall proceed to grasp it at once, and see how well we can turn our fears to better purpose. We shall notice all the principal sonnets that struck us throughout the work, partly that we may give as much account of it as possible, and partly because the jest is concerned in shewing to what a length it is carried. It may be as well to mention, that the single instead of double rhymes which the poet uses, and which render the measure exactly similar to that of the translation, have a ludicrous effect to an Italian ear.

In his third sonnet, the poet requests fables and dreams to keep their distance:—

Lungi o favole, o sogni, or voi da me,
Or che la Musa mia tessendo va
La vera istoria delli Giuli Tre.

Ye dreams and fables, keep aloof, I pray,
While this my Muse keeps spinning, as she goes,
The genuine history of the Giuli Tre.

Sonnet 5.—He complains that after having an ardent desire of renown, and of singing about arms and warriors, he is compelled to exchange those heroic commodities for Giuli Tre.

Son. 8.—His Creditor, he says, ought not to be astonished at his always returning the same answer to his demand for the Giuli Tre, because if a man who plays the organ or the hautboy were always to touch the same notes, the same sounds would always issue forth.

SONNET 10.

Ben cento volte ho replicato a te;
Questa istessa infallibil verità,
Che a conto mio, da certo tempo in quà,
La razza de' quattrini si perdè.
Tu non ostante vieni intorno a me
Con insoffribile importunità,
E per quei maledetti Giuli Tre
Mi perseguiti senza carità.

Forse in disperazion ridur mi vuo',
Ond' io m'appichi, e vuoi vedermi in giù
Pender col laccio al collo? Oh questo no.
Risolverommi a non pagarti più,
E in guisa tal te disperar farò,
E vo' puittosto che ti appichi tu.

I've said for ever, and again I say,
And it's a truth as plain as truth can be,
That from a certain period to this day,
Pence are a family quite extinct with me.
And yet you still pursue me, and waylay,
With your insufferable importunity,

And for those d——d infernal Giuli Tre
Haunt me without remorse or decency.

Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so,
You'll make me hang myself? You wish to say
You saw me *sus. per coll.*—No, Giuli, no.
The fact is, I'll determine not to pay;
And drive *you*, Giuli, to a state so low,
That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay.

Son. 11.—He says, that if he is in the company of beautiful girls, who delight to be talking with him, or if he picks out some solitary and quiet spot to take his walk in, wherever he is, in short, morning or evening, he cannot wean his memory from the Giuli Tre. The image of his Creditor comes before him, and haunts him worse than Asmodeus or Beelzebub.

Son. 12.—Any one who wishes to meet with the Creditor, is advised to find where the poet is, for he'll be certain to see him there, the Creditor having no other thought or occupation than the business of the Giuli Tre.

Son. 13.—The poet does not know whether there is a plurality of worlds, whether the moon is inhabited, &c. He is inclined to doubt whether there can be a people who had not Adam for their father. But if there is, he longs to go up there and live among them. Nevertheless, he fears it would be of no avail, as his Creditor would get Father Daniel to show him the way, and come after him.*

* Father Daniel is author of a work entitled Travels through the World of Des Cartes.

Sonnet 15.

Importuno il tafan così non è
Nella stagion che son più caldi i di,
Importuno il moscon non è così,
Come importuno è il creditor con me.
Che se fresca dal ciel pioggia cadè,
Ogni moscone, ogni tafan sparì,
Ma non giammai varia stagion fin qui
Tormi d' intorno il creditor potè.

E forse come o per la gravità,
Ovvero per centripeta virtù,
O per attrazione, o per chi sa,
Tendon di sua natura i corpi in giù,
Così per natural tua proprietà
A me tendi, o Crisofilo, anche tu.

Never did beetle hum so teazingly
About one's ears, in walking, when it's hot;
Never did fly return so to one spot,
As comes my teazing Creditor on me.
Let it but rain, for instance, and you'll see
The flies and beetles vanish like a shot;
But never comes the time,—the day is not,—
In which this vermin here will let me be.

Perhaps as bodies tend invariably
Tow'rds other bodies by some force divine,—
Attraction, gravity, or centripathy,
(God knows; I'm little vers'd in your right line)
So by some natural horrid property
This pretty satellite tends tow'rds me and mine.

Son. 16.—Tormented by the Tre Giuli as Orestes was by the Furies, he speculates, like him, upon seeking repose in some other country.

Son. 17.—The poet, while he is bidding adieu to his dear friends, brought to that bitter pass by the "fatal debit of the Giuli Tre," is accosted by his Creditor, who says he'll go with him. He therefore gives up his project in despair.

Son. 19.—The poet is suddenly intoxicated with joy. His Creditor is going out of town. Now he sees him put his boots and spurs on!—Now he mounts on horseback!—Now his horse is in motion!—He has gone, and the poet feels like a mariner when the storm has cleared away.

Son. 20.—Since the Creditor has gone, the poet says he walks about with delight all over the city; just as the mouse, when the cat's gone, passes from place to place with a certain ardent daring. He hopes that he has gone towards the coast, and that the Turks will carry him into slavery. Not that he wishes him ill: on the contrary, he wishes to God they would make him a Vizier or Mufti, so that he might never see him again.

Son. 21.—An apostrophe to the elements, entreating them to behave in their kindest manner, in order to facilitate the Creditor's voyage. On the other hand, the voyage being finished, he trusts they will be extremely furious, so as to hinder him, like Noah's crow, from ever returning.

Son. 22.—He feels like a city no longer besieged.

Son. 23.—A letter by the post! It is from the Creditor, who tells him to get ready the Giuli Tre, as he shall be in town by Sunday, or by Monday at farthest. "Poffareddio!" exclaims the poet,—"the fellow has found out a way of tormenting me at a distance; and though I do not give him the Tre Giuli, squeezes the amount out of me in this way!"

Son. 24.—He compares a letter demanding payment, to a mode there is said to be of poisoning by paper.

Son. 25.—He is like a little boy who plays and dances when his father is away, but slinks quietly into a corner when he sees him return.

Son. 28.—Like a wheel which goes silently when it goes well, he vented no poetry while he was happy; but like the same wheel which begins creaking and making a noise when something is amiss with it, he was set crying out in verse by the Giuli Tre.

Son. 29.—The unalterable stoicism he once boasted is all overturned by this little debt. Like the lion, who conquered bears and tigers, but was overcome by a gad-fly in his ear.

Son. 31.—When an act has been very often repeated, he says that the organs perform it of their own accord, without any attention on the part of the will. Thus mules go home to the stable, and parrots bid one good morning; and thus, he says, the Creditor has a habit of asking him for the Giuli Tre, and he has a habit of answering "I haven't got 'em."

Sonnet 35.

Mai l' uom felice in vita sua non fu.
Fanciullo un guardo sol tremar lo fa;
Quindi trapassa la più fresca età
Intento alle bell' arti e alle virtù.
Poi nel fiero bollor di gioventù
Or d' amore or di sdegno ardendo va;
Di quà malanni, e cancheri di là,
E guai cogli anni crescon sempre più.

Alfin vengono i debiti; e allor sì
Che più speme di ben allor non v'è,

E anch' io la vita mia trassi così:
E il debito fatal de' Giuli Tre
Ora ai malanni che passai fin quì
Solennemente 'il compimento da.

No: none are happy in this best of spheres.
Lo! when a child, we tremble at a look:
Our freshest age is wither'd o'er a book;
The fine arts bite us, and great characters.
Then we go boiling with our youthful peers
In love and hate, in riot and rebuke;
By hook misfortune has us, or by crook,
And griefs and gouts come thick'ning with one's years.

In fine, we've debts:—and when we've debts, no ray
Of hope remains to warm us to repose.
Thus has my own life pass'd from day to day;
And now, by way of climax though not close,
The fatal debit of the Giuli Tre
Fills up the solemn measure of my woes.

Son. 36.—He congratulates a happy infant on his ignorance of the miseries of human life, particularly the Giuli Tre.

Son. 41.—He says, that as the sun with his genial energy strikes into the heart of the mountains of Golconda and Peru, and hardens substances there into gold and gems, so the hot activity of his Creditor has hardened the poet's heart, till at length it has produced that hard, golden, and adamantine No! which has rendered the Giuli Tre precious.

Son. 44.—He says, that he was never yet bound to the conjugal yoke,—a yoke which is as pleasant to those who have it not, as it is disagreeable to those who have: but that if he

were married, his children would certainly resemble the proprietor of the Giuli Tre, and that he should see Creditorkins, or little Creditors, all about him;—*Creditorelli*.

Son. 50. 51.—When he thinks to get into a quiet place, the Echo of his words pursues him, and demands the Giuli Tre.

Son. 53.—He says that the day on which his Creditor lent him the Giuli Tre, was to him his Grand Climacteric.

Son. 55.—An invocation to Sleep, requesting the god not to bring Morpheus the god of dreams with him; but that if he must, not to come even himself, lest the Giuli Tre should be worse to him sleeping than waking.

Son. 72.—If a man has a little tumour or scratch on his leg or arm, and is always impatiently touching it, the little wound will become a great one. So, he says, it is with his debt of the Giuli Tre. The debt, he allows, is in itself no very great thing, but the intolerable importunity of his Creditor,—

> Considerabilissimo lo fa,—
> Makes it a very considerable one.

Son. 78.—As various climates and countries give rise to a variety of characters among mankind,—as the Assyrian and Persian has been accounted luxurious, the Thracian fierce, and the Roman was once upon a time bold and magnanimous, so he suspects that the climate in which he lives must be eminent for producing hard Creditors.

Son. 79.—He wishes that some logician, who understands the art of persuading people, would be charitable enough to suggest to him some syllogism or other form of argument, which may enable him to prove to his Creditor the impossibility of paying money when a man has not got it.

Son. 89.—Philosophers maintain, he says, that if two bodies stand apart from each other, and are distinct, it is

impossible they can both stand in the same place. Otherwise one body also might be in several places at once. He therefore wonders how the devil it is, that his Creditor is to be found here and there and every where.

Son. 96.—He tells us, that his Creditor is fond of accosting him on physical subjects, and wants to know the nature of lightning, of the winds, colours, &c. and whether the system of Tycho Brahe is better than that of Pythagoras. The poet answers him, that it is impossible to get at the secrets of Nature; and that all that he knows upon earth is, that a man is perpetually asking him for Tre Giuli, and he has not got them.

Sonnet 98.

Non poche volte ho inteso dir da chi
E Galeno ed Ippocrate studiò
Che vi sono fra l'anno alcuni dì,
Ne' quali cavar sangue non si può.
Se ragione vi sia di far così,
Sel vedano i Dottori, io non lo so;
E luogo non mi par questo ch'è qui
Di dire il mio parer sopra di ciò.

So ben che il Creditor de' Giuli Tre
Tanti riguardi e scrupoli non ha,
Nè osserva queste regole con me;
Ch'angi ogni giorno procurando va
Da me trarre il denar, ch'è un non so che
Ch' ha col sangue una qualche affinità.

Often and often have I understood
From Galen's readers and Hippocrates's,

That there are certain seasons in diseases
In which the patient oughtn't to lose blood.
Whether the reason that they give be good,
Or doctors square their practice to the thesis,
I know not; nor is this the best of places
For arguing on that matter, as I could.

All that I know is this,—that Giuli Tre
Has no such scruple or regard with me,
Nor holds the rule himself: for every day
He does his best, and that most horribly,
To make me lose my cash; which, I must say
Has with one's blood some strange affinity.

Son. 101.—The poet alludes to the account of words freezing at the pole; and says, that if he were there with his Creditor, and a thaw were to take place, nothing would be heard around them but a voice calling for the Giuli Tre.

Son. 104.—He believes that if he were to take to Dædalus's wings or Ariosto's Hippogriff, the Devil would fetch his Creditor after him, to ask him in the air for his Giuli Tre.

Son. 110.—He says that a comet with it's terrible splendour does not so frighten the superstitious people, as the sudden sight of his Creditor shakes him. Besides, Comets have a certain regularity of recurrence, for which a man may be prepared; but "he of the Giuli Tre" has no day set down for his appearance in the calendar.

Sonnet 113.

Si mostra il Creditor spesso con me
Piacevole ed affabile così,
Come fra amici suol farsi ogni dì,

E par che più non pensi a' Giuli Tre.
Esolo vuol saper, se il Prussò Re
Liberò Praga, e di Boemia uscì;
Se l'armata navel da Brest partì;
Se Annover prese il marescial d'Etrè.

E poiche da lontano la pigliò,
A poco a poco al *quia* calando va,
E dice,—"Ebben-quando i Tre Giuli avrò?"
Così talor col sorcio il gatto fa,
Ci ruzza, e scherza, e l'intrattiene un po',
E la fatàl graffiata alfin gli dà.

My Creditor seems often in a way
Extremely pleasant with me, and polite;
Just like a friend:—you'd fancy, at first sight,
He thought no longer of the Giuli Tre.
All that he wants to know is, what they say
Of Frederick now; whether his guess was right
About the sailing of the French that night;
Or, What's the news of Hanover and D'Estrees.

But start from whence he may, he comes as truly,
By little and little, to his ancient pass,
And says, "Well—when am I to have the Giuli?"
'Tis the cat's way. She takes her mouse, alas!
And having purred, and eyed, and tapp'd him duly,
Gives him at length the fatal *coup de grace*.

SONNET 122.

Oh quanto Scioccamente vaneggiò,
Chi Arnaldo, e Lullo, ed il Geber seguì

E lavorò nascosto e notte e di,
Ed i metalli trasformar pensò:
E intorno ad un crocciuol folle sudo,
In cui mercurii, e solfi, e sali unì,
Ne finalmente mai gli riusci
Coll'arte oprar ciò che natura oprò.

Ma oh! perchè si bell'arte in noi non e!
Perchè all'uom d'imitar vietato fu
I bei lavori che natura fe!
Studiar vorrei la chimica virtù,
E fatto il capital de' Giuli Tre,
Rompere il vaso, e non pensarvi piu.

Oh, with what folly did they toil in vain,
Who thought old Arnald, Lully, or Gabor wise,
And night and day labour'd with earnest eyes
To turn their metals into golden grain!
How did their pots and they perspire again
Over their sulphurs, salts, and mercuries,
And never, after all, could see their prize,
Or do what Nature does, and with no pain:

Yet oh, good heavens! why, why, dear Nature say,
This lovely art—why must it be despis'd?
Why mayn't we follow this thy noblest way?
I'd work myself; and having realiz'd,
Good God! a capital of Giuli Tre,
Break up my tools, content and aggrandiz'd.

Son. 123.—The poet compares himself to a pipkin, which after boiling and fretting on the fire, can no longer contain

itself, but boils over. So, he says, the heat his Creditor puts him in, and the bubble which the Giuli Tre are always making in his head, work his fancy at last in such a manner, that it runs over in an effusion of poetry.

Son. 124.—He supposes that there was no such Creditor as his in the time of David, because in the imprecations that are accumulated in the hundred and eighteenth psalm, there is no mention of such a person.

Son. 125.—He relates a horrid dream, in which he fancied, that after death he was sentenced for his sins to the place from which there is no return, and that his Creditor was allotted to him for a tormenting devil.

Son. 127.—His Creditor, he tells us, disputed with him one day, for argument's sake, on the immortality of the soul; and that the great difficulty he started was, how anything that had a beginning could be without an end. Upon which the poet asks him, whether he did not begin one day asking him for the Giuli Tre, and whether he has left off ever since.

Son. 128.—He says that as Languedoc is still so called from the use of the affirmative particle *oc* in that quarter, as writers in other parts of France used to be called writers of *oui*, and as Italy is denominated the lovely land of *si*, so his own language, from his constant habit of using the negative particle to the Creditor of the Giuli Tre, ought to be called the language of *no*.

Son. 134.—He informs us, that his Creditor has lately taken to learning French; and conjectures, that finding he has hitherto asked him for the Giuli Tre to no purpose in his own language, he wishes to try the efficacy of the French way of dunning.

Sonnet 140.

Armato tutto il Creditor non già
Di quell'armi che Achille o Enea vestì,
Onde di tanta poi mortalità
La Frigia l'un, l'alttrò l'Italia empì;
Ne di quelle onde poscia in altra età
D'estinti corpi Orlando il suol coprì:
Ma di durezza e d'importunità,
E d'aspri modi armato ei m'assalì.

Ed improvviso in contro mi lanciò
La richiesta mortal di Giuli Tre;
Io mi schermisco, indi gli scaglio un Nò
Seguia la pugna ed imfieria; ma il piè
Da lui volgendo alfin ratto men vò:
E vincitor la fuga sol mi fe'.

My Creditor has no such arms, as he
Whom Homer trumpets, or whom Virgil sings,
Arms which dismiss'd so many souls in strings,
From warlike Ilium and from Italy.
Nor has he those of later memory,
With which Orlando did such loads of things;
But with hard hints, and cursed botherings,
And such rough ways,—with these he warreth me.

And suddenly he launcheth at me, lo!
His terrible demand, the Giuli Tre;
I draw me back, and thrust him with a No!
Then glows the fierce resentment of the fray,
Till turning round, I scamper from the foe;
The only way, I find, to gain the day.

Son. 142.—The first time the seaman hears the horrible crashing of the tempest, and sees the fierce and cruel rising of the sea, he turns pale, and loses both his courage and his voice; but if he lives long enough to grow grey in his employment, he sits gaily at the stern, and sings to the accompaniment of the winds. So it is with the poet. His Creditor's perpetual song of the Giuli Tre used to frighten him at first; but now that his ears have grown used to it, he turns it into a musical accompaniment like the billows, and goes singing to the sound.

Son. 144.—He envies Cicero for the power attributed to his oratory, of being able to persuade his Creditors out of their demands.

Son. 148.—A friend takes him to see the antiquities in the Capitol, but he is put to flight by the sight of a statue resembling his Creditor.

Son. 183.—The poet relieves his miseries with wine, and gets so full of Bacchus, that finding his Creditor coming up, he asks the God for his thyrsus to knock him down with.

Son. 185.—He marks out to a friend the fatal place where his Creditor lent him the Giuli Tre, shewing how he drew out and opened his purse, and how he counted out to him the Giuli with a coy and shrinking hand. He further shews, how it was not a pace distant from this spot, that the Creditor began to ask him for the Giuli; and finishes with proposing to purify the place with lustral water, and exorcise it's evil genius.

Son. 189.—He laments that happy age of the world, in which there was a community of goods; and says that the avidity of individuals and the invention of *meum* and *tuum* have brought an immense number of evils among mankind, his part of which he suffers by reason of the Giuli Tre.

Son. 200.—Apollo makes his appearance, and rebukes the poet for wasting his time, advising him to sing of things that are worthy of immortality. Upon which the poet stops short in a song he was chaunting upon his usual subject, and bids good night for ever to his Creditor and the Giuli Tre.

Not a word of payment.

ON THE SPIRIT OF MONARCHY.

"Strip it of its externals, and what is it but *a jest?*"
Charade on the word MAJESTY.

"As for politics, I think poets are *Tories* by nature, supposing them to be by nature poets. The love of an individual person or family, that has worn a crown for many successions, is an inclination greatly adapted to the fanciful tribe. On the other hand, mathematicians, abstract reasoners, of no manner of attachment to persons, at least to the visible part of them, but prodigiously devoted to the ideas of virtue, liberty, and so forth, are generally *Whigs*. It happens agreeably enough to this maxim, that the Whigs are friends to that wise, plodding, unpoetical people, the Dutch."—*Shenstone's Letters*, 1746.

THE Spirit of Monarchy then is nothing but the craving in the human mind after the Sensible and the One. It is not so much a matter of state-necessity or policy, as a natural infirmity, a disease, a false appetite in the popular feeling, which must be gratified. Man is an individual animal with narrow faculties, but infinite desires, which he is anxious to concentrate in some one object within the grasp of his imagination, and where, if he cannot be all that he wishes himself, he may at least contemplate his own pride, vanity, and passions, displayed in their most extravagant dimensions in a being no bigger and no better than himself. Each individual would (were it in his power) be a king, a God: but as he cannot, the next best thing is to see this reflex image of his self-love, the darling passion of his breast,

realized, embodied out of himself in the first object he can lay his hands on for the purpose. The slave admires the tyrant, because the last *is*, what the first *would be*. He surveys himself all over in the glass of royalty. The swelling, bloated self-importance of the one is the very counterpart and ultimate goal of the abject servility of the other. But both hate mankind for the same reason, because a respect for humanity is a diversion to their inordinate self-love, and the idea of the general good is a check to the gross intemperance of passion. The worthlessness of the object does not diminish but irritate the propensity to admire. It serves to pamper our imagination equally, and does not provoke our envy. All we want is to aggrandize our own vain-glory at second-hand; and the less of real superiority or excellence there is in the person we fix upon as our proxy in this dramatic exhibition, the more easily can we change places with him, and fancy ourselves as good as he. Nay, the descent favours the rise; and we heap our tribute of applause the higher, in proportion as it is a free gift. An idol is not the worse for being of coarse materials: a king should be a common-place man. Otherwise, he is superior in his own nature, and not dependent on our bounty or caprice. Man is a poetical animal, and delights in fiction. We like to have scope for the exercise of our mere will. We make kings of men, and Gods of stocks and stones: we are not jealous of the creatures of our own hands. We only want a peg or loop to hang our idle fancies on, a puppet to dress up, a lay-figure to paint from. It is "THING Ferdinand, and not KING Ferdinand," as it was wisely and wittily observed. We ask only for the stage effect; we do not go behind the scenes, or it would go hard with many of our prejudices! We see the symbols of majesty, we enjoy

the pomp, we crouch before the power, we walk in the procession, and make part of the pageant, and we say in our secret hearts, there is nothing but accident that prevents us from being at the head of it. There is something in the mock-sublimity of thrones, wonderfully congenial to the human mind. Every man feels that he could sit there; every man feels that he could look big there; every man feels that he could bow there; every man feels that he could play the monarch there. The transition is so easy, and so delightful! The imagination keeps pace with royal state,

> "And by the vision splendid
> Is on its way attended."

The Madman in Hogarth who fancies himself a king, is not a solitary instance of this species of hallucination. Almost every true and loyal subject holds such a barren sceptre in his hand; and the meanest of the rabble, as he runs by the monarch's side, has wit enough to think—"There goes my *royal* self!" From the most absolute despot to the lowest slave there is but one step (no, not one) in point of real merit. As far as truth or reason is concerned, they might change situations to-morrow—nay, they constantly do so without the smallest loss or benefit to mankind! Tyranny, in a word, is a farce got up for the entertainment of poor human nature; and it might pass very well, if it did not so often turn into a tragedy.

We once heard a celebrated and elegant historian and a hearty Whig declare, he liked a king like George III. better than such a one as Buonaparte; because, in the former case, there was nothing to overawe the imagination but birth and situation; whereas he could not so easily brook the double superiority of the other, mental as well as adventitious. So does the spirit of independence

and the levelling pride of intellect join in with the servile rage of the vulgar! This is the advantage which an hereditary has over an elective monarchy: for there is no end of the dispute about precedence while merit is supposed to determine it, each man laying claim to this in his own person; so that there is no other way to set aside all controversy and heart-burnings, but by precluding moral and intellectual qualifications altogether, and referring the choice to accident, and giving the preference to a nonentity. "A good king," says Swift, "should be, in all other respects, a mere cypher."

It has been remarked, as a peculiarity in modern criticism, that the courtly and loyal make a point of crying up Mr. Young, as an actor, and equally running down Mr. Kean; and it has been conjectured in consequence that Mr. Kean was a *radical*. Truly, he is not a radical politician; but what is as bad, he is a radical actor. He savours too much of the reality. He is not a mock-tragedian, an automaton player—he is something besides his paraphernalia. He has "that within which passes shew." There is not a particle of affinity between him and the patrons of the court-writers. Mr. Young, on the contrary, is the very thing—all assumption and strut and measured pomp, full of self-importance, void of truth and nature, the mask of the characters he takes, a pasteboard figure, a stiff piece of wax-work. He fills the throne of tragedy, not like an upstart or usurper, but as a matter of course, decked out in his plumes of feathers, and robes of state, stuck into a posture, and repeating certain words by rote. Mr. Kean has a heart in his bosom, beating with human passion (a thing for the great "to fear, not to delight in!") He is a living man, and not an artificial one. How should those, who look to the surface, and never probe deeper, endure him? He is the antithesis of a court-

actor. It is the object there to suppress and varnish over the feelings, not to give way to them. His *overt* manner must shock them, and be thought a breach of all decorum. They are in dread of his fiery humours, of coming near his Voltaic Battery—they chuse rather to be roused gently from their self-complacent apathy by the application of Metallic Tractors. They dare not trust their delicate nerves within the estuary of the passions, but would slumber out their torpid existence in a calm, a Dead Sea—the air of which extin guishes life and motion!

Would it not be hard upon a little girl, who is busy in dressing up a favourite doll, to pull it in pieces before her face in order to shew her the bits of wood, the wool, and rags it is composed of? So it would be hard upon that great baby, the world, to take any of its idols to pieces, and shew that they are nothing but painted wood. Neither of them would thank you, but consider the offer as an insult. The little girl knows as well as you do that her doll is a cheat; but she shuts her eyes to it, for she finds her account in keeping up the deception. Her doll is her pretty little self. In its glazed eyes, its cherry cheeks, its flaxen locks, its finery and its baby-house, she has a fairy vision of her own future charms, her future triumphs, a thousand hearts led captive, and an establishment for life. Harmless illusion! that can create something out of nothing, can make that whichis good for nothing in itself so fine in appearance, and clothe a shapeless piece of deal-board with the attributes of a divinity! But the great world has been doing little else but playing at *make-believe* all its life-time. For several thousand years its chief rage was to paint larger pieces of wood and smear them with gore and call them Gods and offer victims to them —slaughtered hecatombs, the fat of goats and oxen, or human sacrifices—shewing in this its love of shew, of cruelty, and

imposture; and woe to him who should "peep through the blanket of the dark to cry, *Hold, hold.*"—*Great is Diana of the Ephesians*, was the answer in all ages. It was in vain to represent to them—" Your Gods have eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not, neither do they understand"—the more stupid, brutish, helpless, and contemptible they were, the more furious, bigotted, and implacable were their votaries in their behalf.* The more absurd the fiction, the louder was the noise made to hide it—the more mischievous its tendency, the more did it excite all the phrensy of the passions. Superstition nursed, with peculiar zeal, her ricketty, deformed, and preposterous offspring. She passed by the nobler races of animals even, to pay divine honours to the odious and unclean—she took toads and serpents, cats, rats, dogs, crocodiles, goats and monkeys, and hugged them to her bosom, and dandled them into deities, and set up altars to them, and drenched the earth with tears and blood in their defence; and those who did not believe in them were cursed, and were forbidden the use of bread, of fire, and water, and to worship them was piety, and their images were held sacred, and their race became Gods in perpetuity and by divine right. To touch them, was sacrilege: to kill them, death, even in your own defence. If they stung you, you must die: if they infested the land with their numbers and their pollutions, there was no remedy. The nuisance was intolerable, impassive, immortal. Fear, religious horror, disgust, hatred, heightened the flame of bigotry and intolerance. There was nothing so odious or contemptible but it found a sanctuary

* "Of whatsoe'er descent his Godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been made of beaten gold."—DRYDEN.

in the more odious and contemptible perversity of human nature. The barbarous Gods of antiquity reigned *in contempt of their worshippers!*

This game was carried on through all the first ages of the world, and is still kept up in many parts of it; and it is impossible to describe the wars, massacres, horrors, miseries and crimes, to which it gave colour, sanctity, and sway. The idea of a God, beneficent and just, the invisible maker of all things, was abhorrent to their gross, material notions. No, they must have Gods of their own making, that they could see and handle, that they knew to be nothing in themselves but senseless images, and these they daubed over with the gaudy emblems of their own pride and passions, and these they lauded to the skies, and grew fierce, obscene, frantic before them, as the representatives of their sordid ignorance and barbaric vices. TRUTH, GOOD, were idle names to them, without a meaning. They must have a lie, a palpable, pernicious lie, to pamper their crude, unhallowed conceptions with, and to exercise the untameable fierceness of their wills. The Jews were the only people of antiquity who were withheld from running headlong into this abomination; yet so strong was the propensity in them (from inherent frailty as well as neighbouring example) that it could only be curbed and kept back by the hands of Omnipotence.* At length, reason prevailed over imagination so far, that these brute idols and their altars were overturned: it was thought too much to set up stocks and stones, Golden Calves and Brazen Serpents, as *bona fide* Gods and Goddesses, which men were to fall down and worship at their peril—

* They *would* have a king in spite of the devil. The image-worship of the Papists is a batch of the same leaven. The apishness of man's nature would not let even the Christian Religion escape.

and Pope long after summed up the merits of the whole mythologic tribe in a handsome distich—

> "Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
> Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust."

It was thought a bold stride to divert the course of our imagination, the overflowings of our enthusiasm, our love of the mighty and the marvellous, from the dead to the living *subject*, and there we stick. We have got living idols, instead of dead ones; and we fancy that they are real, and put faith in them accordingly. Oh, Reason! when will thy long minority expire? It is not now the fashion to make Gods of wood and stone and brass, but we make kings of common men, and are proud of our own handy-work. We take a child from his birth, and we agree, when he grows up to be a man, to heap the highest honours of the state upon him, and to pay the most devoted homage to his will. Is there any thing in the person, "any mark, any likelihood," to warrant this sovereign awe and dread? No: he may be little better than an ideot, little short of a madman, and yet he is no less qualified for king.* If he can contrive to pass the

* "In fact, the argument drawn from the supposed incapacity of the people against a representative Government, comes with the worst grace in the world from the patrons and admirers of hereditary government. Surely, if government were a thing requiring the utmost stretch of genius, wisdom, and virtue to carry it on, the office of King would never even have been dreamt of as hereditary, any more than that of poet, painter, or philosopher. It is easy here "for the Son to tread in the Sire's steady steps." It requires nothing but the will to do it. Extraordinary talents are not once looked for. Nay, a person, who would never have risen by natural abilities to the situation of churchwarden or parish beadle, succeeds by unquestionable right to the possession of a throne, and wields the energies of an empire, or decides the fate of the world with the smallest possible share of human understanding. The

College of Physicians, the Heralds' College dub him divine. Can we make any given individual taller or stronger or wiser than other men, or different in any respect from what nature intended him to be? No; but we can make a king of him. We cannot add a cubit to the stature, or instil a virtue into the minds of monarchs—but we can put a sceptre into their hands, a crown upon their heads, we can set them on an eminence, we can surround them with circumstance, we can aggrandise them with power, we can pamper their appetites, we can pander to their wills. We can do every thing to exalt them in external rank and station—nothing to lift them one step higher in the scale of moral or intellectual excellence. Education does not give capacity or temper; and the education of kings is not especially directed to useful knowledge or liberal sentiment. What then is the state of the case? The highest respect of the community and of every individual in it is paid and is due of right there, where perhaps not an idea can take root, or a single virtue be engrafted. Is not this to erect a standard of esteem directly opposite to that of mind and morals? The lawful monarch may be the best or the worst man in his dominions, he may be the wisest or the weakest, the wittiest or the stupidest: still he is equally entitled to our homage as king, for it is the place and power we bow to, and not the man. He may be a sublimation of all the vices and diseases of the human heart; yet we are not to say so, we dare not even think so. "Fear

line of distinction which separates the regal purple from the slabbering-bib is sometimes fine indeed; as we see in the case of the two Ferdinands. Any one above the rank of an ideot is supposed capable of exercising the highest functions of royal state. Yet these are the persons who talk of the people as a swinish multitude, and taunt them with their want of refinement and philosophy."—*Yellow Dwarf, p.* 84.

God, and honour the King," is equally a maxim at all times and seasons. The personal character of the king has nothing to do with the question. Thus the extrinsic is set up over the intrinsic by authority: wealth and interest lend their countenance to gilded vice and infamy on principle, and outward shew and advantages become the symbols and the standard of respect in despite of useful qualities or well-directed efforts through all ranks and gradations of society. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness left." The whole style of moral thinking, feeling, acting, is in a false tone—is hollow, spurious, meretricious. Virtue, says Montesquieu, is the principle of republics; honour of a monarchy. But it is "honour dishonourable, sin-bred"—it is the honour of trucking a principle for a place, of exchanging our honest convictions for a ribbon or a garter. The business of life is a scramble for unmerited precedence. Is not the highest respect entailed, the highest station filled without any possible proofs or pretensions to public spirit or public principle? Shall not the next places to it be secured by the sacrifice of them? It is the order of the day, the understood etiquette of courts and kingdoms. For the servants of the crown to presume on merit, when the crown itself is held as an heir-loom by prescription, is a kind of *lèse majesté*, an indirect attainder of the title to the succession. Are not all eyes turned to the sun of court-favour? Who would not then reflect its smile by the performance of any acts which can avail in the eye of the great, and by the surrender of any virtue, which attracts neither notice nor applause? The stream of corruption begins at the fountain-head of court-influence. The sympathy of mankind is that on which all strong feeling and opinion floats; and this sets in full in every absolute monarchy to the side of tinsel shew and iron-handed power, in contempt and defiance of right

and wrong. The right and the wrong are of little consequence, compared to the *in* and the *out*. The distinction between Whig and Tory is merely nominal: neither have their country one bit at heart. Phaw! we had forgot—Our British monarchy is a mixed, and the only perfect form of government; and therefore what is here said cannot properly apply to it. But Might before Right is the motto blazoned on the front of unimpaired and undivided Sovereignty!——

A court is the centre of fashion; and no less so, for being the sink of luxury and vice—

—"Of outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact."

The goods of fortune, the baits of power, the indulgences of vanity, may be accumulated without end, and the taste for them increases as it is gratified: the love of virtue, the pursuit of truth, grow stale and dull in the dissipation of a court. Virtue is thought crabbed and morose, knowledge pedantic, while every sense is pampered, and every folly tolerated. Every thing tends naturally to personal aggrandisement and unrestrained self-will. It is easier for monarchs as well as other men "to tread the primrose path of dalliance" than "to scale the steep and thorny road to heaven." The vices, when they have leave from power and authority, go greater lengths than the virtues; example justifies almost every excess, and "nice customs curtesy to great kings." What chance is there that monarchs should not yield to the temptations of gallantry there, where youth and beauty are as wax? What female heart can indeed withstand the attractions of a throne—the smile that melts all hearts, the air that awes rebellion, the frown that kings dread, the hand that scatters fairy wealth, that bestows titles, places, honour, power, the breast on which the star glitters, the head circled with a

diadem, whose dress dazzles with its richness and its taste, who has nations at his command, senates at his controul, "in form and motion so express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God; the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" The power of resistance is so much the less, where fashion extends impunity to the frail offender, and screens the loss of character.

"Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore:
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more.
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless.
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the laws."*

* A lady of quality abroad, in allusion to the gallantries of the reigning Prince, being told, "I suppose it will be your turn next?" said, "No, I hope not; for you know it is impossible to refuse!" What a satire on the court and fashionables! If this be true, female virtue in the blaze of royalty is no more than the moth in the candle, or ice in the sun's ray. What will the great themselves say to it, in whom at this rate,

——"the same luck holds,
They all are subjects, courtiers, and cuckolds!"

Out upon it! We'll not believe it. Alas! poor virtue, what is to become of the very idea of it, if we are to be told that every man within the precincts of a palace is an *hypothetical* cuckold, or holds his wife's virtue in trust for the Prince? We entertain no doubt that many ladies of quality have resisted the importunities of a throne, and that many more would do so in private life, if they had the desired opportunity: nay, we have been assured by several that a king would no more be able to prevail with them than any other man! If however there is any foundation for the above insinuation, it throws no small light on the Spirit of Monarchy, which by the supposition implies in it the *virtual* surrender of the whole sex at discretion; and at the same time accounts perhaps for the indifference shewn by some monarchs in availing themselves of so mechanical a privilege.

The air of a court is not assuredly that which is most favourable to the practice of self-denial and strict morality. We increase the temptations of wealth, of power, and pleasure a thousand-fold, while we can give no additional force to the antagonist principles of reason, disinterested integrity and goodness of heart. Is it to be wondered at that courts and palaces have produced so many monsters of avarice, cruelty, and lust? The adept in voluptuousness is not likely to be a proportionable proficient in humanity. To feed on plate or be clothed in purple, is not to feel for the hungry and the naked. He who has the greatest power put into his hands, will only become more impatient of any restraint in the use of it. To have the welfare and the lives of millions placed at our disposal, is a sort of warrant, a challenge to squander them without mercy. An arbitrary monarch set over the heads of his fellows does not identify himself with them, or learn to comprehend their rights or sympathise with their interests, but looks down upon them as of a different species from himself, as insects crawling on the face of the earth, that he may trample on at his pleasure, or if he spares them, it is an act of royal grace——he is besotted with power, blinded with prerogative, an alien to his nature, a traitor to his trust, and instead of being the organ of public feeling and public opinion, is an excrescence and an anomaly in the state, a bloated mass of morbid humours and proud flesh! A constitutional king, on the other hand, is a servant of the public, a representative of the people's wants and wishes, dispensing justice and mercy according to law. Such a monarch is the King of England! Such was his late, and such is his present Majesty George the IVth.!——

Let us take the Spirit of Monarchy in its highest state of exaltation, in the moment of its proudest triumph—a Coronation-day. We now see it in our mind's eye; the prepa-

ration of weeks—the expectation of months—the seats, the privileged places, are occupied in the obscurity of night, and in silence—the day dawns slowly, big with the hope of Cæsar and of Rome—the golden censers are set in order, the tables groan with splendour and with luxury—within the inner space the rows of peeresses are set, and revealed to the eye decked out in ostrich feathers and pearls, like beds of lilies sparkling with a thousand dew-drops—the marshals and the heralds are in motion—the full organ, majestic, peals forth the Coronation Anthem—every thing is ready—and all at once the Majesty of kingdoms bursts upon the astonished sight—his person is swelled out with all the gorgeousness of dress, and swathed in bales of silk and golden tissues—the bow with which he greets the assembled multitude, and the representatives of foreign kings, is the climax of conscious dignity, bending gracefully on its own bosom, and instantly thrown back into the sightless air, as if asking no recognition in return—the oath of mutual fealty between him and his people is taken—the fairest flowers of female beauty precede the Sovereign, scattering roses; the sons of princes page his heels, holding up the robes of crimson and ermine—he staggers and reels under the weight of royal pomp, and of a nation's eyes; and thus the pageant is launched into the open day, dazzling the sun, whose beams seem beaten back by the sun of royalty—there were the warrior, the statesman, and the mitred head—there was Prince Leopold, like a panther in its dark glossy pride, and Castlereagh, clad in triumphant smiles and snowy satin, unstained with his own blood—the loud trumpet brays, the cannon roars, the spires are mad with music, the stones in the street are startled at the presence of a king:—the crowd press on, the metropolis heaves like a sea in restless motion, the air is thick with loyalty's quick pants in its monarch's arms

—all eyes drink up the sight, all tongues reverberate the sound—

"A present deity they shout around,
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound!"

What does it all amount to? A shew—a theatrical spectacle! What does it prove? That a king is crowned, that a king is dead! What is the moral to be drawn from it, that is likely to sink into the heart of a nation? That greatness consists in finery, and that supreme merit is the dower of birth and fortune! It is a form, a ceremony to which each successor to the throne is entitled in his turn as a matter of right. Does it depend on the inheritance of virtue, on the acquisition of knowledge in the new monarch, whether he shall be thus exalted in the eyes of the people? No:—to say so is not only an offence in manners, but a violation of the laws. The king reigns in contempt of any such pragmatical distinctions. They are set aside, proscribed, treasonable, as it relates to the august person of the monarch; what is likely to become of them in the minds of the people? A Coronation overlays and drowns all such considerations for a generation to come, and so far it serves its purpose well. It debauches the understandings of the people, and makes them the slaves of sense and show. It laughs to scorn and tramples upon every other claim to distinction or respect. Is the chief person in the pageant a tyrant? It does not lessen, but aggrandise him to the imagination. Is he the king of a free people? We make up in love and loyalty what we want in fear. Is he young? He borrows understanding and experience from the learning and tried wisdom of councils and parliaments. Is he old? He leans upon the youth and beauty that attend his triumph. Is he weak? Armies support him with their myriads. Is he

diseased? What is health to a staff of physicians? Does he die? The truth is out, and he is then—nothing!

There is a cant among court-sycophants of calling all those who are opposed to them, "the *rabble*," "*fellows*," "*miscreants*," &c. This shews the grossness of their ideas of all true merit, and the false standard of rank and power by which they measure every thing; like footmen, who suppose their masters must be gentlemen, and that the rest of the world are low people. Whatever is opposed to power, they think despicable; whatever suffers oppression, they think deserves it. They are ever ready to side with the strong, to insult and trample on the weak. This is with us a pitiful fashion of thinking. They are not of the mind of Pope, who was so full of the opposite conviction, that he has even written a bad couplet to express it:—

> "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
> The rest is all but leather and prunella."

Those lines in Cowper also must sound very puerile or old-fashioned to courtly ears:—

> "The only amaranthine flower on earth
> Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth."

To this sentiment, however, we subscribe our hearts and hands. There is nothing truly liberal but that which postpones its own claims to those of propriety—or great, but that which looks out of itself to others. All power is but an unabated nuisance, a barbarous assumption, an aggravated injustice, that is not directed to the common good: all grandeur that has not something corresponding to it in personal merit and heroic acts, is a deliberate burlesque, and an insult on common sense and human nature. That which is true, the understanding ratifies: that which is good, the heart

owns: all other claims are spurious, vitiated, mischievous, false—fit only for those who are sunk below contempt, or raised above opinion. We hold in scorn all *right-lined* pretensions but those of rectitude. If there is offence in this, we are ready to abide by it. If there is shame, we take it to ourselves: and we hope and hold that the time will come, when all other idols but those which represent pure truth and real good, will be looked upon with the same feelings of pity and wonder that we now look back to the images of Thor and Woden!

Really, that men born to a throne (limited or unlimited) should employ the brief span of their existence here in doing all the mischief in their power, in levying cruel wars and undermining the liberties of the world, to prove to themselves and others that their pride and passions are of more consequence than the welfare of mankind at large, would seem a little astonishing, but that the fact is so. It is not our business to preach lectures to monarchs, but if we were at all disposed to attempt the ungracious task, we should do it in the words of an author who often addressed the ear of monarchs.

"A man may read a sermon," says Jeremy Taylor, "the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escurial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more: and where *our* kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like Gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames

of lust, to abate the height of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world, that when we die our ashes shall be equal to kings, and our accounts shall be easier, and our pains for our crimes shall be less. To my apprehension, it is a sad record which is left by Athenæus concerning Ninus, the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death is summed up in these words; "Ninus, the Assyrian, had an ocean of gold, and other riches more than the sand in the Caspian sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never stirred up the holy fire among the Magi; nor touched his God with the sacred rod, according to the laws; he never offered sacrifice, nor worshipped the Deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to the people, nor numbered them; but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre, and now hear where Ninus is. *Sometime I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust is all my portion: the wealth with which I was blest, my enemies meeting together shall carry away, as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to Hell; and when I went thither, I carried neither gold nor horse, nor a silver chariot. I that wore a mitre, am now a little heap of dust!*"
—TAYLOR'S HOLY LIVING AND DYING.

THE DOGS.

TO THE ABUSERS OF THE LIBERAL.

"GENTLEMEN,"

THIS little poem is dedicated to you. It is not the wish of the Liberal to write satire and personal politics; but if you insist upon our earning a right to be heard with the sword, it must be so. Some persons, it seems, must either do this, or consent to be trampled into silence, let them be as forbearing as they may. That we can forbear, we know well, and so do you:—that we can make you cry out again with non-forbearance, we know also:—but we fight, like the Greeks and Spaniards, to obtain the right and the tranquillity of speech, and not to trample on every body in turn. The satire in the first number of the Liberal was produced by those who attacked us before-hand:—the satire in the second is the result of the attacks on the first. It will be for yourselves to judge how soon we are to leave off this boy's-play and cutting of knuckles. The moment we can turn our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning-hooks, we shall be happy to cultivate those calmer fields of knowledge, which (with your leave be it spoken) you are a set of prodigious fools for not knowing how to look to at once.

THE DOGS.

"I at this time got a post, being for fatigue, with other four. We were sent to break biscuit, and make a mess for Lord Wellington's Hounds. I was very hungry, and thought it a good job at the time; as we got our own fill, while we broke the biscuit—a thing I had not got for some days. When thus engaged, the Prodigal Son was never once out of my mind; and I sighed, as I fed the Dogs, over my humble situation and my ruined hopes."—*Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regt. during the War in Spain.*

1.

I SING a matter of some sixty dogs,
That dined in the Peninsula on biscuit.
Under the old regime the French eat frogs;
Under the new some Englishmen would frisk it
If they had any thing besides their fogs.
I'd thank Apollo therefore to touch his kit,
While I strike up a dance, that I've a notion
Will set the whole of Puppydom in motion.

2.

Attend then to me, puppies of all sorts,
All by whom hangs a tale; including you,
The blacker kind, who practise in the courts,
And from the back of whose strange curls hang two:
And you, of whom I hear such bad reports
In these great times, ye poor inferior crew,
Ye Men—do you too listen to my song:
I mean to shew you that your claims are wrong.

3.

And you, red-coated dogs, not commonly
So call'd, for ye are men,—but ye alone,
Who only when the drum sounds fidget ye,
And rise like men; and soon as it is done,
Fall to the earth like proper puppies, *quæ*
Ventri obedientia sunt, and prone,
As Sallust has it,—hear what your Bard says,
And then (I ask no better) go your ways.

4.

And thou, thou other lucky dog, and diner,
Who from the Frenchman's biscuit-guiding hand
Munch'd out side faces of Voltaire, none finer,
Look from the dog-star down, that rules thy land!
'Twas thine to eat, no king's bitch *embonpoint-er*,
When good-old-times'-men's legs could hardly stand:
And then thou bit'st, as some would say, for snacks,
Men out of countenance behind their backs! (1)

Nor thou, great Duke of Wellington, disdain
To hear about the curs, for they are thine:
Nay, pardon my poor words, my common strain,
Disdain thou can'st not, though the strain is mine:
The subject will excuse me for my brain:
To write's but human, but of dogs divine.
I shamefully forgot, great Sir, that when
Dogs are to be considered, what are men?

6.

Many a jolly dog has been renown'd,
Especially for eating people's dinners;
E'en men have merit when like them they're found (2)
To hold well out, and make their masters winners:
But all the dogs on earth, cur, whelp, and hound,
To these I speak of, have but been beginners.
Even the pack recorded by Herodotus
Knuckles before them; I declare to God it does.

7.

Herodotus says only that there were
Four villages alloted for their dogs-meat; (3)
A handsome pension, I allow: but here
Warriors stand by, wanting, like proper rogues, meat,
Bread being even for a few too dear,
While the Duke's hounds to their respective progs meet.
Warriors, mind—hollow squares—without whom, marry! an
Arbiter I could name had now been carrion. (4)

8.

Yes, "Heav'n be prais'd! Thanks to our lucky stars!
Thanks to our wounds!" the five fatigued men said,
"This day, the happiest one of all our wars,
This day, this glorious day, we dine on bread!"
For why? "For why? look at these glorious scars,
This one, and this, and this upon my head;
To day's our turn, by reason of these wounds,
To break up biscuit for the General's hounds."

9.

"Good God!" says one, "I fancy the bread here!
I think it's one o'clock—I think it's two—
I think I see my company appear—
Ah! Jowler, boy—and Towler, how dy'e do?—
And then the biscuit comes—excuse this tear,
But I'm to break it—oh, if you but knew—
But never mind—*I* know, and that's enough
To make me think no biscuit bad or tough.

10.

"A word, Sir, in your ear—The other day,
I longed to eat a piece of the Duke's horse.
Another time, beside a ditch, there lay
Something,—I hate to think of it—but worse:
All said,—but never mind what people say—
The man who eat of it, felt no remorse. (5)
Twasn't, he said, like biscuit; and 'twas true:
But that was for the dogs—the happy few.

11.

"*We* are but human beings,—common men;
They are uncommon puppies, real riches;
We do but fight, and fight, and fight again;
They sometimes take surprising leaps o'er ditches:
We only are of use to the Duke, when
Unoccupied with his delightful bitches:
They are his ornaments, his dogs, his *dulce*,
More fit to pat than our poor linsey-woolsey.

12

"Again, we only sav'd his officers;
They sometimes got them taken by the French;
Our names were always in despatches; theirs
Were modest, and kept back, like any wench;
In short, we had the impudence, the bears!
(For which our necks I own deserve a wrench)
To save the Duke from Old Mortality:
They, blessed creatures, saved him from ennui.

13.

"Accordingly 'twas just that we should fight,
Hack, hew, stick, kick, be kick'd, stuck, hack'd and hew'd,
Drown'd also, lose our shoulder-blades and sight,
Our legs, arms, knee-pans, comforts, friends, and blood,
And then have nothing, Sir, to eat at night:
And, on the contrary, 'twas right and good
That the Duke's puppies, being no such sinners,
Should, like good boys, go in and have their dinners."

14.

Thus spoke the Soldier from the Frith of Forth,
Who wrote the "Journal" t'other day; which see;
He did not say it *all*,—he's "frae the North,"—
But then his inward man spoke, if not he.
However, what's a common soldier worth?
Or fifty thousand such, 'twixt you and me?
The man may stuff him with his native fogs:
But where, I want to know, where are the dogs?

15.

Other great brutes concerned in that campaign
Are kept before the public: others have
Their lives and deeds recorded, to a sprain,
Their genealogies, and faces brave,
Their huntings too, and when they'll hunt again,
And how in drawing-rooms the dogs behave:
I've seen a Paris print of one o' the brutes
Betwixt two ladies, actually in boots. (6)

16.

Now those I speak of are not less than they,
Be sure of that: just as great brutes they are:
Have as good coats and faces, have their day,
At least have had, and should have time to spare;
Live just such lives, now hunting down one's prey,
Now all agog for their respective fair;
And above all, though men should want a dinner,
The dev'l a bit will *they* grow any thinner.

17.

The best of us are proud of being thought
To have the qualities of dogs like these:
The Duke himself, I doubt not, might be caught,
Doing things equally well form'd to please.
I wouldn't swear, that if you went and bought
A horn, or whistled "Molly," or "Green Pease,"
You wouldn't see him come, through thick and thi
Leaping and panting to you, all a-grin.

18.

King Charles was famous for a breed of puppies,
Which was kept up, and is so I've no doubt on't;
Lord Chesterfield most tenderly brought up his,
And would have made his son one, but he couldn't:
In Naples a dog's music beats Galuppi's,
Though music comes next to it, which it shouldn't;
For next to pointers, guns, and such resources,
Long before anything like men, come horses.

19.

"Talk," cries a wag, "of parting with one's studs,
In decency to Irish famishings,
At least of lessening them! Why, d—n their bloods,
Or rather no bloods, for they've no such things,
(In fact they are but two such precious floods,
In horses' families, and those of kings) (7)
I'd not have giv'n them What's-his-name's "quietus,"
And stopt one gilded oat from Incitatus." (8)

20.

Heliogabalus and his horse's menti[illegible]
May render this suspected—for it's [illegible]ding;
I own it seems some Irishman's invention,
Light in the head perhaps, for want of feeding:
But then it somehow meets one's apprehension
In times of human starving and brute breeding:
And as to learning, you would cease to stare
If you took up the Racing Calendar.

21.

There (not to waste the family-head in books)
A youth may learn much Latin appellation;
Much French too, and Italian, if he looks,
Besides the sense, sly supererogation!
There he may learn, how Dolthead match'd the Duke's,
And Blacklegs was thrown out by Acclamation:
How Olive was own cousin to Old Cupid,
And how Legitimate was got out of Stupid.

22.

But what he'll find, which is the best of all,
Is how completely there the human creatures
Are cast in shade, I mean in general,
By the dear horses and their Houhyhnm natures:
The Gullivers obey their proper call,
And wait aloof, and doat upon their features;
By no means the worst thing they do, poor rogues!
And this again reminds me of my dogs.

23.

My dogs! Yes, mine—every one's dogs—the nation's,
For were they not of extreme use to it?
Did they not give the Great Lord relaxations,
When taken with his *minor* slaughtering fit? (9)
And had they not their proper mastications,
Of which occasional Scotchmen filch'd a bit?
"Can such things overcome us like a summer
Cloud," and but serve to make us all the dumber!

24.

I like that patriot in Tiberius' days,
Who having propos'd to make him absolute,
Apologized for such presumptuous ways;
But said, that being a man, it did not suit
With his free soul to dread the court's dispraise,
And in the commonwealth's great cause be mute.
There was another such as bold to Cromwell;
Fellows I much prefer to Kettledrumle. (10)

25.

I'll be as free: there's not a stick at court
Shall beat me in a thing I have to say;
Tailors sha'nt cut me out, nor tongues cut short,
Envying my very independent way;
Croker himself shall cry out "That's your sort,"
And loads of "lofty Scotchmen" cry, Huzza! (11)
At least if they do not, 'twill only shew
How far one's rivals' jealousy can go.

26.

'Tis true, the Duke, at my free proposition,
May think fit to be modest, like a woman;
May say his brutes are not of that condition
To warrant it, being only more than human;
And that base men might get up a petition:
To all which I should humbly answer, "True, mun;"
But then, though more than both, a Prince himself
Is proud to be call'd jolly dog, and Guelph.

27

There was a prince in Italy, call'd Can Grande,
Which means Great Dog, the lord too of Verona,
A mighty petty sovereign, and a dandy,
Who in his wit once threw a bard a bone a-
Cross his high board, which made 'em every man die.
The bard agreed 'twas princely. (12) I have known a-
Nother, of whom the people used to say,
A greater puppy never had his day.

28.

I do propose then, that a deputation
First wait upon the dogs and bring them out,
To glad the eyes of public admiration;
It being a shame that beasts so cared about,
And by such hearts, are not before the nation.
Only conceive the enthusiastic shout
That would be raised at sight of their sweet faces,
In all their pride of jowl, in public places!

29.

Fancy the beasts, or any one of them,
At Drury-Lane, or in an Opera-box:
The proper masters have accomplish'd him,
The dancing ones I mean, and such-like folks!
He rises, bows, looks mutual esteem;
The band strikes up; and players and "hearts of oaks".
(Save here and there a Jacobinic growler)
Perform the national anthem of "Old Towler."

30.

Then a procession, with the dogs all seated,
Is what I next propose. Rouge-Lion first
Prepares the way, looking extremely heated;
Sir William Curtis then, ready to burst
With beef and joy at being so finely treated,
He's drest in dog-skin. (13) May the man be curst
Who does not, as the King does (who's no fool)
Count him the finest specimen of John Bull.

31.

Besides, he's biscuit-baker. Next the trumpets
Appear, some blowing in F sharp and some in E;
And then the bishops, plump as plates of crumpets,
Singing the psalm beginning with "Cur, Domine:"
A kettle-drummer next with many a thump hits
His brass, to shew, betwixt those Piccolomini
Of the Church Militant, and the state's forces,
The delicate connexion there of course is.

32.

Then come the soldiers,—but what's this? How odd
And thin they look, unfit for such a show?
Excuse me: they look just as soldiers should;
They've had no dinners for this week or so;
Just to insinuate, by their want of blood,
The heroic privilege they have to go
Without their food, and if required, be starv'd,
Till all the puppies in the land are serv'd.

33.

Last come the dogs, the climax of the sight,
All in their coaches, all in due decorum,
All seated, a la "Sifflé," bolt upright,
The Master of the Hounds being set before 'em.
They grin, they bow, look sidelong and polite;
The ladies at the windows all adore 'em.
See—there's the King too bowing—and look! there is
Her Royal Highness Mrs. Wilmot Serres. (14)

34.

After processions, people have a feast:
The brutes of course must have theirs at Guildhall;
There's precedent: so heralds say, at least.
'Twas merry formerly, when beards wagg'd all;
Now tails proclaim the pleasure of the beast:
The grace is said, the turtle groweth small,
The talk then rises, but let that be sunk;
As usual, after dinner, the King's drunk.

35.

The glee succeeds of "Glorious Apollo"
By Messrs. Southey and the Makingfaces;
"The Duke of York and Army" used to follow,
But now the soldiers better know their places:
The Duke of Wellington and his View Hollow
Is given, and "May heav'n prosper all their graces:"
Hip—Hip—Guildhall resounds through all its logs,
And Bread-street echoes back "The Dogs! the Dogs!"

36.

The puppy in the chair returns his thanks,
Like Doctor Johnson, "in his bow-wow way:"
Then Eldon (cursing, first of all, his shanks)
Gets up, and weeps to see this blessed day:
Then his gilt chain the new old Lord Mayor clanks;
Then Mr. Some-one has his blessed say,
In which he proves that 'tis to save the nation
When puppies flourish during men's starvation.

37.

I see all England flocking to the sight:
Peers quit their parks, the peasantry the poor-house;
Some drive, some die upon the road: it's flight
All Scotland takes, like "hairpies coming o'or uz:" (15)
All Wales puts forth, to see to what a height
Arthur's great name can go, and join in chorus:
And missing England, as they pierce the fogs,
Ask where its gone:—cries Echo, "To the Dogs."

38.

But eager most, lo! lo! all Ireland comes—
All that is left of it at least,—sharp set
With hungry joy to think upon the crumbs,
And see how the brutes jollify, and get
A sight of their great Duke, who picks his gums;
And wonder if the Absentees have yet
Any similitude to human faces,
Seeing them countenanc'd like the canine races.

39.

All eyes, a moment, even on that day,
Turn at the name of Ireland, to look at
The nation whom a king's nod made so gay:
Even some certain members cry "What's that?"
"Only the Irish."—"Oh—the Irish—eh?
What do *they* want? I'd thank ye for some fat."
"The Irish, eh? Send 'em the soldiery
And eighteen-pence. Hock, if you please, for me."(16)

40.

Such is the way to treat those sorry fellows,
Call'd fellow creatures: one should be above
One's fellows, as all true aspirers tell us,
And then we rank with dogs, and get the love
Of hearts enough to make a turnspit jealous.
So to return—The next thing that I move,
Is, that the puppies and their heirs for ever
Have settlements: for men may want, brutes never.

41.

I say (to use the words of a great poet)
"That adequate provision should be made" (17)
For all the race to have their biscuit to eat
For ever.—Next, that money should be paid
Into the hands of those here, that cry "go it,"
For kennels,—palaces I should have said,—
To be new built (*Mem.* workmen to be bustled)
Where every puppy may have his own household

42.

'Tis cheap,—these ways of doing public good,
The world can't do without 'em, take my word for it;
Besides, if the world could, could isn't should,
And those who say it is, are a base herd for it.
The Americans, for instance, have no food,
No cash, no ships, no land (although preferred for it)
No name; and all because they want such things
As puppies with huge pensions, Dukes, and Kings.

43.

Our dogs then have establishments: tis done:
Recorded too, of course, as others are,
In a new Red-book, which may bind in one
(Calf-gilt) the Sporting and Court Calendar.
Exempli gra:—Establishment of Hun:
Comptroller,—No one; Baker and Purvey'r,
Sir William Curtis; Groom, Sir Hudson Lowe;
Surveyors of the Collars, George and Co.;

44.

Bed-maker, Mrs. Leech; Scratcher Extr'or'nary,
Right Honourable the Earl of Lauderdale;
Breakers of Bones and Biscuits, Men in or'nary;
Tickler and Tail-bearer, (some spell it Tale)
J. W. Croker, chiefly when its borne awry;
Chaplain (Church Dog-Vane, going with the gale)
The Reverend Nero Wilson; (13) Scavengers,
The Beacons, Blackwoods, Bulls, and Gazetteers. (19)

45.

The names of their Canine-nesses—Prince, Jowler,
Jolly, and Folly, Tippler, Fop, and Tough,
Duke, Dunder, Slim, Fang, Whistler, Gamester, Growler,
Standfast, and Steady, Waterloo, Chance, Rough,
Charge, Trooper, Glutton, Hollo-boy, Old Towler,
Blucher, Spot, Shriek, Jump, Victor, Old Boy, Puff,
Rascal, Force, Bourbon, Throat, Spite, Promise, Viper,
Moonshine, and Betty, Riot, Rage, and Piper:

46.

Hungry, Old England, Hot, Shot, Scot, and Lot,
Old Soldier, Gaunt, and Grim, Seize-him-boy, Eat-'em,
Tally-ho, Thief, Fool, Devil, Brute, and Sot.
A pretty list. Ovid has one (See *Metam.*
Lib. Ter.) but Ovid's pack of hounds was not
The moral, order-loving, plump, legitim-
Ate hounds, that these are. These, to run the faster,
Eat but one's men, but those eat up their master.

47.

And at the last (for oh! indecent fate,
And envious! even dogs, like men, must die!)
But at the *last* (for ah! may it be late,
And every dog have many days, say I!)
Then with huge shouts, I vote that we translate,
Exalt, and raise them to the starry sky!
Men's pious notions have already given,
To welcome them, much brute renown to heav'n.

48.

The Bull, Crab, Serpent, Scorpion, Wolf, are there,
The Lion and Unicorn, and glorious Goose;
Canis the Major too, by which it's clear
That army-rank with dogs is of old use:
Canicula stands next him, little dear!
Nay, things are there which absolute blocks produce.
The Altar's next the Wolf: then, there's the Chair,
The Cup, the Crown, and a strange Head of Hair.

49.

But what is most remarkable, the book
In which I study my astronomy
(The new Guide to the Stars by Henry Brooke)
Shew'd me a thing enough to make a stone o'me,
So very much astonish'd did I look.
I saw there, bright as the Duke's physiognomy,
His dogs, by some divine anticipation,
Shining already in their proper station.

50.

It's fact. The Dogs, the glorious dogs, are there
In soul at least, right claimants of the sky:
Betwixt his namesake Arthur and the Bear
The whole pack stands—" Ganes *Venatici:*"
And twixt the dogs and the above Head of Hair
Stands, as it ought to do, " *Cor Caroli:*" (20)
That is to say, the Heart of Charles the Second:
Were ever souls, bound heav'nwards, finelier beacon'd?

51.

So here I stop, covering beneath the sight
My fancy's cowering eyes, dash'd with the blaze:
But don't, I beg of you, ye suns of night,
Ye flaming brutes, 'dont hide your precious ways.
Shine on, shine on, and be a burning light
To help us onward to our better days;
And shew us (never to want proof again)
What very different things are brutes and men.

NOTES TO THE DOGS.

(1) *Men out of countenance behind their backs.*

This anecdote is in Grimm, or some of the other late French Memoirs.

(2) *Like them stand fast and make their masters winners.*

Vide Waterloo.

(3) *Four villages allotted for their dog's-meat.*

Herodot. Clio. Sect. 192.

(4) *Arbiter I could name had now been carrion.*

See Note 2.

(5) *The man who eat of it felt no remorse.*

"The short time we remained at Tormes, we were very ill off for provisions. One of our men, Thomas Cadwell, found a piece of meat, near the hospital, on the face of the brae: he brought it home, and cooked it. A good part of it was eaten, before one of the men, perceiving him, said, "What is that you are eating?" Tom said, it was meat he had found. The others looked, and knew it to be the fore-arm of a man: the hand was not at it; it was only the part from a little below the elbow, and above the wrist. The man threw it away, but never looked squeamish; he said it was very sweet, and was never a bit the worse."—*Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regiment, p.* 158.

(6) *Betwixt two ladies, actually in boots.*

A French caricature of a Great Personage, in his boots and cocked hat; shewing how certain animals conduct themselves in drawing-rooms.

(7) *In horses' families and those of kings.*

It is remarkable that these are the only two races of beings, whose purity of descent has been reckoned of national consequence. Considering the scrupulous delicacy with which the procreation of the former is conducted, there may be some grounds for concluding their descents legitimate: but little as it surpasses in sentiment the nicety of royal arrangements, it is but

too probable that the success is not equal in both instances. Who, in fact, that considers the manners of courts, the lives and loves of queens, &c., &c. shall say, that there is a single legitimate prince now living, our own of course excepted? Who shall say, that thrones are not occupied by a set of involuntary Jacobins and usurpers?—that a Gil Blas or Conde What's-his-name does not reign at Madrid, a Mazarin or La Fleur at Paris, a Koningsmarck in other countries, and so forth? To be sure, look, character, and other evidences, say much, especially in extreme cases of countenance: but there may be enough legitimacy for all this, though not enough legitimacy itself and "all that."

(8) *To stop one gilded oat from Incitatus.*

The horse whom Caligula made a consul, and assigned an establishment.

(9) *When taken with his minor slaughtering fit.*

Hunting, they say, is the image of war, and therefore the favourite pastime of kings, and other great personages, when they cannot be hunting men; just as an ogre might keep a picture of a man to gloat over, when he could not get the original to eat.

(10) *Fellows I much prefer to Kettledrumle.*

See the Roman historians, Noble's Memoirs of the House of Cromwell, and the novel of Old Mortality.

(11) *And loads of lofty Scotchmen cry huzza!*

I see by the Examiner of October 6th, that it is proclaimed in Blackwood's Magazine, that "A loftier and a wiser people (than the Scotch) are not to be found now upon the earth, nor do the records of any such survive." See the state of the Scotch Boroughs, the Beacon and its patrons, and Mr. Blackwood himself as a crowning specimen. Tory writers tell you, that the French are a frivolous people; the Italians a people unfit for a constitution; and the Americans, or "Jonathan," a vulgar and insolent people; but if you characterise a favourite nation of their own with similar freedom, they beg you will make "no national reflections." Even this maxim may be made a cant of. Nobody can admire more than I do some things about Scotland,—it's music and poetry, it's Wallaces and other strugglers of old for freedom; it's present strugglers against it's infamous Borough system, and (for their talents though not for their politics) "the Scotch novels." But all this does not blind any one to the fact, that Scotland as it now is, notwithstanding the strait-laced look of its morality in general, has no pretension whatever to the character of as "pure and lofty" a nation as any existing. The English, the

Americans, the Spaniards, all beat it hollow. How can a nation be called "pure" which has no character for purity of sentiment, or popular cleanliness, or conversational cleanliness? How can it be called "lofty," when it is at the very feet of the Borough-mongers? How can it be called either pure or lofty, when the writers of such a magazine as Blackwood's, a book full of falsehoods, impurities, and cowardice, can fancy themselves, even for a moment, its representatives? When Scotland sweeps away all this filth, and raises its head again in opposition to the slaves in power, it may deserve all the epithets which the admirers of its Wallaces and Burnses can wish it.—With respect to the fact mentioned in the text, it is truly a national stain. I have met with otherwise amiable Scotchmen, and with intelligent and eminent Scotchmen; but I never met with one, who was not more or less filthy in his talk;—I do not mean merely indecent, much less voluptuous; but absolutely filthy, in the style of Swift. It is most probably owing to certain modes of life; but it is high time for them to get rid of it, if they would not render a publication like Blackwood's as injurious to their character by its praises, as it is by it's abuse of others.

(13) *He's drest in dog-skin.*

When Sir William Curtis went with the King to Edinburgh, he was accoutred like his Illustrious Friend, "all in the Highland dress." I think the Scotch *must* have felt this.

(14) *Her Royal Highness Mrs. Wilmot Serres.*

I am far from insinuating any thing against the pretensions of this lady. Quite the contrary. They are every way royal, saving and excepting perhaps that she has a suspicious amount of wit. Her documents have every right, on the face of them, to be seriously inquired into.

(15) *All Scotland takes, like "hairpies coming o'or uz."*

That is to say in English, "like harpies coming o'er us." I should not have made this apparently invidious translation (especially as I am fond of the Scottish dialect in its proper place) if the Scotch of late had not taken it into their heads to give their Southern neighbours lessons in writing! This, I suppose, is a part of the "purity" which their friend Blackwood speaks of. The modesty, as usual, is equal to it.

(16) *And eighteen-pence. Hock, if you please, for me.*

I do not mean to insinuate that *nothing* has been done in answer to the frenzied cries of the Irish for bread. When hanging and violence were

found to be of no use, even with the addition of all the continued recommendation of those amiable and judicious modes of cure, a subscription certainly did take place; and some of the subscribers have a right to think themselves humane. But I say, that in point of the real *spirit* of the whole treatment of Ireland, past and present, the description in the text is no caricature.

(17) *That adequate provision should be made.*

A line, I am sorry to say, of Mr. Wordsworth. The one that follows it, is

"For the whole people to be taught and trained."

And there is a third before it in the same style, which I forget. When Mr. Wordsworth first wrote about Milton and Marvell, and his other old republican friends, he did better than when he joined the Straffords and Parkers of the day.

(18) *The Reverend Nero Wilson.*

A silly Calvinistic Preacher, who frightens timid constitutions, gets the good will of callous ones, and maintaineth that if Nero were now reigning, every one ought to obey him. O the satire of these toad-eaters!

(19) *The Beacons, Blackwoods, Bulls, and Gazetteers.*

A set of Dunciad gentry, one or two of them cleverer than the others, but all of the same pitch of natural impudence, and sordidness of mind. The Literary Gazetteers are promoted because they had the luck to be noticed by Lord Byron, before his Lordship was informed, to his great mortification, that nobody else thought them worth notice. The others have had similar good fortune in other quarters, or I should certainly not have polluted my ink with any of them.

(20) *Stands, as it ought to do, "Cor Caroli."*

See the work mentioned in the text, a guide which had long been wanting to the lovers of the starry heavens. Mr. Brooke does his illustrious duty with great care and circumspection. We only miss, to complete the work, an account of the origin of the different names; some of which however, such as the Arabian, it might be difficult, perhaps impossible, to trace. But the meanings of the mere words might be found. The rest would exhibit some curious matter; such as the deification, here recorded, of the heart of Charles the Second!

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

Letter II.—GENOA.

Genoa is truly "Genoa the Superb." Its finest aspect is from the sea, and from the sea I first beheld it. Imagine a glorious amphitheatre of white houses, with mountains on each side and at the back. The base is composed of the city with its churches and shipping; the other houses are country seats, looking out, one above the other, up the hill. To the left are the Alps with their snowy tops: to the right, and for the back, are the Appennines. This is Genoa. It is situate at the very angle of the pointed gulf, which is called after its name, and which presents on either side, as you sail up it, white villages, country seats, and olive groves. I sailed up this gulf in summer-time. The lucid Mediterranean sea washed against our vessel, like amber: a sky, blue indeed, was above our heads: inconveniences and dangers were left behind us; health, hope, and Italy, were before us. With what contented anxiety did we not ask the names of the towns and villages, as we saw them one after the other, seated on the shore like ladies, to prepare for the approach of voyagers to the great Queen! How did we not reconnoitre the great Queen herself with our ship's glass, counting the miles as they lessened between us! At length we see her clearly. Her marble pomp opens upon us! We fancy we see the palace of her great son Doria! How truly does she realize our expectations, poetical as they were! There

she sat between her mountains, having the sea as of old at her feet, and "abating not a tittle of her state," albeit my countrymen had forsaken her.

As Genoa was the first city in Italy which I beheld, and as first impressions are not only liveliest, but liveliest in the order in which they occurred, I will resort to the journal I kept, and notice objects as they struck me day by day. It was at two o'clock on the 15th of June that our vessel entered the harbour. After travelling the great "world of waters wide and deep," it was every way a pleasant thing to feel one's-self embraced in the Genoese harbour, which is one of the most encircling there are. We were full, at that time, of happy thoughts of a dear friend; and we felt as if the country he was in embraced us for him.

June 15. Our arrival in the harbour did not diminish our idea of Genoa: but our notions of the Italian countenance were formidably startled by the pilot-boat, which came out to offer it's assistance in conducting us by the mole. The mole had been injured greatly by the storms of the preceding winter. The boat contained, I think, as ugly a set of faces as could well be brought together. It was a very neat boat, and the pilots were singularly neat and clean in their persons; but their faces! My wife looked at me as much as to say, "are these our fine Southern heads." The children looked at me: we all looked at one another: and what was very inhospitable, the pilots all looked at us. The sun was in their eyes; and there they sat on their oars, grinning up at us, and bargaining with the Captain. The older ones were like monkies; the younger like half-withered masks—hard, stony, and even pale. One young man however was handsome both in face and person: he had the fine black eyes and brown colour we expected to meet with; and luckily, driving a less hard bargain than the rest (which was to

be expected of him), the Captain agreed with him, and he came on board. His dress and appearance we found might be taken as a specimen, and by no means an uncommon specimen, of the better order of boatmen, upon this and the Tuscan coast: for we soon had the pleasure of being agreeably disappointed with regard to the slovenliness we had looked for. It was that of a smart English apprentice with his coat off. He had a very neat black hat on, in the modern style, good shoes and silk handkerchief, and blue linen pantaloons coming up high, and fastened over his shoulders with braces. Though aware that one style of dress, with little modification, prevails now-a-days all over Europe, one cannot help feeling a kind of disappointment, and even surprise, at seeing Italians dressed like Englishmen. It seems a disgrace to them, not because they are like us, but because they look unlike themselves and their climate, and disappoint us of a becoming variety. We thought how well our pilot would have looked in his cap and cloak. But we were thankful for his face. I asked him where the Doria palace stood. "Behold it!" said he, pointing to the left; and we looked upon the handsome yet comparatively humble mansion, which Andrew Doria built for himself and his descendants, when he was at the height of his power. It is a low long building, with an arcade, and a garden before it, and looks over the harbour which he rendered so eminent. We were in the Genoese harbour for two weeks, and it was no small pleasure to us to have this republican palace always in sight.

We had scarcely got rid of our ugly men, when we were assailed with a much worse sight, a gang of ugly boys. They were a set of young knaves, poking about for what they could lay their hands on; and came loitering and hanging about the vessel under pretence of asking charity. Their

fathers and mothers, or *their* fathers and mothers, or manners and customs *ad infinitum*, had much to answer for in contriving such a set of juvenile vagabonds. They clung about the sides of the vessel, with faces, and hands too, like monkies. They had no foreheads, and moved their hands as if they were paws: Never did we see a more striking look of something removed from humanity; and the worst of it was, they had no sort of comfort in their faces; their laugh was as melancholy yet unfeeling, as their abject and canting whine. They looked like impudent squalid old men of the world, in the shape of boys; and were as pale, and almost as withered. They were like the sordid imps of Massinger or Decker. Sinbad's old man of the sea would have had such children, only stronger. Certainly both men and boys might have made a huntsman himself hypochondriacal.

Boats with awnings were rowing backwards and forwards, many of them, particularly as the afternoon advanced, containing bathers, who dressed and undressed themselves, as they went along, in the most unscrupulous manner. One of the very commonest sights was to see men in their shirts; and not a very uncommon one, ladies in their company. People bathed among the shipping at all times of the day, and ladies would pass them, nothing wondering, in boats. This grossness, which indecency itself would diminish, I witnessed afterwards at Leghorn; and I have seen people bathing in the Arno in the very middle of Pisa. I am not squeamish; and think some of our northern notions as gross as any thing else; but where there is neither innocence nor even a refined sensuality, there is something more than gross in these public expositions of the person; the extreme of formality is better, inasmuch as it approaches nearer to one of the two. But something, in the progress of such customs, is to be allowed for difference of climate.

The first handsome countenance that came near us, after the pilot's, was that of a boy who accompanied a custom-house officer, and who was going to bathe. But he had no modesty in his aspect, and the want of it was not bettered by his ear-rings and the cut of his hair, which made him look like a girl. Numbers of lads had the same look, on the same accounts; even when apparently seventeen or eighteen years old. The short, thick custom-house officer, grave, obsequious, and yet indifferent, was like a man made of dough; and he had the most exaggerated cocked-hat and worsted epaulets which we had ever beheld out of the pale of a pantomime.

The first sight of Italian women disappointed us almost as much as Italian men, because we expected still more of them. Of course, had we seen them first, they would have disappointed us more. But I afterwards found, that as you ascended among the more educated classes, the faces improved; and I have reason to believe, that most of the women whom we saw in boats, deceived us as to their rank in this respect. In Italy, gentlemen do not look so much like gentlemen as in England, but there are greater numbers of women who look like ladies. This is partly owing to their dress. In Genoa particularly, the out-of-door head-dress for women of all ranks is a white veil; and an Englishman, unaccustomed to see this piece of drapery upon common heads, and observing besides the stateliness with which female Italians carry themselves, thinks he is oftener looking at gentlewomen than he is.

We had not been long in harbour before we inquired, with all the eagerness of voyagers, for our fresh provisions. In Italy, we also looked for our heaps of fruit; and we had them —in all the luxury of baskets and vine-leaves, and a cheapness that made us laugh. Grapes were not in season; but

there were figs, apricots, fresh almonds, oranges, pears, and gigantic cherries, as fine as they were large. We also took leave of our biscuit for excellent bread; and had milk brought to us in bottles, which were stopped with vine-leaves. The mutton turned out to be kid, and lean enough; but it was a novelty, and we eat it upon a principle of inquiry. An excellent light wine accompanied our repast, drunk, not in little cautious glasses, like our "hot intoxicating liquor," but out of tumblers. It was just three-pence English a quart. It had, notwithstanding it's lightness, a real vinous body, and both looked and tasted like a sort of claret; but we were sorry to find it was French, and not Italian. As to the fruit,—to give a specimen in one word,—the apricots, very fine ones, were two-pence a gallon.

16. To-day I went on shore. I shall never forget the sensations with which I first set foot in Italy;—but they will not do to dwell upon now. The quay is a handsome one, profuse of good pavement, gate, &c. and the abundance of stone every where, the whiteness of the houses, and the blueness of the sky, cast, at first sight, an extraordinary look of lightness and cleanliness upon every thing. Nor are you disappointed in Genoa, as people are at Lisbon, between the fairness of the look outside and the dirt within. The large wrinkled features of the old women, with their uncapped grey hair, strike you at first as singularly plain: so do the people in general: but every thing looks clean and neat, and full of the smart bustle of a commercial city. What surprises you is the narrowness of the streets. As soon as you have passed the gate, you think you have entered upon a lane, remarkably good indeed for a lane,—a sort of Bond-street of an alley,—but you have no conception that it is a street, and of the ordinary dimensions. The shops also, though neat, are blind and open,

like English potatoe shops, or at best like some of the little comb shops now rarely to be seen in London. I mean, they have no windows, whether they have counters or not. After entering this street, you soon come upon the public place, or exchange, which is a very fair one. You cross over this into the principal street, or street of Goldsmiths, full of shops in which trinkets are sold, including a world of crosses and other Christian emblems, and huge ear-rings. It is the custom in several parts of Italy for girls to carry their marriage-portion about with them in the shape of gold ear-rings and crosses; and no maid-servant thinks herself properly drest on mass-days without announcing, in this way, that she is equally fit for Heaven and a husband. The gold is very thin, but solidity is made up for by the length and width of the ornaments; and the ear-rings are often heavy enough to tear through the lobes of the ears. Imagine a brown, black-eyed girl, with her thick hair done up in combs, a white veil over it, a coloured, sometimes a white gown, large dangling gold ornaments at her ears and bosom, and perhaps bare feet or tattered shoes, and you have the complete portrait of an Italian maid-servant or peasant-girl, issuing forth to church or a dance. The men of all classes dress more like the same classes in other countries, with an exception however, as before noticed, in favour of the humbler ones. Yet you often see the old Genoese cap, evidently the still older Phrygian; and in Genoa you notice a set of porters from Bergamo, who wear a puckered kilt. They are a good-looking race, and are esteemed for their honesty. The burdens they carry are enormous. The labourer of Italy often shews his propensity to a piece of drapery, by hanging his jacket over his shoulders with the sleeves dangling; a custom naturally prompted by the heat.

But I forget that I am in Genoa for the first time. In England we have delicate names for some of our streets and alleys. There is Love-lane, Maiden-lane, Garden-court, Green Arbour-court, &c. but in Italy they beat us hollow. Pisa has not only Love-street and Lily-street, but Beautiful Ladies'-lane, and the Lane of the Beautiful Towers. In Genoa, after passing through Goldsmith-street, and another that leads up from it, you come out by the post-office upon the Piazza della Fontane Amorose,—the Place of the Amorous Fountains. There is a magnificent mansion in it, containing baths, and another adorned on the outside with paintings of festive women. But here all the houses begin to be magnificent mansions, and you again recognize "Genova la Superba." From the Piazza della Fontane Amorose you turn into the Strada Nuova, which leads round through another sumptuous street into the Strada Balbi, fit, says Madame de Staël, for a congress of kings. This has become a poor compliment. It is fit for a congress of great men. If intellect, and not childishness, settled the destinies of the world, here might such spirits meet as the Dorias, the Miltons, the Sidneys, the Hôpitals, and the Washingtons, and put an end at once to the tiresome farce of kings being taught to no purpose. These three streets are literally a succession of palaces on each side the way; and these palaces are of costly architecture, and are adorned inside with the works of the Italian masters. Marble is lavished every where. It is like a street raised by Aladdin, to astonish his father-in-law the Sultan. Yet there is one lamentable deficiency. Even these streets are narrow. I do not think the Strada Nuova is wider than Bond-street *without* the pavements. "A lane!" you cry. Yes, a lane of Whitehalls, encrusted with the richest architecture. Imagine how much the buildings lose by this confinement, and then wonder how it could

have taken place. The alleged reason is, that in a hot country shade is wanted, and therefore beauty is sacrificed to utility. But the reason is a bad one: for porticos might have been used, as at Bologna, and the street made so wide, as to render the disadvantage to the architecture a comparative nothing. The circumstance probably originated in some reasons connected with the ground, or the value of it, and the pressure of the population within the then city-walls. Some other magnificent streets built subsequently, are wider, though still a good deal too narrow. The Genoese have found out before ourselves, the folly of calling a street, New Street; but have not very wisely corrected it by naming one of their last, *Newest* Street,—Strada Nuovissima. Upon this principle, they must call the next street they build, Newer-than-all street, or Extremely-new Street, or New-of-the-very-newest-description Street. But perhaps they are somewhat hampered at present with regard to names.

I had scarcely set foot in Genoa (which was the first time I had been in the South) when I encountered a religious procession. I found chairs brought out in one of the streets, and well-dressed company seated on each side, as in a music-room. In Genoa some of the streets are paved all over. In the rest, the flat pavement is in the middle, and used both for traffic and walking. This, I suppose, originated in a vile custom which they have in several cities of Italy,—the same which Smollet delights to speak of in Edinburgh. Accidents frequently occur in consequence; but any thing is sooner mended than a habit originating in idleness or moral indifference; and the inhabitants and the mules go on in their old way. To return to the procession.—The reader must imagine a narrow street with the company, as above-mentioned, and an avenue left for the passage of the spectacle. The curiosity expressed in the company's

faces was of a very mild description, the next thing to indifference. The music is heard at a little distance, then a bustling sound of feet, and you see the friars coming up. Nearly at the head of the procession was a little live Virgin about four years old, walking in much state with a silver-looking crown on her head, and a sceptre in her hand. A pleased relation helped her along, occasionally righting the crown and sceptre, which she bore with all that royal gravity which children so soon understand. By her side was another grown person equally pleased, supporting a still smaller St. John, dressed in a lamb-skin, and apparently selected for his office on account of his red little waxen cheeks and curly flaxen hair. He did not seem quite as *au fait* in the matter as the Virgin, but was as grave as need be, and not a little heated. A string of clergy followed in their gowns, carrying large lighted wax candles, and each one assisted by a personage, whose appearance was singularly striking, to a foreigner from a Protestant country. These coadjutors were neither more nor less than the very raggedest and dirtiest fellows, old and young, in all Genoa. There was one to every light. His object was to collect the wax that fell from the candles, which he did in a piece of twisted paper; and the candle appeared purposely held low, to oblige him with as much as possible. The wax is sold by him, as consecrated. I dare say this accompaniment of pauperism has a reference to the best doctrines of the Christian religion; but it is a singular mistake, and has a most unedifying appearance. Poverty should not be in this squalid condition, especially by the side of comfortable clergymen. The faces too of the poor fellows had, for the most part, all the signs of bad education. Now and then there was a head like the beggar who sat for Sir Joshua's Ugolino,—a fine head, but still a beggar. Some were of a

portentous raffishness. As to the priests and friars (for there followed a variety) I could not help observing throughout, that with very few exceptions the countenances grew indifferent and worldly as they grew old. A few of the young ones were worthy of the heads in Raphael. One young man had a saint-like manner with him, casting down his eyes and appearing absorbed in meditation; but I thought, when he did cast them up (which he instantly followed by casting them down again) it was in approaching the young ladies. He had certainly a head fit for an Abelard.—I spoke just now of a bustle of feet. You do not know at first to what the loudness of it is owing, but the secret is explained as a large machine approaches, preceded by music. This is a group of wax-work as large as life, carried on the shoulders of ambling friars; for they are obliged to get into that step on account of the weight. It represented, on the present occasion, St. Antonio kneeling before the Virgin, around whom were little angels fluttering like Cupids. It is impossible not to be reminded of Paganism by these spectacles. Indeed, as the Jupiter of the Capitol still sits there under his new name of St. Peter, so there is no doubt that the ancients, under other names, had these identical processions. The Cupids remain unaltered The son of Myrrha himself could not look more lover-like than St. Antonio, nor Venus more polite than the Virgin; and the flowers stuck all about (the favourite emblem of the Cyprian youth) completed the likeness of an ancient festival of Adonis. So also would the priests have looked in their ancient garments; so would have come the music and the torches (paupers excepted); and so would the young priests have looked, in passing by the young ladies. To see the grandeurs of the Catholic religion, you must consult its rarest and most serious festivals, its pictures, and its poet Dante. I

must not forget, that among the musical instruments were violins. One set of friars wore cowls over their faces, having holes only to see through, and looking extremely hideous,—like executioners. Among those that shewed their faces, and did not seem at all ashamed of them, was one good-natured, active personage, who ran back, with much vivacity, to encourage the machine-bearers. He looked as much as to say, "'It is hot enough for you, God knows;'" and so it was.

Somebody has said, that in the South all the monks look like soldiers, and all the soldiers like monks. I dare say this might have been the case before the late spread of liberal opinions; but it is so no longer. In Spain and Portugal it cannot be so; though the Sardinian troops at present quartered in Genoa are for the most part under-grown and poor-looking men. The officers however are better. They have a propensity, common I am told in the South, to over-grown caps and epaulets; but they have otherwise a manly aspect, and look more like gentlemen than any one else. This indeed is always the case, where there is any difference; military habits begetting an air of self-possession. The Piedmontese soldiery are remarkably well-dressed. They have a bad way of learning their exercise. They accompany every motion,—the whole set of men,—with a loud Ho! just as if a multitude of quick paviours were at work. This, besides encouraging noise, must take away from a ready dependance on the eye.

I went into the churches every day, when I was on shore. I liked their quiet, their coolness, and their richness. Besides, I find my own religion in some part or other of all imaginative religions. In one of the churches are pillars of porphyry, and several are very imposing; but they struck me upon the whole as exhibiting the genius of a commercial

rather than a tasteful country, and as being more weighty and expensive than any thing else. There are some good pictures; but by far the greater number adorn the houses of the nobility. In all Catholic churches, there is an unfortunate mixture of petty ornaments with great, of dusty artificial flowers with fine altar-pieces, and of wretched little votive pictures, and silver hearts and legs, stuck up by the side of the noblest pieces of art. This is another custom handed down from antiquity. I was reminded of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha, by a painting of a shipwreck, in which the wind blew one way, and the sails another. If a man has got rid of a pain in the pericardium, he dedicates a little silver heart to the saint whose assistance he prayed for. If a toe has been the complaining party, he hangs up a toe. The general feeling is good, but not so the detail. It is affecting, however, to think, that many of the hearts hung up (and they are by far the most numerous) have been owing to pangs of the spirit. The most interesting thing I met with in the Genoese churches, next to a picture by Raphael and Giulio Romano in that of St. Stephen, was a sermon by a friar on Weeping. He seemed a popular preacher, and held the attention of his audience for a good hour. His exordium was in a gentle and restrained voice, but he warmed as he went on, and became as loud and authoritative as the tenderness of his subject could well allow. He gave us an account of all sorts of Tears,—of the tears of joy, and the tears of sorrow, of penitent tears, tears of anger, spite, ill-temper, worldly regret, love, patience, &c. and from what I could collect, with an ear unaccustomed to hear Italian spoken, a very true, as well as full and particular account, it was. The style was much more florid than in our northern sermons. He spoke of murmuring rills and warbling nightingales, and admitted all the merits of poetical luxury; but

in denouncing luxury in general, it was curious to hear a stout, jovial-looking friar exhorting his auditors to value above all other enjoyments that of weeping in solitude. The natives are not likely to be too much softened by injunctions of this description.

(I find I have not dated my journal between the 16th and 22nd.) The houses in Genoa are very high as well as large. Many of them are painted on the outside, not only with pictures, but with imitations of architecture; and whatever we may think of such a taste, must have looked magnificent when the paintings were first executed. Some of them look so now, colours in this beautiful climate retaining their vividness for centuries out of doors. But in some instances, the paintings being done upon stucco, the latter has partly crumbled away; and this gives a shabby, dilapidated appearance to houses otherwise excellent. Nobody seems to think of repairing them. It is the same with many of the houses unpainted, and with common garden walls, most of which must have once made a splendid appearance The mere spirit of commerce has long succeeded to its ancient mixture with a better one; or Genoa would not be what it is in many respects. But a Genoese must have grand notions of houses, especially as in this city as well as the rest of Italy, shop-keepers sometimes occupy the ground floors of the finest mansions. You shall see a blacksmith or a carpenter looking out of a window where you should expect a duchess.

How I hailed the first sight of the vines and orange-trees! Neither Genoa nor even the country about it abounds in either. It is a splendid sea-port of stone and marble, and the mountains immediately about it are barren, though they soon begin to be clothed with olive-trees. But among the gigantic houses and stone walls you now and then detect a garden, with its statues and orange-trees; some of the windows have

vines trailed over them, not in the scanty fashion of our creepers, but like great luxuriant green hair hanging over the houses' eyes: and sometimes the very highest stories have a terrace along the whole length of the house embowered with them. Calling one day upon a gentleman who resided in an elevated part of the suburbs, and to get at whose abode I had walked through a hot sun and a city of stone, I was agreeably surprised, when the door opened, with a long yellow vista of an arcade of vines, at once basking in the sun and defending from it. In the suburbs there are some orchards in all the southern luxuriance of leaves and fruit. In one of these I walked among heaps of vines, olives, cherry, orange and almond trees, and had the pleasure of plucking fresh lemons from the bough, a merry old brown gardener, with a great straw-hat and bare legs, admiring all the while my regard for those common-places, and encouraging me with a good-natured paternity to do what I pleased. The cherries were Brobdignagian, and bursting with juice. Next the orchard was a *wine-garden*, answering to our *tea-gardens*, with vine-arbours and seats as with us, where people come to drink wine and play at their games. Returning through the city, I saw a man in one of the bye streets alternately singing and playing on a pipe, exactly as we conceive of the ancient shepherds.

One night I went to the opera, which was indifferent enough, but I understand it is a good deal better sometimes. The favourite composer here, and all over Italy, is Rossini; for which, as well as the utter neglect of Mozart, some national feelings may enter into others less pardonable. But Rossini is undoubtedly good enough to make us glad to see genius of any sort appreciated. My northern faculties were scandalized at seeing men in the pit with *fans!* Effeminacy

is not always incompatible with courage, but it is a very dangerous help towards it; and I wondered what Doria would have said, had he seen a captain of one of his gallies indulging his cheeks in this manner.

23. To-night the city was illuminated, and bonfires and rockets put in motion, in honour of St. John the Baptist. The effect from the harbour was beautiful; fire, like the stars, having a brilliancy in this pure atmosphere, of which we have no conception. The scent of the perfumes employed in the bonfires was very perceptible on board ship.

24. You learn for the first time in this climate, what colours really are. No wonder it produces painters. An English artist of any enthusiasm might shed tears of vexation, to think of the dull medium through which blue and red come to him in his own atmosphere, compared with this. To-day we saw a boat pass us, which instantly reminded us of Titian, and accounted for him: and yet it contained nothing but an old boatman in a red cap, and some women with him in other colours, one of them in a bright yellow petticoat. But a red cap in Italy goes by you, not like a mere cap, much less any thing vulgar or butcher-like, but like what it is, an intense specimen of the colour of red. It is like a scarlet bud in the blue atmosphere. The old boatman, with his brown hue, his white shirt, and his red cap, made a complete picture; and so did the women and the yellow petticoat. I have seen pieces of orange-coloured silk hanging out against a wall at a dyer's, which gave the eye a pleasure truly sensual. Some of these boatmen are very fine men. I was rowed to shore one day by a man the very image of Kemble. He had nothing but his shirt on, and it was really grand to see the mixed power and gracefulness with which all his limbs came into play as he pulled

the oars, occasionally turning his heroic profile to give a glance behind him at other boats. They generally row standing, and pushing from them.

The most interesting sight, after all, in Genoa, was the one we first saw,—the Doria palace. Bonaparte lodged there when he was in Genoa; but this, which would have been one of its greatest praises, had he done all he could have done for liberty, is one of its least. Andrew Doria dwelt there after a long life, which he spent in giving security and glory to his country, and which he crowned by his refusal of sovereign power. "I know the value," said he, "of the liberty I have earned for my country, and shall I finish by taking it from her?" When upwards of eighty, he came forward and took the command of an armament in a rough season. His friends remonstrated, "Excuse me," said he, "I have never yet stopped for any thing when my duty was in the way, and at my time of life one cannot get rid of one's old habits." This is the very perfection of a speech,—a mixture of warrantable self-esteem, modesty, energy, pathos, and pleasantry: for it contains them all. He died upwards of ninety. I asked for Doria's descendants, and was told they were rich. The Pallavicini, with whom the Cromwell family were connected, are extant. I could ascertain nothing more of the other old families, except that they had acquired a considerable dislike of the English; which under all circumstances is in their favour. I found one thing however which they *did*, and I must correct, in favour of this one thing, what I have said about the Doria palace; for the sight of it upon the whole gave me still greater satisfaction; and having since returned to the neighbourhood of Genoa to live there awhile, I have had particular pleasure in going over the ground which it has rendered honourable. This is the overthrow of the Genoese

Inquisition. There was a wish the other day to rebuild it; but this, I am told, the old families opposed; and the last ruins of it are now being cleared away. It is pleasant to see the workmen knocking its old marble jaws about.

You must take this as a mere superficial sketch of Genoa, the result of first impressions. But it is correct as far as it goes. Since my visit in the summer, I have lived in the neighbourhood for some weeks, and found nothing to alter. I have not spoken however of one main thing, the insides of the great houses. I have hitherto seen but two, and those slightly; but writers give us magnificent accounts of them, worthy of the outside. One is described as having terraces on every floor, adorned with orange-trees: and there are paintings in most from the hands of the great masters. Upon the character of the nation I feel myself still less warranted to speak from personal acquaintance; but I may observe generally, that they seem to partake of the usual faults and capabilities of an active people brought up in habits of money-getting. In an historical point of view, it is certain that Genoa has shewn both how much and how little can be done by mere commerce. A great man here and there in former times is an exception; and the princely mansions, the foundations of schools and hospitals, and the erection of costly churches, attest that in similar periods money-getting had not degenerated into miserliness. But the Genoese did not cultivate mind enough to keep up the breed of patriots; and it remained for an indignant spirit to issue out of a neighbouring arbitrary monarchy and read them lectures on their absorption in money-getting. Alfieri, in his Satire on Commerce, ranks them with their mules. It avails nothing to a people to be merely acquiring money, while the rest of the world are acquiring ideas;—a truth which more powerful governments than the late Genoese will find before long, if

they are traitors enough to their own reputation to set their faces against that nobler traffic. But this, at the present time of day, is surely impossible. It turns out, that Genoa and its neighbourhood have no pretensions to Columbus; which is lucky for her. He was born at Cuccaro in the province of Aqui, not far from Asti,—Alfieri's birth-place. Chiabrera, who is sometimes called the Italian Pindar, was born near Genoa, at Savona. I have read little of him; but he must have merit to be counted an Italian Classic: and it says little for the Genoese, that I could not find a copy of his works at their principal bookseller's. Frugoni, their other poet, was born, I believe, in the same place. He is easy and lively, but wrote a great deal too much, probably for bread. There is a pleasant petition of his in verse to the Genoese senate, about some family claims, in which he gives an account of his debts, that must have startled the faculties of that prudent and opulent body. A few more Frugonis however, and a few less rich men, would have been better for Genoa. The best production I ever met with from a Genoese pen, is a noble sonnet by Giambattista Pastorini, a Jesuit; written, I believe, after the bombardment of the city by the troops of Louis XIV. It begins, "Genova mia, se con asciutto ciglio." I am sorry I have it not by me to copy out. The poet glories in the resistance made by Genoa, and kisses the ruins caused by the bombardment with transport. What must have been his mortification, when he saw the Doge and a number of senators set out for France, to go and apologise to Louis XIVth, for having been so erroneous as to defend their country!

There is a proverb which says of Genoa, that it has a sea without fish, land without trees, men without faith, and women without modesty. Ligurian trickery is a charge as old as Virgil. But M. Millin very properly observes (*Voyage en Savoie, &c.*) that accusations of this description are gene-

rally made by jealous neighbours, and that the Genoese have most likely no more want of good faith than other Italians who keep shops. I must confess, at the same time, that the most barefaced trick ever attempted to be practised on myself, was by a Genoese. The sea, it is said, has plenty of fish, only the duty on it is very high, and the people prefer butchers' meat. This is hardly a good reason why fish is not eaten at a sea-port. Perhaps it is naturally scarce at the extreme point of a gulf like that of Genoa. The land is naked enough, certainly, in the immediate vicinity, though it soon begins to be otherwise. As to the women, they have fine eyes and figures, but by no means appear destitute of modesty; and modesty has much to do with appearance. The charge of want of modesty is, at all times and in all places, the one most likely to be made by those who have no modesty themselves.

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

After the death of Manfred, King of Naples, the Ghibellines lost their ascendency throughout Italy. The exiled Guelphs returned to their native cities; and not contented with resuming the reins of government, they prosecuted their triumph until the Ghibellines in their turn were obliged to fly, and to mourn in banishment over the violent party spirit which had before occasioned their bloody victories, and now their irretrievable defeat. After an obstinate contest the Florentine Ghibellines were forced to quit their native town; their estates were confiscated; their attempts to reinstate themselves frustrated; and receding from castle to castle, they at length took refuge in Lucca, and awaited with impatience the arrival of Corradino from Germany, through whose influence they hoped again to establish the Imperial supremacy.

The first of May was ever a day of rejoicing and festivity at Florence. The youth of both sexes, of the highest rank, paraded the streets, crowned with flowers, and singing the canzonets of the day. In the evening they assembled in the *Piazza del Duomo*, and spent the hours in dancing. The *Carroccio* was led through the principal streets, the ringing of its bell drowned in the peals that rang from every belfry in the city, and in the music of fifes and drums which made a part of the procession that followed it. The triumph of the reigning party in Florence caused them to celebrate the

anniversary of the first of May, 1268, with peculiar splendour. They had indeed hoped that Charles d'Anjou, King of Naples, the head of the Guelphs in Italy, and then *Vicare* of their republic, would have been there to adorn the festival by his presence. But the expectation of Corradino had caused the greater part of his newly conquered and oppressed kingdom to revolt, and he had hastily quitted Tuscany to secure by his presence those conquests of which his avarice and cruelty endangered the loss. But although Charles somewhat feared the approaching contest with Corradino, the Florentine Guelphs, newly reinstated in their city and possessions, did not permit a fear to cloud their triumph. The principal families vied with each other in the display of their magnificence during the festival. The knights followed the *Carroccio* on horseback, and the windows were filled with ladies who leant upon gold-inwoven carpets, while their own dresses, at once simple and elegant, their only ornaments flowers, contrasted with the glittering tapestry and the brilliant colours of the flags of the various communities. The whole population of Florence poured into the principal streets, and none were left at home, except the decrepid and sick, unless it were some discontented Ghibelline, whose fear, poverty, or avarice, had caused him to conceal his party, when it had been banished from the city.

It was not the feeling of discontent which prevented Monna Gegia de' Becari from being among the first of the revellers; and she looked angrily on what she called her "Ghibelline leg," which fixed her to her chair on such a day of triumph. The sun shone in all its glory in an unclouded sky, and caused the fair Florentines to draw their *fazioles* over their dark eyes, and to bereave the youth of those beams more vivifying than the sun's rays. The same sun poured its full light into the lonely apartment of Monna

Gegia, and almost extinguished the fire which was lighted in the middle of the room, over which hung the pot of *minestra*, the dinner of the dame and her husband. But she had deserted the fire and was seated by her window, holding her beads in her hand, while every now and then she peeped from her lattice (five stories high) into the narrow lane below,—but no creature passed. She looked at the opposite window; a cat slept there beside a pot of heliotrope, but no human being was heard or seen;—they had all gone to the *Piazza del Duomo*.

Monna Gegia was an old woman, and her dress of green *calrasio* shewed that she belonged to one of the *Arti Minori*. Her head was covered by a red kerchief, which, folded triangularly, hung loosely over it; her grey hairs were combed back from her high and wrinkled brow. The quickness of her eye spoke the activity of her mind, and the slight irritability that lingered about the corners of her lips might be occasioned by the continual war maintained between her bodily and mental faculties.—"Now, by St. John!" she said, "I would give my gold cross to make one of them; though by giving that I should appear on a *festa* without that which no *festa* yet ever found me wanting."——And as she spoke she looked with great complacency on a large but thin gold cross which was tied round her withered neck by a ribbon, once black, now of a rusty brown.——"Methinks this leg of mine is bewitched; and it may well be that my Ghibelline husband has used the black art to hinder me from following the *Carrocio* with the best of them."——A slight sound as of footsteps in the street far below interrupted the good woman's soliloquy.—"Perhaps it is Monna Lisabetta, or Messer Giani dei Agli, the weaver, who mounted the breach first when the castle of Pagibonzi was taken."—She looked down, but could see no one, and was about to relapse into her old

train of thoughts, when her attention was again attracted by the sound of steps ascending the stairs: they were slow and heavy, but she did not doubt who her visitant was when a key was applied to the hole of the door; the latch was lifted up, and a moment after, with an unassured mien and downcast eyes, her husband entered.

He was a short stunted man, more than sixty years of age; his shoulders were broad and high; his legs short; his lank hair, though it grew now only on the back of his head, was still coal-black; his brows were overhanging and bushy; his eyes black and quick; his complexion dark and weather-beaten: his lips as it were contradicted the sternness of the upper part of his face, for their gentle curve betokened even delicacy of sentiment, and his smile was inexpressibly sweet, although a short, bushy, grey beard somewhat spoiled the expression of his countenance. His dress consisted of leather trowsers and a kind of short, coarse, cloth tunic, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle. He had on a low-crowned, red, cloth cap, which he drew over his eyes, and seating himself on a low bench by the fire, he heaved a deep sigh. He appeared disinclined to enter into any conversation, but Monna Gegia, looking on him with a smile of ineffable contempt, was resolved that he should not enjoy his melancholy mood uninterrupted.—"Have you been to mass, Cincolo?"—she asked; beginning by a question sufficiently removed from the point she longed to approach.—He shrugged his shoulders uneasily, but did not reply.—"You are too early for your dinner," continued Gegia; "Do you not go out again?"—Cincolo answered, "No!" in an accent that denoted his disinclination to further questioning. But this very impatience only served to feed the spirit of contention that was fermenting in the bosom of Gegia.—"You are not used," she said, "to pass your May days under your chimney."——No answer.—"Well," she

continued, "if you will not speak, I have done!"—meaning that she intended to begin—"but by that lengthened face of thine I see that some good news is stirring abroad, and I bless the Virgin for it, whatever it may be. Come, if thou be not too curst, tell me what happy tidings make thee so woe-begone."—

Cincolo remained silent for awhile, then turning half round but not looking at his wife, he replied,—"What if old Marzio the lion be dead?"—Gegia turned pale at the idea, but a smile that lurked in the good-natured mouth of her husband reassured her. "Nay, St. John defend us!" she began;—"but that is not true. Old Marzio's death would not drive you within these four walls, except it were to triumph over your old wife. By the blessing of St. John, not one of our lions have died since the eve of the battle of Monte Aperto; and I doubt not that they were poisoned; for Mari, who fed them that night, was more than half a Ghibelline in his heart. Besides, the bells are still ringing, and the drums still beating, and all would be silent enough if old Marzio were to die. On the first of May too! Santa Reparata is too good to us to allow such ill luck;—and she has more favour, I trust, in the seventh heaven than all the Ghibelline saints in your calendar. No, good Cincolo, Marzio is not dead, nor the Holy Father, nor Messer Carlo of Naples; but I would bet my gold cross against the wealth of your banished men, that Pisa is taken—or Corradino—or—"—"And I here! No, Gegia, old as I am, and much as you need my help (and that last is why I am here at all) Pisa would not be taken while this old body could stand in the breach; or Corradino die, till this lazy blood were colder on the ground than it is in my body. Ask no more questions, and do not rouse me: there is no news, no good or ill luck, that I know. But when I saw the Neri, the Pulci, the Buon-

delmonti, and the rest of them, ride like kings through the streets, whose very hands are hardly dry from the blood of my kindred; when I saw their daughter crowned with flowers, and thought how the daughter of Arrigo dei Elisei was mourning for her murdered father, with ashes on her head, by the hearth of a stranger—my spirit must be more dead than it is if such a sight did not make me wish to drive among them; and methought I could scatter their pomp with my awl for a sword. But I remembered thee, and am here unstained with blood."

"That thou wilt never be!" cried Monna Gegia, the colour rising in her wrinkled cheeks:—"Since the battle of Monte Aperto, thou hast never been well washed of that shed by thee and thy confederates;—and how could ye? for the Arno has never since run clear of the blood then spilt."—"And if the sea were red with that blood, still while there is any of the Guelphs' to spill, I am ready to spill it, were it not for thee. Thou dost well to mention Monte Aperto, and thou wouldst do better to remember over whom its grass now grows."—"Peace, Cincolo; a mother's heart has more memory in it than thou thinkest; and I well recollect who spurned me as I knelt, and dragged my only child, but sixteen years of age, to die in the cause of that misbeliever Manfred. Let us indeed speak no more. Woe was the day when I married thee! but those were happy times when there was neither Guelph nor Ghibelline;—they will never return."—"Never,—until, as thou sayest, the Arno run clear of the blood shed on its banks;—never while I can pierce the heart of a Guelph;—never till both parties are cold under one bier."—"And thou and I, Cincolo?—" "Are two old fools, and shall be more at peace under ground than above it. Rank Guelph as thou art, I married thee before I was a Ghibelline; so now I must eat from the same platter

with the enemy of Manfred, and make shoes for Guelphs, instead of following the fortunes of Corradino, and sending them, my battle-axe in my hand, to buy their shoes in Bologna."—"Hush! hush! good man, talk not so loud of thy party; hearest thou not that some one knocks?"—

Cincolo went to open the door with the air of a man who thinks himself ill used at being interrupted in his discourse, and is disposed to be angry with the intruder, however innocent he might be of any intention of breaking in upon his eloquent complaint. The appearance of his visitor calmed his indignant feelings. He was a youth whose countenance and person shewed that he could not be more than sixteen, but there was a self-possession in his demeanour and a dignity in his physiognomy that belonged to a more advanced age. His figure though not tall was slight; and his countenance though of wonderful beauty and regularity of feature, was pale as monumental marble; the thick and curling locks of his chesnut hair clustered over his brow and round his fair throat; his cap was drawn far down on his forehead. Cincolo was about to usher him with deference into his humble room, but the youth staid him with his hand, and uttered the words "*Swabia, Cavalieri!*" the words by which the Ghibellines were accustomed to recognize each other. He continued in a low and hurried tone: "Your wife is within?"—"She is."—"Enough; although I am a stranger to you, I come from an old friend. Harbour me until nightfall; we will then go out, and I will explain to you the motives of my intrusion. Call me Ricciardo de' Rossini of Milan, travelling to Rome. I leave Florence this evening."

Having said these words, without giving Cincolo time to reply, he motioned that they should enter the room. Monna Gegia had fixed her eyes on the door from the moment he had opened it with a look of impatient curiosity; when she

saw the youth enter she could not refrain from exclaiming —"Gesu Maria!"—so different was he from any one she had expected to see.—"A friend from Milan," said Cincolo. —"More likely from Lucca," replied his wife, gazing on her visitant:—"You are doubtless one of the banished men, and you are more daring than wise to enter this town: however, if you be not a spy, you are safe with me."—Ricciardo smiled and thanked her in a low, sweet voice:—"If you do not turn me out," he said, "I shall remain under your roof nearly all the time I remain in Florence, and I leave it soon after dusk."

Gegia again gazed on her guest, nor did Cincolo scrutinize him with less curiosity. His black cloth tunic reached below his knees and was confined by a black leather girdle at the waist. He had on trowsers of coarse scarlet stuff, over which were drawn short boots, such as are now seen on the stage only: a cloak of common fox's fur, unlined, hung from his shoulder. But although his dress was thus simple, it was such as was then worn by the young Florentine nobility. At that time the Italians were simple in their private habits: the French army led by Charles d'Anjou into Italy first introduced luxury into the palaces of the Cisalpines. Manfred was a magnificent prince, but it was his saintly rival who was the author of that trifling foppery of dress and ornaments, which degrades a nation, and is a sure precursor of their downfall. But of Ricciardo—his countenance had all the regularity of a Grecian head; and his blue eyes, shaded by very long, dark eyelashes, were soft, yet full of expression: when he looked up, the heavy lids, as it were, unveiled the gentle light beneath, and then again closed over them, as shading what was too brilliant to behold. His lips expressed the deepest sensibility, and something perhaps of timidity, had not the placid confidence of his demeanour forbidden such

an idea. His appearance was extraordinary, for he was young and delicate of frame, while the decision of his manner prevented the feeling of pity from arising in the spectator's mind: you might love him; but he rose above compassion.

His host and hostess were at first silent; but he asked some natural questions about the buildings of their city, and by degrees led them into discourse. When mid-day struck, Cincolo looked towards his pot of *minestra*, and Ricciardo following his look, asked if that was not the dinner. "You must entertain me," he said, "for I have not eaten to-day." A table was drawn near the window, and the *minestra* poured out into one plate was placed in the middle of it, a spoon was given to each, and a jug of wine filled from a barrel. Ricciardo looked at the two old people, and seemed somewhat to smile at the idea of eating from the same plate with them; he ate, however, though sparingly, and drank of the wine, though with still greater moderation. Cincolo, however, under pretence of serving his guest, filled his jug a second time, and was about to rise for the third measure, when Ricciardo, placing his small white hand on his arm, said, "Are you a German, my friend, that you cease not after so many draughts? I have heard that you Florentines were a sober people."

Cincolo was not much pleased with this reproof; but he felt that it was timely; so, conceding the point, he sat down again, and somewhat heated with what he had already drank, he asked his guest the news from Germany, and what hopes for the good cause? Monna Gegia bridled at these words, and Ricciardo replied, "Many reports are abroad, and high hopes entertained, especially in the North of Italy, for the success of our expedition. Corradino is arrived at Genoa, and it is hoped that, although the ranks

of his army were much thinned by the desertion of his German troops, that they will be quickly filled by Italians, braver and truer than those foreigners, who, strangers to our soil, could not fight for his cause with our ardour."—"And how does he bear himself?"—"As beseems one of the house of Swabia, and the nephew of Manfred. He is inexperienced and young, even to childishness. He is not more than sixteen. His mother would hardly consent to this expedition, but wept with agony at the fear of all he might endure: for he has been bred in a palace, nursed in every luxury, and habituated to all the flattering attentions of courtiers, and the tender care of a woman, who, although she be a princess, has waited on him with the anxious solicitude of a cottager for her infant. But Corradino is of good heart; docile, but courageous; obedient to his wiser friends, gentle to his inferiors, but noble of soul, the spirit of Manfred seems to animate his unfolding mind; and surely, if that glorious prince now enjoys the reward of his surpassing virtues, he looks down with joy and approbation on him who is, I trust, destined to fill his throne."

The enthusiasm with which Ricciardo spoke suffused his pale countenance with a slight blush, while his eyes swam in the lustre of the dew that filled them. Monna Gegia was little pleased with his harangue, but curiosity kept her silent, while her husband proceeded to question his guest. "You seem to be well acquainted with Corradino?"—"I saw him at Milan, and was closely connected with his most intimate friend there. As I have said, he has arrived at Genoa, and perhaps has even now landed at Pisa: he will find many friends in that town?" "Every man there will be his friend. But during his journey southward he will have to contend with our Florentine army, commanded by the Marshals of the usurper Charles, and assisted by his troops.

Charles himself has left us, and is gone to Naples to prepare for this war. But he is detested there, as a tyrant and a robber, and Corradino will be received in the Regno as a saviour: so that if he once surmount the obstacles which oppose his entrance, I do not doubt his success, and trust that he will be crowned within a month at Rome, and the week after sit on the throne of his ancestors in Naples."

"And who will crown him?" cried Gegia, unable to contain herself: "Italy contains no heretic base enough to do such a deed, unless it be a Jew; or he send to Constantinople for a Greek, or to Egypt for a Mahometan. Cursed may the race of the Frederics ever be! Thrice cursed one who has affinity to that miscreant Manfred! And little do you please me, young man, by holding such discourse in my house." Cincolo looked at Ricciardo, as if he feared that so violent a partisan for the house of Swabia would be irritated at his wife's attack; but he was looking on the aged woman with a regard of the most serene benignity; no contempt even was mingled with the gentle smile that played round his lips. "I will restrain myself," he said; and turning to Cincolo, he conversed on more general subjects, describing the various cities of Italy that he had visited; discussing their modes of government, and relating anecdotes concerning their inhabitants, with an air of experience that, contrasted with his youthful appearance, greatly impressed Cincolo, who looked on him at once with admiration and respect. Evening came on. The sound of bells died away after the *Ave Maria* had ceased to ring; but the distant sound of music was wafted to them by the night air, and its quick time indicated that the music was already begun. Ricciardo was about to address Cincolo, when a knocking at the gate interrupted him. It was Buzeccha, the Saracen, a famous chess-player, who was used to parade about

under the colonnades of the Duomo, and challenge the young nobles to play; and sometimes much stress was laid on these games, and the gain and loss became the talk of Florence. Buzeccha was a tall ungainly man, with all that good-natured consequence of manner, which the fame he had acquired by his proficiency in so trifling a science, and the familiarity with which he was permitted to treat those superior to him in rank, who were pleased to measure their forces with him, might well bestow. He was beginning with, "Eh, Messere!" when perceiving Ricciardo, he cried, "Who have we here?" "A friend to good men," replied Ricciardo, smiling. "Then, by Mahomet, thou art my friend, my stripling." "Thou shouldst be a Saracen, by thy speech?" said Ricciardo. "And through the help of the Prophet, so am I. One who in Manfred's time——but no more of that. We won't talk of Manfred, eh, Monna Gegia? I am Buzeccha, the chess-player, at your service, Messer lo Forestiere."

The introduction thus made, they began to talk of the procession of the day. After a while, Buzeccha introduced his favourite subject of chess-playing; he recounted some wonderfully good strokes he had achieved, and related to Ricciardo how before the *Palagio del Popolo*, in the presence of Count Guido Novello de' Giudi, then *Vicare* of the city, he had played an hour at three chess-boards with three of the best chess-players in Florence, playing two by memory, and one by sight; and out of three games which made the board, he had won two. This account was wound up by a proposal to play with his host. "Thou art a hard-headed fellow, Cincolo, and make better play than the nobles. I would swear that thou thinkest of chess only as thou cobblest thy shoes; every hole of your awl is a square of the board, every stitch a move, and a finished pair, paid

for, check-mate to your adversary; eh! Cincolo? Bring out the field of battle, man." Ricciardo interposed, "I leave Florence in two hours, and before I go, Messer Cincolo promised to conduct me to the *Piazza del Duomo.*" "Plenty of time, good youth," cried Buzeccha, arranging his men; "I only claim one game, and my games never last more than a quarter of an hour; and then we will both escort you, and you shall dance a set into the bargain with a black-eyed Houri, all Nazarene as thou art. So stand out of my light, good youth, and shut the window, if you have heeding, that the torch flare not so."

Ricciardo seemed amused by the authorative tone of the chess-player; he shut the window and trimmed the torch, which, stuck against the wall, was the only light they had, and stood by the table, over-looking the game. Monna Gegia had replaced the pot for supper, and sat somewhat uneasily, as if she were displeased that her guest did not talk with her. Cincolo and Buzeccha were deeply intent on their game, when a knock was heard at the door. Cincolo was about to rise and open it, but Ricciardo saying, "Do not disturb yourself," opened it himself, with the manner of one who does humble offices as if ennobling them, so that no one action can be more humble to them than another. The visitant was welcomed by Gegia alone, with "Ah! Messer Beppe, this is kind, on May-day night." Ricciardo glanced slightly on him, and then resumed his stand by the players. There was little in Messer Beppe to attract a favourable regard. He was short, thin, and dry; his face long-drawn and liny; his eyes deep-set and scowling; his lips straight, his nose hooked, and his head covered by a close scull-cap, his hair cut close all round. He sat down near Gegia, and began to discourse in a whining, servile voice, complimenting her on her good looks, launching

forth into praise of the magnificence of certain Guelph Florentines, and concluded by declaring that he was hungry and tired.—"Hungry, Beppe?" said Gegia, "that should have been your first word, friend. Cincolo, wilt thou give thy guest to eat? Cincolo, art thou deaf? Art thou blind? Dost thou not hear? Wilt thou not see?—Here is Messer Giuseppe de' Bosticchi."

Cincolo slowly, his eyes still fixed on the board, was about to rise. But the name of the visitant seemed to have the effect of magic on Ricciardo. "Bosticchi!" he cried—"Giuseppe Bosticchi! I did not expect to find that man beneath thy roof, Cincolo, all Guelph as thy wife is—for she also has eaten of the bread of the Elisei. Farewell! thou wilt find me in the street below; follow me quickly." He was about to go, but Bosticchi placed himself before the door, saying in a tone whose whine expressed mingled rage and servility, "In what have I offended this young gentleman? Will he not tell me my offence?"—"Dare not to stop my way," cried Ricciardo, passing his hand before his eyes, "nor force me again to look on thee—Begone!" Cincolo stopt him: "Thou art too hasty, and far too passionate, my noble guest," said he: "however this man may have offended thee, thou art too violent." "Violent!" cried Ricciardo, almost suffocated by passionate emotion—"Aye, draw thy knife, and shew the blood of Arrigo dei Elisei with which it is still stained."

A dead silence followed. Bosticchi slunk out of the room; Ricciardo hid his face in his hands and wept. But soon he calmed his passion and said:—"This is indeed childish. Pardon me; that man is gone; excuse and forget my violence. Resume thy game, Cincolo, but conclude it quickly, for time gains on us—Hark! an hour of night sounds from the Campanile." "The game is already concluded," said

Buzeccha, sorrowfully, "thy cloak overthrew the best check-mate this head ever planned—so God forgive thee!" "Check-mate!" cried the indignant Cincolo, "Check-mate! and my queen mowing you down, rank and file!"—"Let us begone," exclaimed Ricciardo: "Messer Buzeccha, you will play out your game with Monna Gezia. Cincolo will return ere long." So taking his host by the arm, he drew him out of the room, and descended the narrow high stairs with the air of one to whom those stairs were not unknown.

When in the street he slackened his pace, and first looking round to assure himself that none overheard their conversation, he addressed Cincolo:—"Pardon me, my dear friend; I am hasty, and the sight of that man made every drop of my blood cry aloud in my veins. But I do not come here to indulge in private sorrows or private revenge, and my design ought alone to engross me. It is necessary for me to see, speedily and secretly, Messer Guielmo Lostendardo, the Neapolitan commander. I bear a message to him from the Countess Elizabeth, the mother of Corradino, and I have some hope that its import may induce him to take at least a neutral part during the impending conflict. I have chosen you, Cincolo, to aid me in this, for not only you are of that little note in your town that you may act for me without attracting observation, but you are brave and true, and I may confide to your known worth. Lostendardo resides at the *Palagio del Governo;* when I enter its doors I am in the hands of my enemies, and its dungeons may alone know the secret of my destiny. I hope better things. But if after two hours I do not appear or let you hear of my welfare, carry this packet to Corradino at Pisa: you will then learn who I am, and if you feel any indignation at my fate,

let that feeling attach you still more strongly to the cause for which I live and die."

As Ricciardo spoke he still walked on; and Cincolo observed, that without his guidance he directed his steps towards the *Palagio del Governe.* "I do not understand this," said the old man;—"by what argument, unless you bring one from the other world, do you hope to induce Messer Guielmo to aid Corradino? He is so bitter an enemy of Manfred, that although that Prince is dead, yet when he mentions his name he grasps the air as it were a dagger. I have heard him with horrible imprecations curse the whole house of Swabia." A tremor shook the frame of Ricciardo, but he replied, "Lostendardo was once the firmest support of that house and the friend of Manfred. Strange circumstances gave birth in his mind to this unnatural hatred, and he became a traitor. But perhaps now that Manfred is in Paradise, the youth, the virtues, and the inexperience of Corradino may inspire him with more generous feelings and reawaken his ancient faith. At least I must make this last trial. This cause is too holy, too sacred, to admit of common forms of reasoning or action. The nephew of Manfred must sit upon the throne of his ancestors; and to achieve that I will endure what I am about to endure."

They entered the palace of government. Messer Guielmo was carousing in the great hall. "Bear this ring to him, good Cincolo, and say that I wait. Be speedy, that my courage, my life, do not desert me at the moment of trial."—Cincolo, casting one more inquisitive glance on his extraordinary companion, obeyed his orders, while the youth leant against one of the pillars of the court and passionately cast up his eyes to the clear firmament. "Oh, ye stars!" he cried in a smothered voice, "ye are eternal; let my purpose, my will, be as constant as ye!" Then, more calm, he folded

his arms in his cloak, and with strong inward struggle endeavoured to repress his emotion. Several servants approached him and bade him follow them. Again he looked at the sky and said, "Manfred," and then he walked on with slow but firm steps. They led him through several halls and corridors to a large apartment hung with tapestry, and well lighted by numerous torches; the marble of the floor reflected their glare, and the arched roof echoed the footsteps of one who paced the apartment as Ricciardo entered. It was Lostendardo. He made a sign that the servants should retire; the heavy door closed behind them, and Ricciardo stood alone with Messer Guielmo; his countenance pale but composed, his eyes cast down as in expectation, not in fear; and but for the convulsive motion of his lips, you would have guessed that every faculty was almost suspended by intense agitation.

Lostendardo approached. He was a man in the prime of life, tall and athletic; he seemed capable with a single exertion to crush the frail being of Ricciardo. Every feature of his countenance spoke of the struggle of passions, and the terrible egotism of one who would sacrifice even himself to the establishment of his will: his black eyebrows were scattered, his grey eyes deep set and scowling, his look at once stern and haggard. A smile seemed never to have disturbed the settled scorn which his lips expressed; his high forehead, already becoming bald, was marked by a thousand contradictory lines. His voice was studiously restrained as he said: "Wherefore do you bring that ring?"—Ricciardo looked up and met his eye, which glanced fire as he exclaimed—"Despina!" He seized her hand with a giant's grasp:—"I have prayed for this night and day, and thou art now here! Nay, do not struggle; you are mine; for by my salvation I swear that thou shalt never again escape me."

Despina replied calmly—"Thou mayst well believe that in thus placing myself in thy power I do not dread any injury thou canst inflict upon me,—or I were not here. I do not fear thee, for I do not fear death. Loosen then thy hold, and listen to me. I come in the name of those virtues that were once thine; I come in the name of all noble sentiment, generosity, and ancient faith; and I trust that in listening to me your heroic nature will second my voice, and that Lostendardo will no longer rank with those whom the good and great never name but to condemn."

Lostendardo appeared to attend little to what she said. He gazed on her with triumph and malignant pride; and if he still held her, his motive appeared rather the delight he felt in displaying his power over her, than any fear that she would escape. You might read in her pale cheek and glazed eye, that if she feared, it was herself alone that she mistrusted; that her design lifted her above mortal dread, and that she was as impassive as the marble she resembled to any event that did not either advance or injure the object for which she came. They were both silent, until Lostendardo leading her to a seat, and then standing opposite to her, his arms folded, every feature dilated by triumph, and his voice sharpened by agitation, he said: "Well, speak! What wouldst thou with me?"—"I come to request, that if you can not be induced to assist Prince Corradino in the present struggle, you will at least stand neutral, and not oppose his advance to the kingdom of his ancestors." Lostendardo laughed. The vaulted roof repeated the sound, but the harsh echo, though it resembled the sharp cry of an animal of prey whose paw is on the heart of its enemy, was not so discordant and dishuman as the laugh itself. "How," he asked, "dost thou pretend to induce me to comply? This dagger," and he touched the hilt of one, that was half con-

cealed in his vesture, "is yet stained by the blood of Manfred; ere long it will be sheathed in the heart of that foolish boy."

Despina conquered the feeling of horror these words inspired, and replied: "Will you give me a few minutes' patient hearing?"—"I will give you a few minutes' hearing, and if I be not so patient as in the Palagio Reale, fair Despina must excuse me. Forbearance is not a virtue to which I aspire."—"Yes, it was in the Palagio Reale at Naples, the palace of Manfred, that you first saw me. You were then the bosom friend of Manfred, selected by that choice specimen of humanity as his confidant and counsellor. Why did you become a traitor? Start not at that word: if you could hear the united voice of Italy, and even of those who call themselves your friends, they would echo that name. Why did you thus degrade and belie yourself? You call me the cause, yet I am most innocent. You saw me at the court of your master, an attendant on Queen Sibilla, and one who unknown to herself had already parted with her heart, her soul, her will, her entire being, an involuntary sacrifice at the shrine of all that is noble and divine in human nature. My spirit worshipped Manfred as a saint, and my pulses ceased to beat when his eye fell upon me. I felt this, but I knew it not. You awoke me from my dream. You said that you loved me, and you reflected in too faithful a mirror my own emotions: I saw myself and shuddered. But the profound and eternal nature of my passion saved me. I loved Manfred. I loved the sun because it enlightened him; I loved the air that fed him; I deified myself for that my heart was the temple in which he resided. I devoted myself to Sibilla, for she was his wife, and never in thought or dream degraded the purity of my affection towards him. For this you hated him. He was ignorant of my passion:

my heart contained it as a treasure which you having discovered came to rifle. You could more easily deprive me of life than my devotion for your king, and therefore you were a traitor.

"Manfred died, and you thought that I had then forgotten him. But love would indeed be a mockery if death were not the most barefaced cheat. How can he die who is immortalized in my thoughts—my thoughts, that comprehend the universe, and contain eternity in their graspings? What though his earthly vesture is thrown as a despised weed beside the verde, he lives in my soul as lovely, as noble, as entire, as when his voice awoke the mute air: nay, his life is more entire, more true. For before, that small shrine that encased his spirit was all that existed of him; but now, he is a part of all things; his spirit surrounds me, interpenetrates; and divided from him during his life, his death has united me to him for ever."

The countenance of Lostendardo darkened fearfully.—When she paused, he looked black as the sea before the heavily charged thunder-clouds that canopy it dissolve themselves in rain. The tempest of passion that arose in his heart seemed too mighty to admit of swift manifestation; it came slowly up from the profoundest depths of his soul, and emotion was piled upon emotion before the lightning of his anger sped to its destination. "Your arguments, eloquent Despina," he said, "are indeed unanswerable. They work well for your purpose. Corradino is I hear at Pisa: you have sharpened my dagger; and before the air of another night rust it, I may by deeds have repaid your insulting words."

"How far do you mistake me! And is praise and love of all heroic excellence insult to you? Lostendardo, when you first knew me, I was an inexperienced girl; I loved

but knew not what love was, and circumscribing my passion in narrow bounds, I adored the being of Manfred as I might love an effigy of stone, which, when broken, has no longer an existence. I am now much altered. I might before have treated you with disdain or anger, but now these base feelings have expired in my heart. I am animated but by one feeling—an aspiration to another life, another state of being. All the good depart from this strange earth; and I doubt not that when I am sufficiently elevated above human weaknesses, it will also be my turn to leave this scene of woe. I prepare myself for that moment alone; and in endeavouring to fit myself for a union with all the brave, generous, and wise, that once adorned humanity, and have now passed from it, I consecrate myself to the service of this most righteous cause. You wrong me, therefore, if you think there is aught of disdain in what I say, or that any degrading feelings are mingled with my devotion of spirit when I come and voluntarily place myself in your power. You can imprison me for ever in the dungeons of this palace, as a returned Ghibelline and spy, and have me executed as a criminal. But before you do this, pause for your own sake; reflect on the choice of glory or ignominy that you are now about to make. Let your old sentiments of love for the house of Swabia have some sway in your heart; reflect that as you are the despised enemy, so you may become the chosen friend, of its last descendant, and receive from every heart the praise of having restored Corradino to the honours and power to which he was born.

"Compare this prince to the hypocritical, the bloody and mean-spirited Charles. When Manfred died, I went to Germany, and have resided at the court of the Countess Elizabeth; I have, therefore, been an hourly witness of the great and good qualities of Corradino. The bravery of his spirit

makes him rise above the weakness of youth and inexperience: he possesses all the nobility of spirit that belongs to the family of Swabia, and, in addition, a purity and gentleness that attracts the respect and love of the old and wary courtiers of Frederic and Conrad. You are brave, and would be generous, did not the fury of your passions, like a consuming fire, destroy in their violence every generous sentiment: how then can you become the tool of Charles? His scowling eyes and sneering lips betoken the selfishness of his mind. Avarice, cruelty, meanness, and artifice, are the qualities that characterise him, and render him unworthy of the majesty he usurps. Let him return to Provence, and reign with paltry despotism over the luxurious and servile French; the free-born Italians require another Lord. They are not fit to bow to one whose palace is the change-house of money-lenders, whose generals are usurers, whose courtiers are milliners or monks, and who basely vows allegiance to the enemy of freedom and virtue, Clement, the murderer of Manfred. Their king, like them, should be clothed in the armour of valour and simplicity; his ornaments, his shield and spear; his treasury, the possessions of his subjects; his army, their unshaken loves. Charles will treat you as a tool; Corradino as a friend—Charles will make you the detested tyrant of a groaning province; Corradino the governor of a prosperous and happy people.

"I cannot tell by your manner if what I have said has in any degree altered your determination. I cannot forget the scenes that passed between us at Naples. I might then have been disdainful: I am not so now. Your execrations of Manfred excited every angry feeling in my mind; but, as I have said, all but the feeling of love expired in my heart when Manfred died, and methinks that where love is, excellence must be its companion. You said you loved me;

and though, in other times, that love was twin-brother to hate,—though then, poor prisoner in your heart, jealousy, rage, contempt, and cruelty, were its handmaids,—yet if it were love, methinks that its divinity must have purified your heart from baser feelings; and now that I, the bride of Death, am removed from your sphere, gentler feelings may awaken in your bosom, and you may incline mildly to my voice.

"If indeed you loved me, will you not now be my friend? Shall we not hand in hand pursue the same career? Return to your ancient faith; and now that death and religion have placed the seal upon the past, let Manfred's spirit, looking down, behold his repentant friend the firm ally of his successor, the best and last scion of the house of Swabia."

She ceased; for the glare of savage triumph which, as a rising fire at night time, enlightened with growing and fearful radiance the face of Lostendardo, made her pause in her appeal. He did not reply; but when she was silent he quitted the attitude in which he had stood immoveably opposite to her, and pacing the hall with measured steps, his head declined, he seemed to ruminate on some project. Could it be that he weighed her reasonings? If he hesitated, the side of generosity and old fidelity would certainly prevail. Yet she dared not hope; her heart beat fast; she would have knelt, but she feared to move, lest any motion should disturb his thoughts, and curb the flow of good feeling which she fondly hoped had arisen within him: she looked up and prayed silently as she sat. Notwithstanding the glare of the torches, the beams of one small star struggled through the dark window pane; her eye resting on it, her thoughts were at once elevated to the eternity and space which that star symbolized: it seemed to her the spirit of Manfred, and

she inwardly worshipped it, as she prayed that it would shed its benign influence on the soul of Lostendardo.

Some minutes elapsed in this fearful silence, and then he approached her. "Despina, allow me to reflect on your words; to-morrow I will answer you. You will remain in this palace until the morning, and then you shall see and judge of my repentance and returning faith."—He spoke with studious gentleness. Despina could not see his face, for the lights shone behind him. When she looked up to reply, the little star twinkled just above his head, and seemed with its gentle lustre to reassure her. Our minds, when highly wrought, are strangely given to superstition, and Despina lived in a superstitious age. She thought that the star bade her comply, and assured her of protection from heaven:—from where else could she expect it? She said therefore, "I consent. Only let me request that you acquaint the man who gave you my ring that I am safe, or he will fear for me." —"I will do as you desire."—"And I will confide myself to your care. I cannot, dare not, fear you. If you would betray me, still I trust in the heavenly saints that guard humanity."

Her countenance was so calm,—it beamed with so angelic a self-devotion and a belief in good, that Lostendardo dared not look on her. For one moment—as she, having ceased to speak, gazed upon the star—he felt impelled to throw himself at her feet, to confess the diabolical scheme he had forged, and to commit himself body and soul to her guidance, to obey, to serve, to worship her. The impulse was momentary: the feeling of revenge returned on him. From the moment she had rejected him, the fire of rage had burned in his heart, consuming all healthy feeling, all human sympathies and gentleness of soul. He had sworn never to sleep on a bed, or to drink aught but water, until his first cup of wine was

mingled with the blood of Manfred. He had fulfilled this vow. A strange alteration had worked within him from the moment he had drained that unholy cup. The spirit, not of a man, but of a devil, seemed to live within him, urging him to crime, from which his long protracted hope of more complete revenge had alone deterred him. But Despina was now in his power, and it seemed to him as if fate had preserved him so long only that he might now wreak his full rage upon her. When she spoke of love, he thought how from that he might extract pain. He formed his plan; and this slight human weakness now conquered, he bent his thoughts to its completion. Yet he feared to stay longer with her; so he quitted her, saying that he would send attendants who would shew her an apartment where she might repose. He left her, and several hours passed; but no one came. The torches burnt low, and the stars of heaven could now with twinkling beams conquer their feebler light. One by one these torches went out, and the shadows of the high windows of the hall, before invisible, were thrown upon its marble pavement. Despina looked upon the shade, at first unconsciously, until she found herself counting, one, two, three, the shapes of the iron bars that lay so placidly on the stone. "Those grates are thick," she said: "this room would be a large but secure dungeon." As by inspiration, she now felt that she was a prisoner. No change, no word, had intervened since she had walked fearlessly in the room, believing herself free. But now no doubt of her situation occurred to her mind; heavy chains seemed to fall around her; the air to feel thick and heavy as that of a prison; and the star-beams that had before cheered her, became the dreary messengers of fearful danger to herself, and of the utter defeat of all the hopes she had dared nourish of success to her beloved cause.

Cincolo waited, first with impatience, and then with anxiety, for the return of the youthful stranger. He paced up and down before the gates of the palace; hour after hour passed on; the stars arose and descended, and ever and anon meteors shot along the sky. They were not more frequent than they always are during a clear summer night in Italy; but they appeared strangely numerous to Cincolo, and portentous of change and calamity. Midnight struck, and at that moment a procession of monks passed, bearing a corpse and chaunting a solemn *De Profundis*. Cincolo felt a cold tremour shake his limbs when he reflected how ill an augury this was for the strange adventurer he had guided to that palace. The sombre cowls of the priests, their hollow voices, and the dark burthen they carried, augmented his agitation even to terror: without confessing the cowardice to himself, he was possessed with fear lest he should be included in the evil destiny that evidently awaited his companion. Cincolo was a brave man; he had often been fore-most in a perilous assault: but the most courageous among us sometimes feel our hearts fail within us at the dread of unknown and fated danger. He was struck with panic;—he looked after the disappearing lights of the procession, and listened to their fading voices: his knees shook, a cold perspiration stood on his brow: until, unable to resist the impulse, he began slowly to withdraw himself from the Palace of Government, and to quit the circle of danger which seemed to hedge him in if he remained on that spot.

He had hardly quitted his post by the gate of the palace, when he saw lights issue from it, attendant on a company of men, some of whom were armed, as appeared from the reflection their lances' heads cast; and some of them carried a litter hung with black and closely drawn. Cinculo was rooted to the spot. He could not render himself any reason

for his belief, but he felt convinced that the stranger youth was there, about to be carried out to death. Impelled by curiosity and anxiety, he followed the party as they went towards the Porta Romana: they were challenged by the sentinels at the gate; they gave the word and passed. Cincolo dared not follow, but he was agitated by fear and compassion. He remembered the packet confided to his care; he dared not draw it from his bosom, lest any Guelph should be near to overlook and discover that it was addressed to Corradino; he could not read, but he wished to look at the arms of the seal, to see whether they bore the imperial ensigns. He returned back to the *Palagio del Governo:* all there was dark and silent; he walked up and down before the gates, looking up at the windows, but no sign of life appeared. He could not tell why he was thus agitated, but he felt as if all his future peace depended on the fate of this stranger youth. He thought of Gegia, her helplessness and age; but he could not resist the impulse that impelled him, and he resolved that very night to commence his journey to Pisa, to deliver the packet, to learn who the stranger was, and what hopes he might entertain for his safety.

He returned home, that he might inform Gegia of his journey. This was a painful task, but he could not leave her in doubt. He ascended his narrow stairs with trepidation. At the head of them a lamp twinkled before a picture of the Virgin. Evening after evening it burnt there, guarding through its influence his little household from all earthly or supernatural dangers. The sight of it inspired him with courage; he said an *Ave Maria* before it; and then looking around him to assure himself that no spy stood on the narrow landing place, he drew the packet from his bosom and examined the seal. All Italians in those days were conversant in heraldry, since from ensigns of the shields of the knights they

learned, better than from their faces or persons, to what family and party they belonged. But it required no great knowledge for Cincolo to decypher these arms; he had known them from his childhood; they were those of the Elisei, the family to whom he had been attached as a partisan during all these civil contests. Arrigo de' Elisei had been his patron, and his wife had nursed his only daughter, in those happy days when there was neither Guelph nor Ghibelline. The sight of these arms reawakened all his anxiety. Could this youth belong to that house? The seal shewed that he really did; and this discovery confirmed his determination of making every exertion to save him, and inspired him with sufficient courage to encounter the remonstrances and fears of Monna Gegia.

He unlocked his door; the old dame was asleep in her chair, but awoke as he entered. She had slept only to refresh her curiosity, and she asked a thousand questions in a breath, to which Cincolo did not reply: he stood with his arms folded looking at the fire, irresolute how to break the subject of his departure. Monna Gegia continued to talk: "After you went, we held a consultation concerning this hot-brained youth of this morning; I, Buzeccha, Beppe de' Bosticchi who returned, and Monna Lissa from the Mercato Nuovo. We all agreed that he must be one of two persons; and be it one or the other, if he have not quitted Florence, the *Stinchi* * will be his habitation by sun-rise. Eh! Cincolo, man! you do not speak; where did you part with your Prince?"—"Prince, Gegia! Are you mad?—what Prince?" "Nay, he is either a Prince or a baker; either Corradino himself, or Ricciardo the son of Messer Tommaso de' Manelli; he that lived o'th' Arno, and baked for all that Sesto, when

* The name of the common prison at Florence.

Count Guido de Giudi was *Vicario*. By this token, that Messer Tommaso went to Milan with Ubaldo de' Gargalandi, and Ricciardo, who went with his father, must now be sixteen. He had the fame of kneading with as light a hand as his father, but he liked better to follow arms with the Gargalandi: he was a fair, likely youth, they said; and so, to say the truth, was our youngster of this morning. But Monna Lisa will have it that it must be Corradino himself——"

Cincolo listened as if the gossip of two old women could unravel his riddle. He even began to doubt whether the last conjecture, extravagant as it was, had not hit the truth. Every circumstance forbade such an idea; but he thought of the youth and exceeding beauty of the stranger, and he began to doubt. There was none among the Elisei who answered to his appearance. The flower of their youth had fallen at Monte Aperto; the eldest of the new generation was but ten; the other males of that house were of a mature age. Gegia continued to talk of the anger that Beppe de Bosticchi evinced at being accused of the murder of Arrigo dei Elisei. "If he had done that deed," she cried, "never more should he have stood on my hearth; but he swore his innocence; and truly, poor man, it would be a sin not to believe him." Why, if the stranger were not an Elisei, should he have shewn such horror on viewing the supposed murderer of the head of that family?—Cincolo turned from the fire; he examined whether his knife hung safely in his girdle, and he exchanged his sandal-like shoes for stronger boots of common undressed fur. This last act attracted the attention of Gegia. "What are you about, good man?" she cried. "This is no hour to change your dress, but to come to bed. To-night you will not speak; but to-morrow I hope to get it all out from you. What are you about?" "I am about to leave you, my dear Gegia;

and heaven bless and take care of you! I am going to Pisa." Gegia uttered a shriek, and was about to remonstrate with great volubility, while the tears rolled down her aged cheeks. Tears also filled the eyes of Cincolo, as he said, "I do not go for the cause you suspect. I do not go into the army of Corradino, though my heart will be with it. I go but to carry a letter, and will return without delay." "You will never return," cried the old woman: "the Commune will never let you enter the gates of this town again, if you set foot in that traitorous Pisa. But you shall not go; I will raise the neighbours; I will declare you mad——"— "Gegia, no more of this! Here is all the money I have: before I go, I will send your cousin 'Nunziata to you. I must go. It is not the Ghibelline cause, or Corradino, that obliges me to risk your ease and comforts; but the life of one of the Elisei is at stake; and if I can save him, would you have me rest here, and afterwards curse you and the hour when I was born?" "What! is he——? But no; there is none among the Elisei so young as he; and none so lovely, except her whom these arms carried when an infant—but she is a female. No, no; this is a tale trumped up to deceive me and gain my consent; but you shall never have it. Mind that! you will never have it; and I prophecy that if you do go, your journey will be the death of both of us." She wept bitterly. Cincolo kissed her aged cheek, and mingled his tears with hers; and then recommending her to the care of the Virgin and the saints, he quitted her, while grief choaked her utterance, and the name of the Elisei had deprived her of all energy to resist his purpose.

It was four in the morning before the gates of Florence were opened and Cincolo could leave the city. At first he availed himself of the carts of the *contadini* to advance on his

journey; but as he drew near Pisa, all modes of conveyance ceased, and he was obliged to take by-roads, and act cautiously, not to fall into the hands of the Florentine out-posts, or of some fierce Ghibelline, who might suspect him, and have him carried before the Podesta of a village; for if once suspected and searched, the packet addressed to Corradino would convict him, and he would pay for his temerity with his life. Having arrived at Vico Pisano, he found a troop of Pisan horse there on guard: he was known to many of the soldiers, and he obtained a conveyance for Pisa; but it was night before he arrived. He gave the Ghibelline watch-word, and was admitted within the gates. He asked for Prince Corradino: he was in the city, at the palace of the Lanfranchi. He crossed the Arno, and was admitted into the palace by the soldiers who guarded the door. Corradino had just returned from a successful skirmish in the Lucchese states, and was reposing; but when Count Gherardo Doneratico, his principal attendant, saw the seal of the packet, he immediately ushered the bearer into a small room, where the Prince lay on a fox's skin thrown upon the pavement. The mind of Cincolo had been so bewildered by the rapidity of the events of the preceding night, by fatigue and want of sleep, that he had over-wrought himself to believe that the stranger youth was indeed Corradino; and when he had heard that that Prince was in Pisa, by a strange disorder of ideas, he still imagined that he and Ricciardo were the same; that the black litter was a phantom, and his fears ungrounded. The first sight of Corradino, his fair hair and round Saxon features, destroyed this idea: it was replaced by a feeling of deep anguish, when Count Gherardo, announcing him, said, "One who brings a letter from Madonna Despina dei Elisei, waits upon your Highness."

The old man sprang forward, uncontrolled by the respect

he would otherwise have felt for one of so high lineage as Corradino. "From Despina! Did you say from her? Oh! unsay your words! Not from my beloved, lost, foster-child."

Tears rolled down his cheeks. Corradino, a youth of fascinating gentleness, but, as Despina had said, "young, even to childishness," attempted to reassure him. "Oh! my gracious Lord," cried Cincolo, "open that packet, and see if it be from my blessed child—if in the disguise of Ricciardo I led her to destruction." He wrung his hands. Corradino, pale as death with fear for the destiny of his lovely and adventurous friend, broke the seal. The packet contained an inner envelope, without any direction, and a letter, which Corradino read, while horror convulsed every feature. He gave it to Gherardo. "It is indeed from her. She says, that the bearer can relate all that the world will probably know of her fate. And you, old man, who weep so bitterly, you to whom my best and lovely friend refers me, tell me what you know of her." Cincolo told his story in broken accents. "May these eyes be for ever blinded!" he cried, when he had concluded, "that knew not Despina in those soft looks and heavenly smiles. Dotard that I am! When my wife railed at your family and princely self, and the sainted Manfred, why did I not read her secret in her forbearance? Would she have forgiven those words in any but her who had nursed her infancy, and been a mother to her when Madonna Pia died? And when she taxed Bosticchi with her father's death, I, blind fool, did not see the spirit of the Elisei in her eyes. My Lord, I have but one favour to ask you. Let me hear her letter, that I may judge from that what hopes remain:—but there are none—none." "Read it to him, my dear Count," said the Prince; "I will not fear as he fears. I dare not fear that one so

lovely and beloved is sacrificed for my worthless cause." Gherardo read the letter.

"Cincolo de' Becari, my foster father, will deliver this letter into your hands, my respected and dear Corradino. The Countess Elizabeth has urged me to my present undertaking; I hope nothing from it—except to labour for your cause, and perhaps through its event to quit somewhat earlier a life which is but a grievous trial to my weak mind. I go to endeavour to arouse the feelings of fidelity and generosity in the soul of the traitor Lostendardo: I go to place myself in his hands, and I do not hope to escape from them again. Corradino, my last prayer will be for your success. Mourn not for one who goes home after a long and weary exile. Burn the enclosed packet, without opening it. The Mother of God protect thee! DESPINA."

Corradino had wept as this epistle was reading, but then starting up, he said—"To revenge or death! we may yet save her!"———

A blight had fallen on the house of Swabia, and all their enterprizes were blasted. Beloved by their subjects, noble, and with every advantage of right on their side, except those the church bestowed, they were defeated in every attempt to defend themselves against a foreigner and a tyrant, who ruled by force of arms, and those in the hands of a few only, over an extensive and warlike territory. The young and daring Corradino was also fated to perish in this contest. Having overcome the troops of his adversary in Tuscany, he advanced towards his kingdom with the highest hopes. His arch enemy, Pope Clement IV, had shut himself up in Viterbo, and was guarded by a numerous garrison. Corradino passed in triumph and hope before the town, and proudly drew out his troops before it, to display to the Holy

Father his forces, and humiliate him by this show of success. The Cardinals, who beheld the lengthened line and good order of the army, hastened to the Papal palace. Clement was in his oratory, praying; the frightened monks, with pale looks, related how the excommunicated heretic dared to menace the town where the Holy Father himself resided; adding, that if the insult were carried to the pitch of an assault, it might prove dangerous warfare." The Pope smiled contemptuously. "Do not fear," he said; "the projects of these men will dissipate in smoke." He then went on the ramparts, and saw Corradino and Frederic of Austria, who defiled the line of knights in the plain below. He watched them for a time: then turning to his Cardinals, he said, "They are victims, who permit themselves to be led to sacrifice."

His words were a prophecy. Notwithstanding the first successes of Corradino, and the superior numbers of his army, he was defeated by the artifice of Charles in a pitched battle. He escaped from the field, and, with a few friends, arrived at a tower called Asturi, which belonged to the family of Frangipani, of Rome. Here he hired a vessel, embarked, and put out to sea, directing his course for Sicily, which, having rebelled against Charles, would, he hoped, receive him with joy. They were already under weigh, when one of the family of the Frangipani seeing a vessel filled with Germans making all sail from shore, suspected that they were fugitives from the battle of Taglicozzo, he followed them in other vessels, and took them all prisoners. The person of Corradino was a rich prey for him; he delivered him into the hands of his rival, and was rewarded by the donation of a fief near Benevento.

The dastardly spirit of Charles instigated him to the

basest revenge; and the same tragedy was acted on those shores which has been renewed in our days. A daring and illustrious Prince was sacrificed with the mock forms of justice, at the sanguinary altar of tyranny and hypocrisy. Corradino was tried. One of his Judges alone, a Provençal, dared condemn him, and he paid with his life the forfeit of his baseness. For scarcely had he, solitary among his fellows, pronounced the sentence of death against this Prince, than Robert of Flanders, the brother-in-law of Charles himself, struck him on the breast with a staff, crying, "It behoves not thee, wretch, to condemn to death so noble and worthy a knight." The judge fell dead in the presence of the king, who dared not avenge his creature.

On the 26th of October, Corradino and his friends were led out to die in the Market-place of Naples, by the seaside. Charles was present with all his court, and an immense multitude surrounded the triumphant king, and his more royal adversary, about to suffer an ignominious death. The funereal procession approached its destination. Corradino, agitated, but controlling his agitation, was drawn in an open car. After him came a close litter, hung with black, with no sign to tell who was within. The Duke of Austria and several other illustrious victims followed. The guard that conducted them to the scaffold was headed by Lostendardo; a malicious triumph laughed in his eyes, and he rode near the litter, looking from time to time, first at it and then at Corradino, with the dark look of a tormenting fiend. The procession stopped at the foot of the scaffold, and Corradino looked at the flashing light which every now and then arose from Vesuvius, and threw its reflection on the sea. The sun had not yet risen, but the halo of its approach illuminated the bay of Naples, its mountains, and its islands. The summits of the distant hills of

Baiæ gleamed with its first beams. Corradino thought, "By the time those rays arrive here, and shadows are cast from the persons of these men,—princes and peasants, around me, my living spirit will be shadowless." Then he turned his eyes on the companions of his fate, and for the first time he saw the silent and dark litter that accompanied them. At first he thought, "It is my coffin." But then he recollected the disappearance of Despina, and would have sprung towards it: his guards stopped him; he looked up, and his glance met that of Lostendardo, who smiled—a smile of dread: but the feeling of religion which had before calmed him again descended on him; he thought that her sufferings, as well as his, would soon be over.

They were already over. And the silence of the grave is upon those events which had occurred since Cincolo beheld her carried out of Florence, until now that she was led by her fierce enemy to behold the death of the nephew of Manfred. She must have endured much; for when, as Corradino advanced to the front of the scaffold, the litter being placed opposite to it, Lostendardo ordered the curtains to be withdrawn, the white hand that hung inanimate from the side was thin as a winter leaf, and her fair face, pillowed by the thick knots of her dark hair, was sunken and ashy pale, while you could see the deep blue of her eyes struggle through the closed eyelids. She was still in the attire in which she had presented herself at the house of Cincolo: perhaps her tormentor thought that her appearance as a youth would attract less compassion than if a lovely woman were thus dragged to so unnatural a scene.

Corradino was kneeling and praying when her form was thus exposed. He saw her, and saw that she was dead! About to die himself; about, pure and innocent, to die ignominiously, while his base conqueror, in pomp and glory,

was spectator of his death, he did not pity those who were at peace; his compassion belonged to the living alone, and as he rose from his prayer he exclaimed, "My beloved mother, what profound sorrow will the news thou art about to hear cause thee!" He looked upon the living multitude around him, and saw that the hard-visaged partisans of the usurper wept; he heard the sobs of his oppressed and conquered subjects; so he drew his glove from his hand and threw it among the crowd, in token that he still held his cause good, and submitted his head to the axe.

During many years after those events, Lostendardo enjoyed wealth, rank, and honour. When suddenly, while at the summit of glory and prosperity, he withdrew from the world, took the vows of a severe order in a convent, in one of the desolate and unhealthy plains by the sea-shore in Calabria; and after having gained the character of a saint, through a life of self-inflicted torture, he died murmuring the names of Corradino, Manfred, and Despina.

LES CHARMETTES AND ROUSSEAU.

THERE is a religion in literature as well as in love,—both of a very Pagan description. They abound in superstitions. We gaze upon the portrait of a favourite mistress or a favourite author, worshipping the memory of her kisses and his pages, till it becomes downright idolatry. With what ardent devotion we perform many a pilgrimage to our Lady—not of Loretto! and what a thrill in our bosoms, and how thankful are our hearts, when we approach, as towards some sainted shrine, the dwelling of "one who was great through mortal days, and died of fame unshorn!" Are we not in a blessed state when we find ourselves in his own garden, his own bed-room, his own parlour? Then if, according to a good custom, everything or something remains the same as when he lived there, they are precious relics working miracles in our imagination. That antique chair in Shakespear's house! A man cannot sit in it five minutes without fancying his modern dress is rapidly metamorphosing itself into ruff, jerkin, doublet, and hose; and in this visionary attire, how easy to persuade oneself that Shakespear "has just stepped out, and will be back again immediately!" As for his tomb, telling me in very plain prose that he is certainly dead and buried, I look upon it as an insolent piece of matter-of-fact. A poet can have no grave, except in the eyes of those he personally loved; and if they must rear him a monument, let it be an evergreen bower,—it will last their time, and is a more graceful and a more appropriate memorial than their

cold marble. We know of Milton's living in too many places, and want to know which he liked best. One of his houses is in the hands of a man worthy to be its owner;—I wonder why I did no more than peep in at a window. A visit to Burns' cottage should not be missed. Go and be surrounded by the scenes of his youth, his joy, his hope, when his days were glorious as his imagination. And that part of Ayrshire is so beautiful! Go, I say, and be like one of his own poems, "with pleasance of the breathing fields yfed." The worst is, the cottage is not in its original simple state, being altered and enlarged for the accommodation of visitors. Still there is a charm about it; for it was there, as Keats expresses it in one of his unpublished sonnets, written under the very roof,—

> "Where thou didst dream alone on budded bays,
> Happy, and thoughtless of thy day of doom!"

I was asked to go into his house at Dumfries, the abode of his wretchedness, his despair. I do not exactly understand such a taste; it seems very Presbyterian. Owing to this want of taste for the miserable, I never went into Collins' house at the corner of the Cloisters of Chichester Cathedral. How melancholy it looks! There seems contagion in its very walls and window sashes. Often have I stood before it, and before Flaxman's monument to his memory, with as little desire to pass the threshold, as to enter his grave. The *statu quo* position of all sorts of furniture in Garrick's house at Hampton Court is too much for Garrick; besides, it is in obedience to his last Will and Testament. Dr. Johnson's bed-room in Thrale's villa at Streatham was worth seeing, till an auction spoiled it. The bow window looked into the garden; the paper and curtains, at his own request, were of a gay pattern, for the Doctor could not bear any addition to his own gloom; and there were the two desks, fixtures on each side of the

window, on which he wrote his "Lives of the Poets." As extremes are sure to meet, it is quite a natural transition from the "great Moralist," who left the world's morals as he found them, to the Visionary, as he is called, who really "did our state some service;" from the Court Pensioner, who humbly wrote "The False Alarm," and "Taxation no Tyranny," to the independent Citizen of Geneva, who chose rather to earn a hard livelihood as a copier of music, than receive a favour either from a Louis or a George. Come with me, reader, to Les Charmettes.

There are many other houses where Rousseau lived, which his admirers may visit as they please, but give me this, and this alone, for here only was he happy. Among these grand mountains, in this beautiful valley, he passed that period of his life, when, generally speaking, the character is stamped for ever. This was his school. As for the extraordinary finish to his education, which Madame de Warens was pleased to bestow, that is neither your affair nor mine; nor do I perceive the place is a jot the worse for it. But it was wrong! Grant it was so; yet are we to consider those six previous years he lived under her roof as nothing? "Then is Bohemia nothing!" Let the praise that is justly her due be freely allowed, especially as, in her after life, neither sex can offer an apology for her conduct. Her previous history says much in her favour. She was young, handsome, and accomplished, beloved by a host of friends, and enjoying an ample fortune, which she used nobly. Yet friends, fortune, and country, she relinquished for conscience' sake, and retired to Savoy on a precarious stipend from the King of Sardinia. It was then that Rousseau, at the age of sixteen, destitute of every thing, came recommended to her protection. She received him into her house, clothed him, supplied him with all the means in her power to obtain masters for the cultivation of his

mind, constantly interested herself in his behalf, and this, for six years, before those familiarities commenced which have given so much offence. He calls her "the best of women." Truly she was so to him; and though we may smile at those passages in his Confessions, where he endeavours to persuade us she was never in the wrong, still we must confess they do honour to his heart.

About a mile from Chambery, up the side of the hill to the south of the town, and through a shady and winding lane, you arrive at Les Charmettes. The lane is delightful; with something like an English hedge on one side, and a small tumbling brook on the other; and you walk under the boughs of the walnut, the chesnut, the vine, the fig, and the acacia. A little, ragged, bright-eyed boy stared up full in my face, and cried out, "Ah, Monsieur, I know where you are going!—to Jean Jäques?" Then jumping before me to lead the way, suddenly he turned round and again accosted me with—"Was not that Jean Jaques a very famous man?" This was the only tribute I heard paid to the fame of the philosopher in Savoy. It was spoken by a poor and reckless urchin; others' were too prudent to hint their opinions before a stranger. Possibly they were aware that Britain had produced a Castles, an Oliver, and an Edwards. The house had not that ancient appearance I expected. It is at present uninhabited. There is an inscription on a stone placed in the wall, containing some very neat verses, saying just enough on both sides of the question.*

* This inscription, or rather three-fourths of it, is on his house in the *Ile de St. Pierre*. It is the complimentary part which is omitted; and, in lieu of it, we have a paltry common-place exclamation. The lines have been attributed to Madame de Franqueville. In the garden of the Hermitage at Montmorency, where he composed his New Eloisa, are some verses in a complaining mood, and not good of their kind.

Réduit, par Jean Jaques habité,
Tu me rapelles son génie,
Sa solitude, sa fierté,
Et ses malheurs, et sa folie:
A la gloire, à la vérité,
Il osa consacrer sa vie,
Et fut toujours persécuté
Ou par lui-même, ou par l'envie.

"A la gloire, *à la vérité!*" Is not this "truth" a libel? Why is not the seditious stone torn from its home, and sent to some House of Correction? No; there it stands by consent of the legitimate authorities; and our loving subjects con it by heart, and then run to catch a peep at the backs of his works through that glass case in the library at Chambery, where they are so fearfully placed under lock and key: what an edifying contradiction for these our loving subjects! However, I hate politics when something better is at hand, and, thanks to the old woman with the key of the door, I can now enter the house. In the dining-room are the portraits of Rousseau and Madame de Warens, with their ages ludicrously reversed; she in the first bloom of youth, and he, an old man in a wig, with a face intended to express a staid maturity of thought. As you go up stairs, you see the little chapel with its altar, for which the poor Baroness paid so dearly. Both above and below some remnants of its former furniture are shewn, among which is a truckle-bed, said to have belonged to Jean Jaques. So it was here he passed his happiest days! Here he would lay his music aside to pursue his favourite study of botany upon the hills; or close his books, and ramble abroad to gaze upon the face of nature, in her loveliest and grandest aspect. Often have his young feet speeded across the lane to the green on the

other side,—there, in the orchard—to look upon the Alps. I would have given a Louis for permission to read, on that very spot, ten pages of any one of his volumes. But my money could not buy that pleasure. Alas! it is too true,—any ten of his pages are worth more than any Louis.

It is certain that had not Rousseau given us his Confessions, his fame would have been greater, as his character would have been more respected. If we knew no more of him than of one of his contemporaries, how readily the apology of "we are however unacquainted with all the particulars," would run at the heels of every imputed fault; and where there was a doubt, the most malignant biographer must have hesitated. In revealing the whole truth, he trusted to the sympathy of mankind, forgetting or not believing two truths respecting other men: 1st. That few would sympathise with those delinquencies, which they, either from circumstances or education, are never tempted to commit: and 2d. That others who had committed them, would be very apt to pretend they had not, and owe him a grudge for touching their consciences. He has destroyed the charm that hovers over genius by this stripping of his humanity; at least, to me: for he has, doubtless, admirers who think otherwise. We see him among the common crowd of mortals, sometimes better and sometimes worse, but always in the crowd. Were the secret workings of the hearts of all great men disclosed, the lesson might be useful; but our veneration would be decreased in proportion as we saw their nature descend to our level. We would willingly believe that astonishing minds cannot be connected with vulgar weaknesses. The Confessions ought to make us more fearful of ourselves, and more charitable to others. When they have a contrary effect, the reader alone is to

blame. Once allow them to be the true picture of a human being (which is rarely called in question) and it is folly or hypocrisy that exclaims—"I am contaminated!" On the other hand, there are many who contend he wrote with too great a severity against himself, and insist on twisting every thing into some crooked virtue. This, again, does injury, since it provokes the opposite party to dwell upon his vices, without a word of his remorse, and without balancing the good against the evil. Friends and enemies have had their best and worst of him. Unfortunately, either side may be taken without fear of being accused of wilful misrepresentation. Perhaps there never was an author whom it was so difficult to love or to hate by halves. My visit to Les Charmettes warmed my heart to his memory, and I would fain, if possible, steer clear between the two extremes; and the late work of M. de Musset, with its store of facts and anecdotes, comes aptly to my assistance.

Rousseau describes himself, when a child, "timid and yielding in his general conduct, but fiery, proud, unconquerable in his passions;" and, when advanced in life, he said, "I am constitutionally bold and of a timid character." His life is a running comment upon these two texts; with this exception, that sometimes he "could screw his courage to the sticking-place" even to magnanimity. That timid and yielding disposition, together with his passions, were constantly leading him into errors, and, in his struggles to extricate himself, he would often plunge in the deeper. Nature intended him for a hero, but the world made him a coward. Thus, while he insisted that every man ought to earn his own livelihood, he was persuaded to accept a pension from the English Government. It is true he soon perceived his mistake. "What now?" said he, "Am I hushed to silence, or am I to be a flatterer?" Instantly he

threw aside the royal pension, and sat in a corner to eat his crust. At any rate he had the courage to recede. The arrears ran on, but no consideration could ever induce him to touch a penny of them. In the same way, while he contended that friends should be on the same footing, he rejected presents because he was too poor to make a return; yet received favours amounting in value to more than any direct present offered him. The fact is, they came accompanied with such kind expressions, and such benevolent countenances, that he had not the heart to refuse. But what was the consequence? No sooner was he left to his own reflections, than he perceived they were, no matter whether intentional or not, nothing less than cajoling him out of his former professions; and therefore these mistaken acts of friendship generally ended in a quarrel. Call it pride, or what you will, still it was acting up to his principles. It does not deserve the name of inconsistency; it is consistency at war with odds, and eventually obtaining the victory. That he was eccentric is undoubted, not only in his opinions but in his dress, which was thought the greater offence of the two, when a gold-laced coat was the acme of gentlemanly existence; though surely eccentricity is not a-kin to the deadly sins. Like all enthusiasts, when he attempted to put his theories into practice, he became ridiculous; and unlike most enthusiasts, there is a practical good to be found in all his theories. Had he never attempted to set an example, his doctrine might have been more followed. What had an Armenian cloak, and many other extravagances, to do with the preceptor of Emilius? Unhappily at that time, in his latter days, his whole conduct betokened a derangement of intellect. Towards the conclusion of his Confessions, I think, there is evidence of this infirmity. If that is doubtful, read his last work:—

"The Walks of a Solitary Man,"—which more properly ought to be translated "The Wanderings." Persecution had done little, for he was a stout sufferer; but the being betrayed by men on whom he relied as friends, was a shock from which he never recovered; acting, as it probably did, on some malformation or disorganisation of the brain, since it appears, by his own account, he was always subject to a mysterious affection of the head. From that time he suspected every one except Theresa, who was the only one to be suspected, till the discovery of her treachery drove him to desperation. In this manner was his old age haunted and tormented, even to death.

His worst actions, and the only bad ones of any magnitude, were the theft of the ribbon, followed by the accusation against his innocent fellow-servant, and the sending his children to the Foundling Hospital. For the first, some apology may be framed: there was certainly no premeditated cruelty against the girl, since it arose from his suddenly acting from the impulse of a timid disposition—a fault he was often guilty of in instances of less moment; nor has he nor any one sufficiently dwelt upon his extreme youth when it was committed. Nothing, however, can be said to palliate the crime of deserting his offspring. The excuses which passed through his mind at the time were precisely the same as are made use of by all unnatural fathers when they abandon their natural children. But there is this difference between him and many others: he bitterly wept over his error; his anguish of heart was never at rest; and if ever penitence could make mankind forgive, he ought to be forgiven. Let the crime be execrated as you will. It is an honest curse; but let it not touch Rousseau. Our Foundling Hospital, it is said, is stocked with the children of the rich. How many thousands are sent to the parish! In

some parishes, I have heard the frightful calculation is, that only one in eleven survives its infancy. There is no country in the world so infamous for this crime as England. Yes; let us curse it, and shut our hands and hearts against those who have been guilty of it, and who can dare to mention it, or hear it mentioned, without remorse. Rousseau was not one of those.

Now for a pleasanter task. We will talk of his virtues,—"close at the heels of his vices." As a literary man he had no envy. While attacked and abused on all sides, he never forgot his own honour and dignity. Voltaire, his great rival, in his histories, his romances, and his poems, was ever aiming a blow at the Citizen of Geneva, either turning his opinions or his person into ridicule. Rousseau always spoke of his talents with respect, and would not be tempted to retaliate. On the contrary, when a subscription was on foot for a statue to Voltaire during his life, Rousseau cheerfully added his name; which unluckily threw "Philosophy's Harlequin" into violent antics and contortions; and there was no peace in Paris till the offensive name was erased from the list. In private life, he was never heard to speak ill of another behind his back. Deception of any kind was his utter abhorrence. When Madame D'Epinay was in her angriest mood at him, she could not forbear paying the compliment of saying—"If he gives you his word, I believe he may be relied on." It is strange, if his writings were insincere, that nothing like insincerity could be discovered in his conversation. When he believed himself treated with duplicity, his indignation was indeed wild and inexorable; nothing offended him so much. In his general manners he was indulgent, gentle, and unassuming. No one quitted his company with a painful sense of inferiority. His smile is represented as having been expressive

of great sweetness. While he toiled hard to earn a subsistence, observing the strictest economy down to the minutest articles, dividing his daily modicum of small wine into equal portions for dinner and supper, and compelled to forego the pleasure of a friend at his table because it was too scantily supplied, this man—this calumniated Rousseau—was supporting an aged aunt in Switzerland. Year after year, for a long series of years, the remittances never failed. A gentleman, travelling in her neighbourhood, heard of the circumstance and called upon her. "What, Sir,"—these were her words,—"and have you seen my Nephew? Is it indeed true that he has no religion? Our Clergymen tell me he is an impious man. But how can that be? It is through his kindness that I am now alive. Poor old woman as I am, above eighty years old, without him I should die, alone and not a soul near me, in a garret, of cold and hunger." When this was repeated to Rousseau,—"It is a debt," said he; "she took charge of me when an orphan." Thanks, M. de Musset, for this anecdote! You have planted an imperishable flower in his laurel. It is a glorious burst of sunshine after all the thunder we have heard against his name.

I sat down to write of Rousseau in his character as a man, not as an author. Yet as some of his opinions, the moral more than the religious, so startling to the prejudices of the world, have brought much odium upon his memory, I am willing to step forward in their defence. Nor can I, as a man myself, omit saying something of his greatest work, to which we are all so much indebted.

Had he not deserted his children, in all probability we should never have seen his "*Emile*." It appears as if, not able to endure the pain of brooding over his fault, he had appealed to his imagination for relief; and there, once more a father, he cherished and tutored these his "dream-children"

so differently from others, that, shocked at the dissimilarity, he addressed his system to parents, calling upon them to act as nature not as fashion bade them. At the commencement of Emilius is a passage in allusion to his own case, which is extremely pathetic. After exhorting fathers to their duty, he says—"Neither poverty, nor labour, nor respect for the world, can excuse us from maintaining our children, and bringing them up ourselves. *You may believe me, reader, that what I say is true.* Should a person of real sensibility neglect this duty, *I may venture to predict he will long bewail his mistake, and nothing can ever console him.*" He has been laughed at for inculcating a duty where he himself was the greatest delinquent. How blind! Can any of these laughers imagine a more heroic action than a man proclaiming his crime, not idly, but to warn his fellow-creatures against so miserable an error? Let this production, together with his sorrows, be received as an expiation. Its utility is practically acknowledged by all parties, however the "Confessions of the Curate of Savoy," and some other parts, may be hated by those who insist on being of a contrary creed. As soon as it appeared, a host of theologians started up, denouncing vengeance against its author, hunting him from place to place; and at Geneva, his own Geneva, it was burnt by the common hangman. In this persecution the women added no small share of irritation; for they would read the volumes, extolled Rousseau, took their infants to their bosoms, stripped off the horrid swathing clothes, treated them like reasoning beings till they became reasonable, and taught them love instead of fear. After a foolish struggle the women triumphed, as they always do, over the dogmatisms of men,—not to mention priests, who are the first to yield to such an opposition. What individuals under thirty or forty can say they may not be beholden to Rous-

seau? Those who have straight backs, straight limbs, unpinched heads, health, and sound minds, ought in gratitude, next to God and the care of their parents, to thank Jean Jacques. Here in Italy (as far as I have seen, where the light heath yet shows) swathes and a score of barbarous customs are still in use; and the consequence is, there are many dwarfs and a wretched crowd of deformed and helpless creatures. On the contrary, in France and in England these instances are rare. That Rousseau in his education of Emilius puts forth many untenable paradoxes is certain; the wonder is there are no more. At the time he wrote, Nature was quite a theory, and a very puzzling one. How difficult it must have been to give a tolerable guess at what kind of an animal a little boy might turn out, when released from his cumbrous and ridiculous dress, and in the hands of a sensible tutor. Imagine him with bag-wig and sword, embroidered coat and waistcoat, knee-breeches and a cocked-hat; and pursued all day long by a coaxing and cursing nurse, with a rattle in one hand and a rod in the other. Look at Hogarth's prints; or, if you suspect his full-dressed puppets of caricature, look at the family pictures of the last century. Yet it was out of one of these monstrous abortions of folly and finery that he produced that beautiful picture of Emilius at the end of the second book. No one was more aware of the imperfections in his system than himself. He was content to be right in the main. When a gentleman told him he was bringing up his son like another Emilius, the answer he received was—"Then, Sir, you do wrong." One of the most distinguishing features between Voltaire and Rousseau is, that the former was a destroyer and nothing else; while the latter, though he pulled down also, was still careful to build up. We may regard this work as a goodly and graceful piece of architecture, though some of the minor

parts are a little out of proportion. To run this old metaphor out of breath, I would say it is silly to condemn the whole fabric because a window may have a false position, and a chimney-pot a false conclusion; or that the cornice does not run in a true syllogism; or that the pilasters may cry out with King Lear, "Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!" The man who can point out these defects can amend them. Let him do so, and be thankful.

The heaviest charge against Rousseau's writings is, that they contain such descriptions as none but the most gross mind could suggest. This word *gross* is often most irreverently misapplied. A Bishop, who bids us fix our affections solely on the world to come, will call all sublunary things gross, except the emoluments of his See and his belly. *Grossness* is too comprehensive, and must be reduced to its simple signification,—pleasure without sentiment. Rousseau is never guilty of inculcating that in any of his works. He inveighs with more than pulpit eloquence against it. I grant he was voluptuous, in the best sense, which means no more than a desire to be loved by all that is good and beautiful. And this desire was so sublimated in his breast, that every woman became a cruel disappointment to him. From youth to age he went sighing through the world, outdoing the jest of Diogenes and his lanthorn, seeking some unattainable creature—a Julia, a Clara, or a Sophia—and meeting with none but D'Epinays and D'Houpetots. Madame D'Houpetot indeed was something; but then M. Saint-Lambert was her St. Preux, and in full possession. Rousseau could not be satisfied with thinking a woman was an angel, —no, she must needs be an angel while he thought her a woman. Like his own Pygmalion, he was always forming faultless Galateas, while his imagination, like a deity, animated them to his wishes. Then his enjoyment was to

describe their charms, with all the voluptuousness and all the delicacy of a lover.* "The only actual difference between the fabulous solitary and the real one was, unfortunately, that Pygmalion seems to have been willing enough to be contented, had he found a mistress that deserved him; whereas Rousseau, when he was really beloved, and even thought himself so, was sure to be made the ruin of his own comfort, partly by a distrustful morbidity of temperament, and partly perhaps by a fastidious metaphysical subtlety, which turned his eye with a painful sharpness upon the defects instead of humanities of his fellow creatures, and made the individual answer for the whole mass." We may laugh at such a man, or we may pity him, but it is impossible to call him a libertine, Surely he has been confounded with his namesake Jean *Baptiste* Rousseau, the writer of the best French lyrics, the most licentious epigrams, and the most pious psalms. Had our Rousseau been the most gallant of rovers, yet had Theresa been his true and lawful wife, he would have passed for a moderate sort of a man and the best of husbands. The world is a spoiled child, will have its own way, and likes those who dandle and cocker it better than its benefactors. But his writings! His "Julie, ou la nouvelle Heloise!" what are we to say to that?

Truly, our grave-heads tell us this same novel of the New Eloisa is of so immoral a tendency, that it ought never to be put into the hands of any one younger than themselves. "'Tis not good;" quoth Dame Quickly, "that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world." On the other hand, Anna Seward, like a sensible maiden, recommends it should

* This passage ought to have been mine. "Plague take those who anticipate our articles!"—*See Indicators*, 31*st and* 32*nd*.

be read by all young men. The reason she gives is to this effect, for I have forgotten the precise words: that, beyond any other work, it proves that the most ardent love, far from being diminished or chilled by the union of sentiment, is the more glowing as well as the more exalted; and therefore it may be the means of weaning the gay men of the town from heartless pleasures. This is good; and I am glad a woman, as times and opinions go, had the courage to write it. Quarrel not with voluptuousness, for he who has none of it will have something infinitely worse. But here I see a whole bench of grave-heads shake fearfully at this doctrine, thinking themselves in no degree the worse for having, in their day, been guilty of a little heartlessness. There is much vulgar talk against this novel, much cant, like a distillation from the last Ultra review; and it may be divided (Quarterly) into short-sightedness, misrepresentation, impudence, and hypocrisy. St. Preux is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, the seducer of his pupil. Truth is, he and Julia very unintentionally seduce one another. Rather than blame them, you must blame Nature for having formed two congenial souls that could not be happy apart. The fault then must lie in the factitious modes of society, which form what is mistermed "its well being," and which forbade the marriage of these two loving hearts; as if it were preposterous for a man of no family to wed the daughter of a Baron, however enormous his perriwig, or however extraordinary his gold-headed cane. Rousseau was deeply impressed with the cruelty exercised against those who "love not wisely but too well." He would not let virtue die, as we kill horses, because she had unluckily made a false step, and broken her leg. He dared to assert,—which was much in his time, and nearly as much in ours,—that what is always stigmatized as impure, is sometimes pure, and that nothing

but depravity could be the ruin of any one. Julia's affection for St. Preux was perhaps as holy (with reverence be it spoken) as any matrimony could make it; and it is scarcely possible to read their history without imagining she was divorced, not from a lover, but from a first husband. This however cannot be said to furnish a bad example, for both of them are unhappy enough, if that will make our virtuous critics happy. She, amidst the cherishing fondness of a crowd of friends, and beloved by her husband, still looks tearfully back to the first hour of her love, and that without a wish it should return; and he is for ever wretched. Be it observed, and this I think very moral, that the man is here more severely punished than the woman, which still remains a novelty, though it ought to be otherwise. And I must notice another point of morality: we are here taught how a Christian and an Atheist may live in harmony and peace together, aye, even as man and wife;—surely this is doing the bitter world some service. Besides, in Clara and Julia, we meet with a fine generous compliment to the women, which doubtless they deserve, though it is not often paid them,—that they can love the same man and love one another at the same time. But the greatest charm in the work is the constant endeavour of the author to discover "a soul of goodness in things evil;" as if taught this lesson by his favourites the bees, that can extract honey from poisonous flowers. A few more such books, and the race of misanthropes would be at end. Nor has he any faith in such romantic villains as Lovelace, Blifil, young Thornhill, Count Fathom, and the rest of those bugbears of iniquity, who are every now and then called upon to perform a little gratuitous villany, for the sake of heightening the interest. The only thing I dislike is, that St. Preux, towards the end, becomes a mere puppet; and that Julia arrives at too high a

pitch of female excellence. She is too wonderful, too upright, too buckramed, too theatrical. I get weary of her, and fall in love with Clara. The hussey grows saucy about her acquirements and household economy. I long to hear she has committed another slip; or that one of her servants has given her warning for speaking crossly before breakfast. Why does not she tear her best gown, or tread her shoes down at heel? Is it possible she never fails in metaphysics and the best of rice puddings? Give me something, some little circumstance to her discredit, that I may get rid of her cloying perfections. Quick—hurry over the leaves, and let us come in at the death. Julia's death! Ah! there we love her once more. We fear to rustle the page as we read of all the minute circumstances attending the last hours of one so young, so beautiful, so beloved. "See!" says the story of Addison, "in what peace a Christian can die!" And how? Even no more than our criminals on the scaffold. But the Christian Julia not only has peace; she has so pure a sense of gratitude to God, that she can be cheerful to the last. "Death," she says, "is of itself sufficiently painful! Why must it be rendered hideous? The care which others throw away in endeavouring to prolong their lives, I will employ in enjoying mine to the last moment. Shall I make a hospital of my apartment, a scene of disgust and trouble, when my last care ought to be to assemble in it all those who are most dear to me?" So the curtains are gracefully looped back; she orders fresh flowers to be placed on the chimney-piece; her friends and children dine and sup at her bed-side; while she, "just as in full health, calm and resigned, talked with the same good-sense and the same spirit; putting on, now and then, an air of serenity approaching even to sprightliness."

Orthodox people,—I mean people of all sorts of orthodoxies (except mine) are fond of attributing bad exits to the heterodox,—nay, even of throwing their death-beds at the heads of one another. I wish they would be content with copying the smooth decency of departures like this, and let their animosities die as well.

CARLONE.

LONGUS.

WHENEVER the Ancients were about to commence any important undertaking, they were extremely attentive to the omens which preceded it; and if any disagreeable sight, or any painful sound, obtruded itself, they desisted from their attempts, and waited for a more propitious opportunity.

Plutarch tells us, that on one occasion the election of the Consuls at Rome was set aside, because some rats had been heard to squeak during the time of polling. Now, although a rat is an odious animal, this seems to be going a little too far; for, if that principle were introduced into our law of Parliament, and if all returns were to be set aside, whenever a rat had taken a part in the election, it is quite clear that no Representatives would ever be duly chosen, and that we should linger out a wretched state of untaxed existence, in a most deplorable destitution of distress-warrants, and utterly abandoned by excisemen and collectors.

But happily there is no reason to apprehend that we shall ever be given up to such a frightful solitude, this delicacy of the Romans being only a piece of religious superstition, and we are now, as is sufficiently obvious, quite free from superstitions of every kind.

It may be worth while, notwithstanding, to consider how far the attention paid by the Ancients to omens is worthy of imitation, not on superstitious grounds, for in this age any revival of superstition must be quite hopeless, but be-

cause in all things first impressions are of no small importance: to some men they are every thing; to all men, they are much.

As for example, in the study of Greek, who can say that his zeal is not somewhat abated by the recollection of what were his feelings when he was first introduced to what is called a great Grecian? He had been doubtless often told, that of all studies this is the most important: ' Above all things, Greek!" had often been inculcated, and he naturally expected to see in such a character somewhat of the original brightness of what, he had been assured, was above all things bright.

And what did he see? A great Grecian. A voluminous wig clotted with powder and pomatum, surmounting a pimpled and greasy face, which expressed all that is disgusting in grossness, sullen in tyranny, and despicable in servile meanness; whilst it hung brooding over a rusty black coat and waistcoat, of a more barbarous structure than is commonly deemed consistent even with those barbarian vestments, the apparel of a stomach strutting out with the bold projection of an Alderman's, but wanting that generous sweep of flowing outline;—to say nothing of the wide buckled shoes, the grey stockings, and the breeches begrimed with snuff.

And when he tarried with the Grecian, and found him vulgar in mind, brutal in manners; for ever wallowing in the base sensualities of inordinate eating; always muzzy in a middle state, with too little temperance to keep sober, and with too little spirit to get drunk outright;—when he found that he was a man, who never touched upon the substantial beauties of the language, but dwelt in the quantities of doubtful vowels, in the diversities of unsettled dialects, and in the various readings of unimportant words:

and that even this was not for the purpose of teaching, but in order to insnare; that he might at any moment find a pretext to cut his victim to shreds with the rod, and thus appease the malignity of his mind and the crudities of his stomach; —since it is under a Government so truly paternal that the first impressions are received, the wonder is, not that so little relish for this language in general remains, but that it is ever any thing else than an object of abhorrence;—it almost seems as if it was in revenge for our sufferings in this branch of education, that we are so nearly unanimous in endeavouring to retain under the legitimate sway of the Turks the descendents of the great Grecians, the prototypes of those, by whose hands we smarted in the days of our boyhood.

Be this as it may, we are too apt to forget that we owe to Greece the invention of all things; of all that is great, of all that is good, of all that is lovely, of all that is agreeable; and, amongst other agreeable things, of novels.

The first Greek novel was written in the time of Alexander the Great; it has perished, and all we know of it is, that it was of the marvellous cast. This was followed by several of what may be called the French school, of a warm complexion; they are now no more, and all that remains besides their names is the tradition that, like some others of that school, they were a little too warm.

Then sprung up a great crop of erotic, or amatory writers, who flourished, as is conjectured, in the fifth century of the Christian æra; of whose works some have been published, some have been lost, and others still remain in MSS. in public libraries. "*Seges eroticorum, seculi quinti, partim edita, partim deperdita, partim e bibliothecis adhuc expromenda.*" The prince of these is Longus, who has deservedly gained the title of "*Suavissimus*," the sweetest of writers; he is a more

pure and simple sophist than any of the rest, but he is still a sophist.

There are perhaps no books in the world of any merit less read, than "Longus the Sophist's four Books of Pastorals concerning Daphnis and Chloe." It would be a humourous, but by no means a light penance, if the penitent were enjoined to wander about the land, until he could find some one to absolve him, who was acquainted with these four books. A certain scholar, who was, as sometimes happens, much admired by his own university in his day, and by no one else at any other time, upon being asked if he had read Longus, answered: "Longus! O yes, Longus. I know Longus; he wrote a book in queer, crampt, crabbed Greek. I know Longus." The penitent himself, however foot-sore, could hardly satisfy his conscience with absolution pronounced in this form, at least if he had read one sentence of our author.

A learned man resembles the unlearned in nothing more (although the likeness is in many respects very striking) than in his unwillingness to say, I know nothing about the matter, even when this may be said without at all violating the truth.

In order to keep up this resemblance, some learned men have written that the *Pastoralia*, which are manifest prose, are in verse: and the editors of the Encyclopedia Britannica, by dividing the title of the book, have made it into two works: they teach us, that "Longus is the author of a book entitled *Pœmenica*, or Pastorals, and a romance, containing the loves of Daphnis and Chloe." A book-making trick, which we should hardly have looked for in the editors of an Encyclopædia.

In palliation of these, and of many other mistakes, which might be enumerated, it may be alleged that the book is

very scarce; that, although it may be met with in public libraries, it is rarely to be found in private hands. One, who affected the singularity of being the possessor of a copy, sought for it in vain in the catalogues of, at least, ten or twelve of the principal booksellers in London: one of them, however, it must be owned, had the book in his catalogue, although not in his library. An edition, printed at Leipsic in 1777, was at last procured, which shewed that this dearth prevailed as well on the Continent as in England; for the editor, M. B. G. L. Boden, a learned Professor of Poetry, complains that he had long been desirous to publish this book himself, but had sought in vain for a copy for that purpose: he tells us, that he formed that wish, because for a long period of time it had been recommended again and again to the common admiration of mankind by many learned men, whom he names. "*Liber communi admirationi sat diu a Politianis, Muretis, Barthiis, Scaligeris, Trilleris, Christiis, Hereliis, etiam atque etiam commendatus.*"

From this scarcity we should hardly have supposed that there are nine or ten different editions in existence; but of some of them a small number of copies were printed; others were in an expensive form, and therefore probably their sale was very limited. A splendid edition published at Paris, with plates from designs by the Duke of Orleans, was of course expensive, and besides a few copies only were struck off.

The sight of a dear friend, who has been unexpectedly rescued from death, is delightful to the eyes, and the narrative of his escape is above all things interesting. Where shall we find more dear, more faithful friends, than the Greek writers? How many of them have perished miserably, even in sight of land (like some of their worshippers, who also carried away with them too large a portion of that scanty

remnant of virtue, which as yet remained to our poverty) and to what frightful hazards have most of the survivors been exposed, before the art of printing brought salvation to letters.

On this account few curiosities are more agreeable than the *editio princeps* of a Greek book. The first edition of Longus is extremely scarce. It is a small thin quarto, printed at Florence, in 1598, or, as it is expressed in the title-page, and, as far as respects the numerals, somewhat quaintly, "*Florentiæ, apud Philippum Junctam* M D IIC." As is commonly the case with these primitive productions, its simplicity is uncorrupted by the impurities of a Latin transla tion, nd it has only a few notes at the end, and a short dedicatory preface by Raphael Columbanius. The prefaces of first editions must always be read with interest, as they contain a public acknowledgment of that superior excellence in the author, which induced some meritorious persons, always at a considerable expense, and too often with a great loss, to secure to us, by means of the press, the perpetual possession of inestimable treasures. It may be worth while, therefore, to hear what reasons Columbanius has to offer for saving the life of the sweetest of writers; they are these: "Having myself attentively read the Pastorals of Longus, and having also persuaded several learned men to read them, the author seemed so delightful to all of us, as well on account of the purity and elegance of his language, as of the gaiety of his subject, that we could not help thinking we should be guilty of no small offence, if we did not all in our power to prevent such a work remaining any longer in concealment: more especially as I well knew that many scholars were most anxious that it should be published."

"*Quæ cùm diligenter legissem, et cùm doctis sanè viris lectionem illam communicâssem, ita nobis arridere cœpit hic auctor,*

tum ob sermonis puritatem atque elegantiam, tum ob materiæ festivitatem, ut prope facinus nos admissuros fuisse duxerimus si (quantum in nobis esset) hujusmodi opus diutius in tenebris delitesceret: præser tim, cum scirem illud a studiosis vehementer desiderari."

Another specimen of the editions, of which only a limited number of copies were printed, is a neat little volume in 12mo., equally undefiled by Latin or disfigured by notes, the pages of which are ruled with bright red lines, like a Prayer-book or Testament. The benevolent reader is addressed in a short preface by Lud. Dutens, who ungenerously printed at Paris, in 1776, only 200 copies, but generously distributed 100 of these to his private friends.

Another of the expensive class is a quarto, beautifully printed at Parma, in the luscious types of Bodoni.

There is an old translation into English, and one more modern (London, 1804, 12mo.) by Mr. Le Grice; the old French translation by Amyot, is much esteemed; and there are two, or three, into Italian.

Some elegant examples from Longus are introduced in "A Grammar of the Greek Tongue on a New Plan," which Mr. Jones has contrived to make an amusing book, although a grammar; and he has also contrived, which is no common merit in a grammar, to be abused by the Quarterly Review, the rule of right, by which we, the people of England, at present form our taste and our morals; together with some little assistance from certain Annual Journals and Daily Annals; for by such congruous names these great masters of language designate their oracular volumes.

Of many of the ancients but little is known; of Longus literally nothing; even Bayle, who can tell us every thing about every body, can tell us nothing about him. It is highly creditable to the Sophist, that we find nothing about

himself in his book; this savours of honest antiquity, when a man, who undertook to write of Daphnis and Chloe, could keep faith, and actually write of them and of them only; whereas we moderns discourse about ourselves, our wives, our digestion, our own narrow notions concerning politics or religion,—about any thing, in short, but our subject.

Nor do any of his contemporaries, if he ever had any, which is by no means clear, give us any account of him: from this general silence (unless we suppose that he inhabited the world alone, in which case he could not do any great mischief) we may infer with tolerable certainty, that he must have been an excellent man; because we may be sure that his neighbours would not have proclaimed his virtues, or have been so unneighbourly as to have kept silence respecting his faults, or even his weaknesses, if he had any.

But commentators must needs comment upon every thing; they can permit nothing to rest in peace, not even the memory of the dead. There is one incredible thing,—more incredible than all that is contained in Palæphatus, who wrote a book expressly concerning incredible things,—and that is, the indefatigable industry with which these men have brought together, for the sole purpose of blocking up the paths to knowledge, huge masses of rubbish, in comparison with which the pyramids of Egypt shrink into insignificance.

Let us hear, in a few words, what Peter Moll, a Doctor of Laws and a Professor of Greek, narrates at some length in an edition of Longus, published by himself, in 1660, with some of these learned notes: and it is no very aggravated instance of one of the incursions of those barbarians, by which the republic of letters has taken so much detriment.

He boasts that, after much research, he has been so fortu-

nate as to make the three following valuable discoveries :— First, that *Longus* is a Latin word, and that the Romans used to call a man, who happened to be taller than his neighbours, not only *Longurio* (which Dr. Ainsworth translates "a long gangrel, a tall, long, slim fellow,") but that they would sometimes even call such a person *Longus.* Secondly, that one John Funck says, that in the year U. C. 749, there was at Rome a consul named Longus, and that he, for any thing that appears to the contrary, was a very tall man. Thirdly and lastly, that in the times of Arcadius and Honorius there lived somewhere in Egypt four brothers, all monks, who were severally called Longus, as John Funck sees no reason to doubt, on account of the unusual procerity of their bodies.

It is easy to imagine, that a truly learned man may, with his wife's permission, have a son; but it is not so easy to believe that a truly learned man can ever have a fortune to leave to that son: let him, however, as the next best thing, leave him on his death-bed this piece of advice:—"Never, my dear Boy, never read a note on any pretence whatever."

It would be very desirable to give some idea of the *Pastoralia,* if it were possible for a curious person to get an idea of a work of the least merit or originality in any other way than by reading it himself. What is this work?—It is a Pastoral Romance. What is it like?—It is like the Aminta of Tasso, the Paul and Virginia of St. Pierre, the tales of shepherds which Cervantes has scattered about in his Don Quixote: but it is different from all these; it is much better. How is it better?—The reader will like it better.

Why we like one thing better than another, has not yet been discovered; let us therefore read the books we like best, and do the things we like best; at least for the present, until some of our Scotch friends find out the why and

the wherefore, which they assure us they are in a fair way for doing.

It can never be supposed, that what is called an argument will give any idea of a book; besides, whenever a new play makes its appearance, the newspapers next morning hang out its skeleton; if however any one's taste be so incurably anatomical, that he is not satiated by the shocking frequency of these chirurgical exhibitions, but must have a dry preparation, let him instantly repair to Mr. Dunlop's History of Fiction, where he will find the story stripped most carefully of its integuments.

There can be no great harm in arranging, as in a play. the names and characters of the several personages who appear in the course of the novel: it will be much shorter than an abstract of the story, which the reader will in some degree be enabled to make out for himself, and he will find it a more amusing course than the rigid mode of drying an argument. The bill of the supposed play is as follows:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MEN.

LAMON, a goatherd, the adoptive father of Daphnis.
DAPHNIS.
DRYAS, a shepherd, the adoptive father of Chloe.
DORCO, a herdsman, a suitor of Chloe.
PHILETAS, an old herdsman.
BRYAXIS, a Methymnæan general.
HIPPASUS, a Mitylenæan general.
DIONYSOPHANES, the landlord and master of Lamon, and the real father of Daphnis.
EUDROMUS, a servant of Dionysophanes.
LAMPIS, a suitor of Chloe.
ASTYLUS, son of Dionysophanes.
GNATHO, a parasite, the companion of Astylus.
MEGACLES, the real father of Chloe.

THE WOMEN.

CHLOE.

LYCÆNIUM, (the young wife of an old husbandman) who takes an active part in the education of Daphnis.

CLEARISTA, the wife of Dionysophanes, and mother of Daphnis.

MYRTALE, the wife of Lamon.

RHODE, the wife of Megacles, and mother of Chloe.

NAPE, the wife of Dryas.

Pan, the Nymphs, Tyrian Pirates, Shepherds, Suitors of Chloe, and Mitylenæan Youths.

The Scene is at Mitylene, and in the adjoining country in the Island of Lesbos.

The most grave objection that has been brought against Longus, is that of Peter Daniel Huet, Bishop of Avranches, who asserts that this work is so indecent, that the man who can read it without blushing must of necessity be a cynic. "*Opus alioqui tam obscænum est, ut qui sine rubore legat, eum Cynicum esse necesse est.*" What kind of a cynic or what kind of a philosopher a French bishop may be, it is not easy to guess: but bishops in all countries are such an ingenuous, shamefaced race, that there are, notwithstanding, many good books which they are not much inclined to read.

Others of the great and good, or what is precisely the same thing, of those who are the best paid for loudly proclaiming that they belong to those distinguished orders, have spoken of it with abhorrence, and called it filthy—no doubt with perfect sincerity; as a Scotch lady once affirmed, that she abhorred "the filthy practice of smearing the body all over with fresh spring-water."

The work being professedly erotic, and treating solely of love, it is a little unreasonable to expect from an ancient, that he should cautiously abstain from uttering a single syllable on that subject: had he been a modern, the case, to be sure, would have been widely different.

The 10th and 11th chapters of the 3rd Book, "*quand il fait commettre à Daphnis une infidelité par ignorance*," (to adopt a happy French expression) many persons will doubtless think themselves obliged to censure. But the fault, after all, lies in the very objectionable mode which Nature has adopted for continuing the species: had the world been created in a highly civilized age like the present, we cannot doubt that these things would have been placed upon a much better footing. We should, in that case, be as happy as many of the early Christians were, who, in the days of their apologist, Minucius Felix, as he informs us, enjoyed a perpetual virginity, "*virginitate perpetuâ fruuntur;*" and shewed therein as much good taste as a gentleman connected with the administration exhibited, "who always *enjoyed* a bad state of health," as the late lamented Lord Londonderry, in imitation perhaps of this very passage, classically observed.

Another objection, more difficult to answer, is brought by Bayle, who complains that Chloe is too free of her kisses, "*la Bergere de Longus accorde des baisers trop promptement.*" The objection that "there was too much kissing in it," was once made to that truly German Pastoral, the Death of Abel, by an ingenious young Quaker—(may the Society of Friends pardon the incautious expression!)—by an ingenious young person, who was at that period of life when, if he had not been a Quaker, he might without impropriety have been called young. This undue promptitude must indeed be exceedingly offensive, if it can displease even Protestant Dissenters, who are uniformly remarkable for their erotic propensities.

But there is yet another objection made by the same Huet, which is a greater fault than the former: "*Pejus etiam vitium est,*" says the Right Reverend Bishop; it is

much worse than that cynical indecency which made the good father blush in such a distressing manner. What can this be? What but the perverse and preposterous conduct of the story, which absurdly begins with the infancy of the hero and heroine, and cannot stop at their marriage, but goes on and on, to tell about their children and their old age. "*Pejus etiam vitium est perversâ et præpostera operis œconomia. A Pastorum cunabulis, ineptè orditur, et vix in eorum nuptiis desinit: ad eorum usque liberos, imo et senectutem suâ narratione progreditur.*" Upon which Bayle jeeringly remarks, "*C'est sortir entierement du vrai caractère de cette espèce d'écrits. Il les faut finir au jour des noces, et se taire sur les suites du marriage. Une heroïne de Roman grosse et accouchée est un étrange personnage.*"

This is certainly an abomination; but is it true? Is the conduct of the story so perverse and preposterous? Does it begin so absurdly with the cradles and infancy of the parties? The author proposes to tell the history of two foundlings:—is it very unreasonable then to find them first? Is not this rather a very legitimate application of the old rule, "first catch your hare?" In two short chapters (the work consists of 98) he despatches the infancy, he gets rid of the cradles, which are so odious to the Bishop; and in the very last chapter of the work the lovers are married. Their living to a great age, or having any children, is merely mentioned incidentally. That the accusation of the superior indecency of the book is as unfounded as the greater crime of the preposterous conduct of the story, will be easily divined after this specimen of ecclesiastical criticism.

It will perhaps be asked, are not the erotic writers in a bad taste? Are they not full of absurdities? In literature, as in the arts, there are a few works, perhaps some half dozen, in which there is not any thing that we wish to be otherwise

than it is; and we are uniformly delighted and surprised to find that every part is, not only as it ought to be, but far better than we could possibly have imagined. The middle class consists of productions, some passages of which afford us great pleasure, whilst others displease; although in general we cannot tell how to remedy what we feel is offensive or not satisfactory. The lowest class, where we find few or no beauties, and perpetual faults which we are certain we could never have committed, and could easily remedy, ought to be forthwith remitted to our friend the trunk-maker.

It is not pretended that any of the erotic writers, even Longus himself, are to be placed with the immortals, who occupy the first rank; but they certainly all deserve a high station amongst the heroes in the second; for few books afford the reader greater pleasure, and their faults, which it cannot be dissembled are many, most commonly are such as we are sensible do exist, but cannot clearly see how to rectify.

We must bear in mind likewise, that they treat chiefly of love, which is a delicate subject; for making love, it should seem, is not a mere mechanical operation, like making hay. The spectator is rarely satisfied when he sees it made on the stage, even by those who are esteemed by the best judges as artists in their line. It has been conjectured, that this is because every man has a way of his own which he considers the most perfect, and is therefore very intolerant on this subject. But is not Longus in a bad taste? Let us first agree in what kind of taste this little ode is written:—

"Voi, freschi venticelli,
Spirate dolcemente;
Voi, limpidi ruscelli,
Scorrete soavemente;
Voi, delicati fiori,

Intorno a lei crescete;
Voi, ninfe, e voi, pastori,
Taciti il pie movete;
In questa valle ombrosa
La mia Filli riposa."

To give a clear idea of the peculiar style of the erotic writers, which is artificial but yet very agreeable, by any general description, is impossible; to enter into minute details, and to say that the structure of the sentence is governed by the principle of assigning this place to the adjective and that to the verb, and that a period usually consists of so many members, arranged according to such and such rules, would be insufferably tedious, and would most probably fail of attaining the end proposed. As peculiarities consist altogether in manner, they can only be seized by actual observation.

In return for the pleasure derived from works of fancy, and indeed from almost all our amusements, we must make some pretty liberal concessions: we must bear with a great deal that is unnatural; we must tolerate many absurdities, acquiesce in improbabilities, and sometimes even concede what is impossible; we must allow a certain distance to the juggler, and permit him to be inaccessible on the rear, and strongly entrenched on the flanks; we must be content to view the perspective of a painting from one point only; to consider a motionless statue as a flying Mercury; to suppose that the hero of an opera is soliloquizing in a perfect solitude, although every word gives præternatural activity to the elbows of fifty fiddlers; and, in spite of ourselves, to feel drowsy during the ballet, in sympathy with the heroine, who, by a fiction of the theatre, sleeps soundly in a hornpipe.

If the reader should think the demands of Longus rather

high, he must remember that his fare is good; and although some articles may at first seem extravagant, when he becomes a little accustomed to his ways, he will find that on the whole he is not unreasonable.

It has always been usual, in giving an account of any author in an unknown tongue, to offer, by way of specimen, some translations. This is a cruel practice; but cruel as it is, it must be complied with. If the merit of a work is supposed to be comprehended in a thousand particulars, nine hundred and ninety-nine and three quarters of these will always consist in the peculiar manner of the writer, which of course cannot be translated. What is called a free translation, when it is not a cloak for ignorance, is an attempt to improve upon the thing translated, and is consequently high treason against the author, for which the literary reputation of the translator ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Every one who is not hardened in his doings into English, will, when compelled to translate, throw himself upon the reader's mercy, and cry, "I have been literal." As a Form of Prayer for persons in that unhappy situation has never been drawn up, the following is submitted to their consideration at least, until a more approved one is substituted by authority:—

"Gentle Reader, I have brought this delicate piece of workmanship into England out of Greece, by long journies over bad roads. True it is, that the finest parts have been shaken off, and are altogether lost; that the sharp edges are worn and broken; that the masterly joinings are gaping through shocks and joltings; that the colours have faded and changed; and that the exquisite polish has every where disappeared: this is but too true, as you perceive; but such as it remains, it is the very identical piece which I received at Athens. I have made no judicious alterations; not one

improvement: I have neither painted, gilded, nor varnished. Leave me to lament over this involuntary havoc, and spare your reproaches."

The 3d and 4th Chapters of the 2d Book have been selected as the most proper to make an example of: they are as follows:—

Chap. 3.—"An old man came to them, clothed with a frock, shod with sandals, furnished with a scrip, and that scrip an old one. He sat down beside them, and spoke thus:—"I am, my children, the old man Philetas; I, who have many times sung to these nymphs, who have many times piped to that Pan, who have led many a herd of oxen by my music alone. I come to you, to relate what I have seen, to tell what I have heard. I have a garden, the work of my own hands, which I have cultivated ever since I ceased to tend the flocks on account of old age. It produces, according to each season, whatever the seasons bear: in spring, roses, lilies, the hyacinth, and both the violets; in summer, poppies, pears, and all kinds of apples; now, grapes, and figs, and pomegranates, and green myrtle-berries. In this garden flocks of birds assemble in the morning; some to feed, some to sing; for it is overspreading and shady, and watered by three fountains: if the hedge were taken away, it would seem to be a wood. When I went into the garden yesterday about noon, I saw a boy under the pomegranate-trees and myrtles, carrying pomegranates and myrtle-berries; he was fair as milk, and golden-haired as fire, and fresh as one lately bathed; he was naked, he was alone, and he was sporting as if he had been plucking fruit in his own garden. I hastened towards him to lay hold of him, fearing lest in his rudeness he should break the myrtles and the pomegranate-trees. But he escaped me lightly and easily—sometimes running under the rose-bushes, some-

times hiding himself under the poppies, like a young partridge.

"Often have I had much trouble in pursuing sucking kids, often have I toiled in running after new-born calves; but this was an ever-varying and unattainable labour. Being weary, for I am old, and resting upon my staff (watching him meanwhile that he might not escape) I enquired to whom of my neighbours he belonged, and what he meant by gathering fruit in another man's garden? He made no answer, but, standing beside me, he smiled softly, and pelted me with myrtle-berries. I know not how it was, but he soothed me so that I could no longer be angry. I implored him therefore to come within reach, and to fear nothing; and I swore by the myrtles, that I would let him go, that I would give him apples and pomegranates, and would permit him always to gather the fruit and pluck the flowers, if I could obtain from him one single kiss. At this he laughed heartily, and said in a voice, such as no swallow, no nightingale, no swan (a bird as long-lived as myself) could utter—

'It is no trouble to me to kiss you, Philetas, for I desire to be kissed even more than you desire to be young: but pray consider, would this favour be suitable to your years? For your old age would be of no avail to deter you from following me, after you had gotten one kiss. I am difficult to be overtaken by a hawk, and by an eagle and by any bird that is swifter even than these. I am not a child; and although I seem to be a child, yet am I older than Saturn, than all Time itself. I knew you, when in early youth you used to feed a wide-spreading herd in yonder marsh, when you loved Amaryllis: but you did not see me, although I used to stand close by the girl. However, I gave her to you, and now your sons are good herdsmen and good husbandmen. At present I tend Daphnis and Chloe, and when I have

brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden and please myself with the flowers and plants, and I bathe in these fountains. On this account the flowers and plants are beautiful, for they are watered from my baths. See now whether any one of your plants is broken, whether any fruit has been gathered, whether any flower-root has been trodden down, whether any fountain is troubled. And I say farewell to the only one of men, who in his old age has seen this child!' With these words he sprang like a young nightingale upon the myrtles, and passing from branch to branch, he crept through the leaves up to the top. I saw his wings upon his shoulders, and I saw a little bow between the wings and the shoulders; and then I saw no longer either them or him.

"Unless I have borne these gray hairs in vain, and unless as I grow older I become more foolish, you are dedicated to Love, and Love has the care of you."

Chap. 4.—"They were quite delighted, as if they had heard a fable, not a history; and they inquired, 'What is Love, whether a boy or a bird, and what power has he?' Philetas answered: 'My Children, Love is a god, young and beautiful and winged; he therefore delights in youth, follows after beauty, and gives wings to the soul. And he has more power than Jove. He governs the elements; he governs the stars; he governs his peers the Gods. You have not so much power over the goats and sheep. The flowers are all the work of Love; these plants are his productions. Through his influence the rivers flow and the winds breathe. I remember a bull overcome by love, and he bellowed as if he had been stung by a gad-fly; and a he-goat enamoured of a she-goat, and he followed her every where.

"'Even I have been young, and I was in love with Amaryllis. I remembered not food, I sought not after drink, I

took no sleep. My soul grieved; my heart palpitated; my body was chilled. I cried as if beaten; I was silent as if dead. I threw myself into the rivers as if burning. I called upon Pan to help me, for he loved Pitys: I blessed the echo for repeating after me the name of Amaryllis: I broke my reeds, for they could charm my oxen but could not bring Amaryllis.

"'There is no cure for Love, that is either to be drunken, or to be swallowed, or to be uttered in incantations, except only a kiss, an embrace, and —— unrestrained caresses.'"

ON THE SCOTCH CHARACTER.

(A Fragment.)

The Scotch nation are a body-corporate. They hang together like a swarm of bees. I do not know how it may be among themselves, but with us they are all united as one man. They are not straggling individuals, but embodied, formidable abstractions—determined personifications of the land they come from. A Scotchman gets on in the world, because he is not one, but many. He moves in himself a host, drawn up in battle-array; and armed at all points against all impugners. He is a double existence—he stands for himself and his country. Every Scotchman is bond and surety for every other Scotchman—he thinks nothing Scotch foreign to him. If you see a Scotchman in the street, you may be almost sure it is another Scotchman he is arm in arm with; and what is more, you may be sure they are talking of Scotchmen. Begin at the Arctic Circle, and they take Scotland in their way back. Plant the foot of the compasses in the meridian, and they turn it by degrees to "Edina's darling seat"—true as the needle to the Pole. If you happen to say it is a high wind, they say there are high winds in Edinburgh. Should you mention Hampstead or Highgate, they smile at this as a local prejudice, and remind you of the Calton Hill. The conversation wanders and is impertinent, unless it hangs by this loop. It "runs the great circle, and is still at home." You would think there was no other place in the world but Scotland, but that they strive to convince

you at every turn of its superiority to all other places. Nothing goes down but Scotch Magazines and Reviews, Scotch airs, Scotch bravery, Scotch hospitality, Scotch novels, and Scotch logic. Some one the other day at a literary dinner in Scotland apologized for alluding to the name of Shakespear so often, because he was not a Scotchman. What a blessing that the Duke of Wellington was not a Scotchman, or we should never have heard the last of him! Even Sir Walter Scott, I understand, talks of the Scotch Novels in all companies; and by waving the title of the author, is at liberty to repeat the subject *ad infinitum*.

Lismahago in Smollett is a striking and laughable picture of this national propensity. He maintained with good discretion and method that oat-cakes were better than wheaten bread, and that the air of the old town of Edinburgh was sweet and salubrious. He was a favourable specimen of the class—acute though pertinacious, pleasant but wrong.* In general, his countrymen only plod on with the national character fastened behind them, looking round with wary eye and warning voice to those who would pick out a single article of their precious charge; and are as drawling and troublesome as if they were hired by the hour to disclaim and exemplify all the vices of which they stand accused. Is this repulsive egotism peculiar to them merely in their travelling capacity, when they have to make their way among strangers, and are jealous of the honour of the parent-country, on which they have ungraciously turned their backs? So Lord Erskine, after an absence of fifty years, made an appropriate eulogy on the place of his birth, and having traced the feeling of patriotism in himself to its source in that habitual

* Some persons have asserted that the Scotch have no humour. It is in vain to set up this plea, since Smollett was a Scotchman.

attachment which all wandering tribes have to their places of fixed residence, turned his horses' heads towards England —and farewell sentiment!

The Irish and others, who come and stay among us, however full they may be of the same prejudice, keep it in a great measure to themselves, and do not vent it in all companies and on all occasions, proper or improper. The natives of the sister-kingdom in particular rather cut their country like a poor relation, are shy of being seen in one another's company, and try to soften down the *brogue* into a natural gentility of expression. A Scotchman, on the contrary, is never easy but when his favourite subject is started, treats it with unqualified breadth of accent, and seems assured that every one else must be as fond of talking of Scotland and Scotchmen as he is.

Is it a relic of the ancient system of *clanship?* And are the Scotch pitted against all the rest of the world, on the same principle that they formerly herded and banded together under some chosen leader, and *harried* the neighbouring district? This seems to be the most likely solution. A feeling of antipathy and partisanship, of offensive and defensive warfare, may be considered as necessary to the mind of a Scotchman. He is nothing in himself but as he is opposed to or in league with others. He must be for or against somebody. He must have a cause to fight for; a point to carry in argument. He is not an unit, but an aggregate; he is not a link, but a chain. He belongs to the regiment. I should hardly call a Scotchman *conceited*, though there is often something that borders strongly on the appearance of it. He has (speaking in the lump) no personal or individual pretensions. He is not proud of himself, but of being a Scotchman. He has no existence or excellence except what he derives from some external accident, or shares with some body of men. He is a

Brunonian, a Cameronian, a Jacobite, a Covenanter; he is of some party, he espouses some creed, he is great in some controversy, he was bred in some University, has attended a certain course of lectures, understands Gaelic, and upon occasion wears the Highland dress. An Englishman is satisfied with the character of his country, and proceeds to set up for himself; an Irishman despairs of that of his, and leaves it to shift for itself; a Scotchman pretends to respectability as such, and owes it to his country to make you hate the very name by his ceaseless importunity and intolerance in its behalf. An Irishman is mostly vain of his person, an Englishman of his understanding, a Frenchman of his politeness—a Scotchman thanks God for the place of his birth. The face of a Scotchman is to him accordingly the face of a friend. It is enough for him to let you know that he speaks the dialect that Wilkie speaks, that he has sat in company with the Author of Waverley. He does not endeavour to put forward his own notions so much as to inform you of the school in politics, in morals, in physic, in which he is an adept; nor does he attempt to overpower you by wit, by reason, by eloquence, but to tire you out by dint of verbal logic; and in common-places it must be confessed that he is invincible. There he is *teres et rotundus.* He fortifies himself in these, circumvallation within circumvallation, till his strong-hold is impregnable by art and nature. I never knew a Scotchman give up an argument but once. It was a very learned man, the Editor of an Encyclopedia,—not my friend, Mr. Macvey Napier. On some one's proposing the question why Greek should not be printed in the Roman type, this gentleman answered, that in that case it would be impossible to distinguish the two languages. Every one stared, and it was asked how at this rate we distinguished French from English? It was the for-

lorn hope. Any one else would have laughed, and confessed the blunder. But the Editor was a grave man—made an obstinate defence (the best his situation allowed of) and yielded in the forms and with the honours of war.

A Scotchman is generally a dealer in staple-propositions, and not in rarities and curiosities of the understanding. He does not like an idea the worse for its coming to him from a reputable, well-authenticated source, as I conceive he might feel more respect for a son of Burns than for Burns himself, on the same hereditary or genealogical principle. He swears (of course) by the Edinburgh Review, and thinks Blackwood not easily put down. He takes the word of a Professor in the University-chair in a point of philosophy as he formerly took the Laird's word in a matter of life and death; and has the names of the Says, the Benthams, the Mills, the Malthuses, in his mouth, instead of the Montroses, the Gordons, and the Macullamores. He follows in a train; he enlists under some standard; he comes under some collateral description. He is of the tribe of Issachar, and not of Judah. He stickles for no higher distinction than that of his clan, or vicinage.* In a word, the Scotch are the creatures of inveterate habit. They pin their faith on example and authority. All their ideas are cast in a previous mould, and rivetted to those of others. It is not a single blow, but a repetition of blows, that leaves an impression on them. They are strong only in the strength of prejudice and numbers.

* This may be in part the reason of the blunder they have made in laying so much stress on what they call the *Cockney School in Poetry*—as if the people in London were proud of that distinction, and really thought it a particular honour to get their living in the metropolis, as the Scottish "Kernes and Gallowglasses" think it a wonderful step in their progress through life to be able to hire a lodging and pay *scot and lot* in the good town of Edinburgh.

The genius of their greatest living writer is the genius of national tradition. He has "damnable iteration in him," but hardly one grain of sheer invention. His mind is turned instinctively backward on the past—he cannot project it forward to the future. He has not the faculty of imagining any thing, either in individual or general truth, different from what has been handed down to him for such. Give him *costume*, dialect, manners, popular superstitions, grotesque characters, supernatural events, and local scenery, and he is a prodigy, a man-monster among writers—take these actually embodied and endless materials from him, and he is a common man, with as little original power of mind as he has (unfortunately) independence or boldness of spirit!——

The Scotch, with all their mechanical, wholesale attachment to names and parties, are venal in politics,* and cowardly in friendship. They crouch to power; and would be more disposed to fall upon and crush, than come forward to the support of, a sinking individual. They are not like La Fleur in the Sentimental Journey, who advanced three steps forward to his master when the *Gens-d'Armes* arrested him: they are like the *Maitre d'Hotel*, who retired three paces backwards on the same occasion. They will support a generic denomination, where they have numbers to support them again: they make a great gulp, and swallow down a feudal lord with all the retinue he can muster—*the more, the merrier*—but of a single unprotected straggler they are shy, jealous, scrupulous in the extreme as to character, inquisitive as to connections, curious in all the particulars of birth, parentage and education. Setting his prejudices of

* It was not always so. But by knocking on the head the Jacobite loyalty of the Scotch, their political integrity of principle has been destroyed and dissipated to all the winds of Heaven.

country, religion, or party aside, you have no hold of a Scotchman but by his self-interest. If it is for his credit or advantage to stand by you, he will do it: otherwise, it will go very much against both his stomach and his conscience to do so, and you must e'en shift for yourself. You may trust something to the generosity or magnanimity of an Englishman or an Irishman; they act from an impulse of the blood or from a sense of justice: a Scotchman (the exceptions are splendid indeed) uniformly calculates the consequences to himself. He is naturally faithful to a leader, as I said before, that is, to a powerful head; but his fidelity amounts to little more than servility. He is a bigot to the shadow of power and authority, a slave to prejudice and custom, and a coward in every thing else. He has not a particle of mental courage. Cæsar's wife was not to be suspected; and it is the same with a Scotchman's friend. If a word is said against your moral character, they shun you like a plague-spot. They are not only afraid of a charge being proved true against you, but they dare not disprove it, lest by clearing you of it they should be supposed a party to what had no existence or foundation. They thus imbibe a bad opinion of you from hearsay, and conceal the good they know of you both from themselves and the world. If your political orthodoxy is called in question, they take the alarm as much as if they were apprehensive of being involved in a charge of high treason. One would think that the whole country laboured, as they did SIXTY YEARS SINCE, under an imputation of disaffection, and were exposed to the utmost vigilance of the police, so that each person had too little character for loyalty himself to run any additional risk by his neighbour's bad name. This is not the case at present: but they carry their precautions and circumspection in this respect to such an idle and stupid excess, as can only be accounted for from

local circumstances and history—that is to say, from the effects of that long system of suspicion, persecution and *surveillance*, to which they were exposed during a century of ridiculous (at least of unsuccessful) wars and rebellions, in favour of the House of Stuart. They suffered much for King James and the *Good Cause*; but since that time their self-love must be excused to look at home. On my once complaining to a Scotchman of what I thought a direliction of his client's cause by the counsel for the defendant in a prosecution for libel, I received for answer—That "Mr.—— had defended the accused as far as he could, *consistently with his character*,"—though the only character the Learned Gentleman could boast, had been acquired by his skill, if not his courage, in resisting prosecutions of this kind.

The delicate sensibility (not to say soreness) of the Scotch in matters of moral reputation, may in like manner be accounted for (indirectly) from their domiciliary system of church-government, of Kirk-assemblies, and Ruling Elders: and in the unprincipled assurance with which aspersions of this sort are thrown out, and the panic-terror which they strike into the timid or hypocritical, one may see the remaining effects of Penance-Sheets and Cutty-Stools! Poor Burns! he called up the ghost of Dr. Hornbook, but did not lay the spirit of cant and lying in the cunning North!——

Something however, it must be confessed, has been done; a change has been effected. Extremes meet; and the Saint has been (in some instances) merged in the Sinner. The essential character of the Scotch is determined self-will, the driving at a purpose; so that whatever they undertake, they make thorough-stitch work, and carry as far as it will go. This is the case in the pretensions some of their writers have lately set up to a contempt for Cutty-Stools, and to all the freedom of wit and humour. They have been so long under

interdict that they break out with double violence, and stop at nothing. Of all *blackguards* (I use the term for want of any other) a Scotch blackguard is for this reason the worst. First, the character sits ill upon him for want of use, and is sure to be most outrageously caricatured. He is only just broke loose from the shackles of regularity and restraint, and is forced to play strange antics to be convinced that they are not still clinging to his heels. Secondly, formality, hypocrisy, and a deference to opinion, are the "sins that most easily beset him." When therefore he has once made up his mind to disregard appearances, he becomes totally reckless of character, and "at one bound high overleaps all bound" of decency and common sense. Again, there is perhaps a natural hardness and want of nervous sensibility about the Scotch, which renders them (rules and the consideration of consequences apart) not very nice or scrupulous in their proceedings. If they are not withheld by conscience or prudence, they have no *mauvaise honte*, no involuntary qualms or tremors, to qualify their effrontery and disregard of principle. Their impudence is extreme, their malice is cold-blooded, covert, crawling, deliberate, without the frailty or excuse of passion. They club their vices and their venality together, and by the help of both together are invincible. The choice spirits who have lately figured in a much-talked-of publication, with "old Sylvanus at their head,"—

"Leaning on cypress stadle stout,"—

in their "pious orgies" resemble a troop of Yahoos, or a herd of Satyrs——

"And with their horned feet they beat the ground!"—

that is to say, the floor of Mr. Blackwood's shop! There is one other publication, a match for this in flagrant impudence and dauntless dulness, which is the John Bull. The

Editor is supposed, for the honour of Scotland, to be an Irishman. What the BEACON might have proved, there is no saying; but it would have been curious to have seen some articles of Sir Walter's undoubted hand proceeding from this quarter, as it has been always contended that Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine was too low and scurrilous a publication for him to have any share in it. The adventure of the BEACON has perhaps discovered to Sir Walter's admirers and the friends of humanity in general, that

"Entire affection scorneth nicer hands!"

Old Dr. Burney, about the middle of the last century, called one morning on Thomson, the Author of The Seasons, at a late hour, and on expressing his surprise at the poet's not having risen sooner, received for answer,—"I had no motive, young man!" A Scotchman acts always from a motive, and on due consideration; and if he does not act right or with a view to honest ends, is more dangerous than any one else. Others may plead the vices of their blood in extenuation of their errors; but a Scotchman is a machine, and should be constructed on sound moral, and philosophical principles, or should be put a stop to altogether.

[N. B: *A Defence of the Scotch, shortly.*]

VIRGIL'S HOSTESS.

It is a pity that this and other light pieces of Virgil, are omitted in the ordinary editions. A great man is worth listening to, let him say what he will; and nothing is more agreeable than his trifling. It flatters one's common humanity. It also makes us discover, that things trifling are not such trifling things, in one sense, as we took them for. To omit these little evidences of good-humour and fellowship is not only an injustice even to an epic poet, but helps to confirm a certain vulgar instinct in people, which leads them to draw a line between the sympathy with great things and the sympathy with small,—to the great ultimate detriment of both. He is in the healthiest condition of humanity, and best prepared to do it good, who has all his faculties ready for all the perceptions of which it is capable; who has sense at his fingers' ends to touch and feel every possible surface of life, and understanding to judge of its nature and common rights. The greatest genius, it has been said, resembles the trunk of the elephant, which can knock down a tiger and pick up a pin. We should give small things no more value than they are worth; but the end of the very greatest things, what is it but to increase the relish of less? Great rivers send their waters into our houses by means of pipes. The mightiest legislation terminates in making us all comfortable in our every day concerns, and affording us leisure to study and be grateful to mighty things in return. The Æneid relishes

our tea-tables and our evening walks. In short, a great genius encourages us to attend to him by attending to us. It would, undoubtedly, be injurious to the common cause, if a knowledge of a great poet in his lighter moments should do away a proper sense of him in his grave ones; but this is a mistake only liable to be fallen into by those idle men of the world, who in fact really know nothing at all, great or little.

The Battle of the Frogs and Mice has not injured the fame of Homer. We do not think less of Socrates, when he uses his grandest arguments for the immortality of the soul, because he could chat pleasantly at other times. Aristophanes, "a gay fellow about town," might have pretended to do so; and the Athenians might have fancied, for a day, that they agreed with him. But they would only have loved and honoured him the more afterwards; as they did. When we see a man, capable of a good-natured levity, laying so much stress upon things grave, we feel their gravity in proportion. We think they must be interesting indeed, and highly important to all of us, or he would be content with his laughing and seek no further; which on the contrary is the very refuge or vain endeavour of despair. Levity should be the smooth and harmonious buoyancy of things solid, like the lightness of the planets in the æther. To endeavour to shew that there are no things solid, and call that levity, is the madness of Atlas attempting to disprove his burden.

But, whither are we wandering from our poet's invitation, —from mine hostess of the Tiber,—from our ancient, but at the same time young, Mrs. Quickly, when she lived two thousand years ago, and was a buxom little Syrian landlady, who kept a place of entertainment out of the gates of Rome, and danced for the amusement of her customers? There are more genealogies than are dreamt of in Rouge-Lion's philosophy, and this is one of them. Why, here is Falstaff

himself (only not witty) in the shape of a fat gentleman, an acquaintance of Virgil's, whom the commentators want to turn into his prototype Silenus. It is as palpable as Sir William Curtis, another "witless Falstaff," that he was an extremely fat gentleman from the Via Sacra, who cut heavy jokes by riding on donkies, and otherwise imitating the Silenus whom he resembled. Virgil's Hostess, in short, is a good-humoured panegyric of the poet's upon a sort of ancient White-Conduit-House or Chalk-Farm, not quite so "respectable" perhaps in one sense as those sub-urbanities of our beloved metropolis, but quite enough so for the manners of those days, and as good still as people expect in the South. The bread and wine, the gourds, the grapes, vine-leaves, and chesnuts, are the ordinary furniture of similar places of entertainment now existing in Italy; and if the hostesses are not musical or love-making by profession, they are generally amateurs, and the cause of much dancing and singing in others. We learn from ancient writers, that women of this profession were accustomed to be Syrians. They appear to have resembled the modern dancing-girls of the East. As to the opinion of some that Virgil was not the author of these verses, we do not think it worth our while to stop and consider it. The verses are good, the poet was good-natured; and that is enough for us. We shall only take this opportunity of observing, that Virgil was eminent in his private character for benignity and simplicity of manners. "Whiter souls," quoth Horace, "do not exist, than Plotius, Varius, and Virgil, nor ones with whom I feel myself more closely bound." He proceeds to tell us how delighted they all were to meet, on his journey to Brundusium; and that there is nothing equal, in his opinion, to a pleasant friend:—

——— animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
O qui complexus! et gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

From the accounts left us of Virgil, his person, manners, &c. and even the turn of his genius, with all due allowance of its superiority, we should guess that he had a good deal of resemblance to Thomson. He was a heavy-looking man, of retired habits, very sincere and affectionate, and beloved by all who knew him.

Copa Syrisca, caput Graia redimita mitella,
Crispum sub crotalo docta movere latus,
Ebria fumosæ saltat lasciva taberna,
Ad cubitum raucos excutiens calamos.
Quid juvat æstivo defessum pulvere abesse,
Quam potius bibulo decubuisse toro?
Sunt cupæ calices, cyathi, rosa, tibia, chordæ,
Et trichila umbriferis frigida arundinibus.
Est et Mænalis quæ garrit dulce sub antro,
Rustica pastoris fistula more sonans.
Est et vappa, cado nuper diffusa picato;
Est strepitans rauco murmure rivus aquæ:
Sunt etiam croceo violæ de flore corollæ;
Sertaque purpurea lutea mista rosa;
Et quæ virgineo libata Achelois ab amne
Lilia vimineis adtulit in calathis.
Sunt et caseoli, quos juncea fiscina siccat;
Sunt autumnali cerea pruna die;
Castaneæque nuces, et suave rubentia mala:
Est hic munda Ceres; est Amor, est Bromius:
Sunt et mora cruenta, et lentis uva racemis;

Est pendens junco cæruleus cucumis.
Est tuguri custos armatus falce saligna;
Sed non et vasto est inguine terribilis.
Huc, Alibida, veni: fessus jam sudat asellus:
Parce illi; vestrum delicium est asinus.
Nunc cantu crebro rumpunt arbusta cicadæ.
Nunc etiam in gelida sede lacerta latet.
Si sapis, æstivo recubans te prolue vitro;
Seu vis crystallo ferre novos calices.
Eia age pampinea fessus requiesce sub umbra;
Et gravidum roseo necte caput strophio;
Candida formosæ decerpes ora puellæ:
Ah! pereat, cui sunt prisca supercilia!
Quid cineri ingrato servas bene olentia serta?
Anne coronato vis lapide ista legi?
Pone merum et talos. Pereant, qui crastina curant.
Mors aurem vellens,—"Vivite," ait, "venio."

Our little Syrian Hostess, the diadem'd, the fair,
Who crisply to the music moves her side with such an air,
Has dancing at her house to-day, and looks for all her friends
To see her shake her castanets, all at her fingers' ends.
What man on earth, I wish to know, would chuse to be away,
Instead of going there to drink, on such a dusty day?
Instead of going there to drink, and lying on a bed,
With cups, and cans, and flutes, and flowers, and an arbour for his head?
There's one that plays a pan-pipe within a pretty cave,
Just like a rustic shepherd;—I wonder what you'd have!
And there's a very pleasant wine, as neat as it can be,
And a proper brook, a hoarse one, to run respectably;

And there are garlands for your locks, of yellow mixed with
blue,
Both violets and crocusses, and there are roses too:
And there are lilies such as those that drink the virgin
stream,
Which osier-twisting nymphs collect in baskets of the same;
Cheeses that come in baskets too—I nearly had forgot 'em;
And prunes and other pretty meats, which people make in
autumn.
Chesnuts of course, and apples, whose cheeks go reddening
sweetly;
And bread and wine, and love besides, to relish all completely.
I needn't speak of heaps of grapes, nor mulberries blood-red;
And you may have a cucumber a hanging by your head.
Take notice—there's a scare-crow, just where the thickest
shade is,
But he has nothing terrible, to frighten the young ladies.

Come, Alibida, my fat friend, who lovest watering-places,
You and your donkey, both of you, come rest, and wipe your
faces.
The grasshoppers all sing so loud, they burst the bushes,
man,
And the lizards run and get, you see, in the coldest nooks
they can.
Come, if you're wise, and give a loose to laughter and your
stays*.
A flask or bottle? You know best the *most genteelest*
ways.

* Before the reader condemns this apparently modern interpolation, let him consult those who have written on the fashions of the ancient world.

Come rest yourself, and take your couch beneath this leafy
vine,
And renovate with roses that heavy head of thine;
Still better flowers are here to pluck,—a pretty mouth and
kisses;
Ah! perish those who'd bring old frowns to such a place as
this is.
Why should we keep our odorous flowers to give the thank-
less dead?
Will any tombstone feel for us, for all its crowned head?
The wine! The dice! Tomorrow's turn is but a chance
dominion;
"Live, for I come," says Death himself; and I'm of Death's
opinion.

The reader should be acquainted, by all means, with another minor poem of Virgil, The Cubex, and with Spenser's translation of it. It contains some of the most delicate specimens in existence of what may be called (for want of a better term) the gentle mock-heroic;—mock-heroic, in which the subject is trifling but the treatment of it in a certain mixed style of pretended solemnity and real tenderness, as if we were hand-

*He will be surprised at the classical authority which there is for most of our modern habiliments,—breeches perhaps excepted, which did not come up till the lower empire, unless he chuses to go for them to the Persians and Goths. His pantaloons are undoubtedly Oriental. Boots belong to the heroic ages; and wigs, as Gibbon would say, lose themselves in the clouds of antiquity. The Goth and Vandal Princes on Trajan's column, with wigs prophetic of the 18th century, look no older than the grandfathers of their worthy descendants of Austria and Prussia: but this is nothing. Monuments are brought to light in Persia, upon which the antient kings and heroes have as regular formal-curled caxons as any old stock-jobber or coachman extant.

ling a butterfly. The text is much corrupted, and in some places very obscure; but this did not hinder Spenser from making a most beautiful translation, which Jortin has criticised like a pedant, and Heyne like a man of taste. Jortin is angry that any man should think of translating passages which a critic could not make out. Heyne says, that this is a happy privilege, and envies the poet for being able to forego the trammels of the commentator. "*Patris sermone,*" says he, "*octonis versibus in strophas coëuntibus redditum est hoc carmen a Spensero, poëta nobili Britano* (Virgil's Gnat), *in ejus Opp. Nec sine voluptate illud facile perlegas. Adeo mihi vel hoc exemplo patuit, quanto expeditius esset poëtam carmine vernaculo reddere, quam verba subtiliter interpretari. Nihil enim vetabat sententias integras summatim effere, ejusve partes in quemcunque placeret sensum deflectere, aut verba corrupta aptis et idoneis permutare.*"

What a delightful edition, by the bye, is Heyne's Virgil altogether, and how every gentleman ought to have it! It is a work of true love on the part of the critic, and hung with gems and intaglios and all that he could bestow upon it; and yet he had sense enough to know that Virgil, in pastoral, was not so good as Theocritus. His own life, more delightful than all, ought to be translated into Latin, and put at the beginning. Heyne rose from a state of the humblest poverty,—from a boyhood of almost absolute starvation, and became one of the most learned and celebrated, as well as most amiable, of men. His extreme penury, his invincible industry and benevolence, his love of letters, his other love,—are all delicious to read of, seeing that the evil went away and the good remained.

THE SULIOTES.

PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

The following Translation is from a brief but simple and interesting Narrative of the sufferings and heroic actions of the Suliote People, the original of which was presented by their Chiefs to the Ionian Government, as a testimony of the virtuous conduct and constancy displayed by their nation, under the most trying circumstances.

The Narrator, Captain Christo Perevò, is a Greek, well known as the Author of the History of Suli; he sojourned many years with the Suliotes, and, as appears by the present relation, was an eye-witness of what he describes.

The original Italian has been translated as closely as the different constructions of the two languages would permit, and there are several obscure passages, which seem to require explanatory notes. These could not be furnished by the Translator, who received the manuscript from a friend, with a request that it might (for reasons which do not require to be stated in this place) be got ready for publication without any delay.

The authentic account of the fate of the celebrated Ali Pacha, and the immediate cause which led to his destruction, will be read with great interest, as affording a curious insight into the nature of the war now raging in Greece.

A compendious Relation of the Adventures of the Suliotes, from the year 1820 to the 2rd of September 1822, at which latter period they quitted the Fortress of Kiafa. Written at the Lazzaretto of Argostoli in Cefalonia, the 30th of September, 1822, by Captain Christo Perevò.

HAPPENING to have been at Suli, I think it useful and fitting to note down in a succinct manner the operations of the Suliotes, and also the events which took place relating to them, from the year 1820 to 1822.

When Ali Pacha had become odious in the eyes of the Sultan Mahmout,* and that the latter had begun to take measures for his destruction, the greatest part of the Suliotes, with the inhabitants of other towns in the neighbourhood of Suli, were living in the Island of Corfu, gaining their subsistence by their labour. They dared not enter into the service or submit to the protection of the Pacha, because he had declared with an oath that he should never die contented till he had succeeded in reducing the Suliotes to the same state as the people of Gardica.† When operations against the Pacha were commenced by the Sultan, the latter issued firmans, inviting all those Turks and Greeks, who had incurred the displeasure of the former, and were expatriated on that account to join him, in order to effect the ruin of the Pacha, and to reinstate themselves in the bosom of their country, and in the absolute possession of their property.

The Suliotes, hearing of such an order from their sovereign, and wishing to obtain precise information concerning it, sent four Ambassadors to the Ottoman Vice-Admiral, who

* Mahomet.

† Destroyed in a cruel manner by Ali, in revenge for some insult offered forty years before to his mother.

were favourably received, and obtained from him a confirmation of the Sultan's proclamation, and a renewed invitation to the same purpose, in consequence of which, about 200 men left Corfu, enrolling themselves under the orders of Ismail Pacha, surnamed Bassobey, to whom they were well known, he being a native of Janina and having been for above twenty years in the service of Ali Pacha.

These 200 Suliotes, continuing in the royal service and behaving with activity and submission, entertained the firm hope of being able to return to their native home, according to the promise of the Pacha and the proclamation of the Sultan. Nevertheless, they were deceived in this hope, for the bravest and most faithful Beys and Agas, those who were always nearest to Ismail Pacha, being all Albanians, and feeling envious of the Suliotes, were constantly exciting him not to allow that people to return to their native land, according to the royal order, saying, that as soon as the Suliotes should take possession of their native country, they would be always against him, as had been found in times past.

The Pacha, both from his own inclination and from the instigations of the Beys, not only refused to the Suliotes permission to recover their own country, but formed also the project of putting them to death, when an opportunity offered without the risk of shedding the blood of his own troops. He thought the easiest way of effecting his purpose would be to send them back to Corfu, and thus on the shores to put his Ottoman project in execution. In consequence, he gave orders to intercept their passage from the heights, and to massacre the whole, dispersed as they would be here end there.

The Suliotes soon discovered the insidious projects, both of the Pacha and of the Albanian Turks. The peril in which

they found themselves, and their anxiety to return to their native soil, induced them to form an alliance with their first and implacable enemy Ali Pacha, in which, with no small difficulty, they succeeded.

Having then given five hostages into the hands of Ali Pacha, and taken his grandson Hussein Pacha in exchange, they departed in the night for Suli. The Turco Albanians called Ziulachioti, who then inhabited Suli, evacuated the fortress two days after the arrival of the Greek Suliotes; the commander of the Castle of Kiafa opened the gates, and the Suliotes entered, according to the orders of Ali Pacha. They were afterwards joined by three of Ali Pacha's commanders, the Selictar,* Tahir Ambasi, and Ago Muhurdar, having with them a body of nearly seven hundred Albanian Turks. As soon as they had joined the Suliotes, they attacked the enemy in divers parts, driving them from many strong places. After a month, however, the Selictar, the first of the above-mentioned commanders, deserted, taking with him about three hundred Albanian Turks; the other two officers remained with the Suliotes.

In the month of July, 1821, at the time when the town of Arta was besieged, Tahir Ambasi was sent to Messolongio and to the Morea to procure warlike instruments. Being arrived there, and having witnessed the calamities and injuries inflicted by the Greeks upon the Turks, he changed his opinion; and immediately returning to the camp recounted all those events to his countrymen, exciting them at the same time, if they were true Mussulmans, to unite themselves to the royal troops, and to leave the Suliotes; "For," said he, "these also fight for their religion and their liberty, like their countrymen of the Morea and of Romelia."

* The sword bearer.

The words of Tahir Ambasi had the most successful effect on the hearts of the Albanian Turks, who had joined the Greek Suliotes; and with one will and common consent they marched to Janina, where, deceiving Ali Pacha, they delivered him alive into the hands of his enemy, who put him to death. The Greek Suliotes, being thus left alone in the camp, returned to defend their country.

After the death of Ali Pacha, the General in Chief of the Sultan's army, Hursit Pacha,* began to recruit fresh troops in order to march against the Peloponnesus. All the Albanian Beys and Agas dissuaded him from such a project, telling him that none of them would march against the Peloponnesus as long as the Suliotes remained alive in their own country; adducing for a reason, that before they could reach the Peloponnesus, the Suliotes would have reduced their wives and families to slavery.

These words of the Albanian Turks had such effect upon the intentions of Hursit Pacha, that without the least delay he moved with twenty thousand men against the Suliotes. The inhabitants of the villages in the neighbourhood of Suli, much alarmed by the multitude and impetuosity of the enemy, and by the prospect of the devastation which must take place on their approach, took refuge in Suli, carrying with them above fifty thousand beasts—sheep, goats, oxen, and beasts of burthen. The people themselves amounted to ten thousand souls.

On the 18th of May, 1822, the Turks approached Suli, making the attack on all sides. The Suliotes, although they were few compared with the multitude of the enemy, opposed them with great valour on every side; but the foe, after a heavy repulse and much loss of blood,

* Called also Chourchid Pacha.

made himself master of the Castle of Santa Veneranda, of San Donando, of the Gardelina, of the Samonichi, and of the mountains of Cumbolo and Strithozza, from whence they attacked the fortress of Kiafa with two mortars.

A few days afterwards the enemy attempted, by a strong effort, to make himself master also of the Davarico, from whence the Suliotes supplied themselves with water; but these latter shewing themselves boldly to his forces, opposed them heroically, so that the battle lasted for twenty-one hours; and although all the first and bravest commanders among the Turks were present in the conflict, the Turks turned their backs to the Suliotes, retiring with danger to their camp in the mountains of Strithozza. Of this battle, as well as of the preceding, the History of Suli will give the most faithful and precise account.

The siege which the Turks carried on against the Suliotes was so close, that there only remained to the latter a circumference of seven miles,—a stony, inaccessible, and sterile position. The poor animals, not finding pasture, were deaf to the voice of their masters: they went in numbers towards the enemy, who got possession of above one-third of them: some afterwards served for food for the besieged, and the rest perished with hunger, as did all the beasts of burthen. The atmosphere consequently became infected, and a contagious disorder soon made its appearance, the progress of which was so rapid, that from fifteen to twenty persons died each day. The countrymen seeing the destruction of the cattle, the pestilence among the men, the scarcity of their accustomed food, and even in some instances the total want of bread,—and, moreover, being unable to fix any limits to the siege, arrived at such a height of absurd despair, that keeping in their own hands the positions committed to their care, they treated clandestinely with the

enemy, in order to give them up to him; and, what was still more horrid, these same countrymen, in order to render the Turks favourable to them, and to prevent their remembering all the evils which they had committed against them whilst they were united to the Suliotes, promised to give up those situations also which were near to the fortress, and finally to cause the Fortress of Kiafa itself to be delivered up to them. They had it easily in their power to fulfil these promises, their numbers amounting to two thousand, and the Suliotes were scarcely five hundred. The Turks, though they had an opportunity so favourable to their views, were nevertheless so much impressed with the alarm caused by the former and the recent battles, that they supposed that impossible which was perfectly easy to achieve, and gave the countrymen to understand that they would not undertake such an enterprise,—so much did they doubt the promises of these villagers.

The Suliotes, penetrating the sentiments of the countrymen, often assembled them together, representing to them that submission to the Turks could only be ruinous to their families and to themselves,—and this they might judge of from the massacre of so many other Christians. The Suliotes furnished them with as much money and provisions as they could, and begged them to submit to the siege for some months longer, declaring that if in that time the siege should not be raised or some exterior succour arrive, then all would unanimously demand peace, on the condition, however, of honourable capitulations. All these exhortations and prayers to the countrymen were in vain; so that the Suliotes, rendering them responsible towards God for all the evil which might happen to them through their means, consented to let them go out, foreseeing an intestine war if

they any longer opposed their firm resolutions. Even this, however, would not satisfy the countrymen, who insisted that all, without the least exception, and at the same time, should be given up; but the Suliotes answered them, that they should much prefer death to submitting themselves to the Turks.

Being thus forced to try both to escape the danger and to render vain the promises made to the Turks by the countrymen, the Suliotes informed them that they also were desirous of peace, but that they wished to go to the Ionian islands; for which purpose it was necessary to obtain the permission of the British Government.

The Suliotes having thus agreed with the countrymen, proposed this plan to the Turks, who immediately sent emissaries to the British Consul at Prevesa. The consent of the Suliotes to surrender, and to emigrate to the Ionian islands, had in view to prolong the time for their surrender, and to drive away the countrymen, hoping during this delay for some succour or some change of circumstances,—also in order to quiet the enemy, and to lull him; and that with good reason, because, being weak in numbers, they could not guard their respective posts from an invasion on the part of the enemy. In the mean time, the emissaries could not succeed in obtaining their demand, because the British Consul had left Prevesa three days before for Zante, there to meet the Governor-General of the Ionian States. The emissaries therefore went on to Zante, and there having a conference with the Governor on the object of their mission, received a flattering but not an affirmative answer.

From the ambiguity of the General's answer, the countrymen felt all their fears renewed, and though they had before taken the resolution of not separating themselves from the Suliotes, they now surrendered themselves.

In consequence, the Turks, still more animated by the diminution of the troops of the Suliotes since the surrender of their countrymen, and impatient at the General's answer, changed their sentiments, resolving on the violation of the treaties. Two days afterwards, therefore, they proposed to the Suliotes, in an imperious manner, that they should surrender the fortress and pass to Suli, to Zieurati, or to Athlanza, with their families,—after, however, having given the guarantee of twenty hostages, which should be delivered up to the Turks. Also, that in one of these places they should wait for the decisive answer of the General, to whom the Suliotes had again sent to demand one, and at the same time to request the ships necessary to transport them. The Suliotes answered them, that, wise and great men as they were, they ought not to break the convention: but the Turks were but little attentive to the words of the Suliotes, concluding that they arose entirely from fear.

The Suliotes, seeing the obstinacy of the Turks in demanding the fortress in the above manner, wrote to them to abide by the treaties already made, or to have recourse to arms; and that the Lord God, who knows the just and the unjust, would reward every one according to his deeds. Moreover, the Suliotes swore unanimously amongst themselves, rather to die with arms in their hands than to go out of the fortress at the order of the Turks. The second day after taking this determination, which was on the 14th of August, they all received the sacrament, preparing themselves for death. This firm and heroic resolution, being made known to the Turks by means of their spies, intimidated them and confirmed the first conventions, which were as follows:—

1st. That both sides should send letters and emissaries to the Commander-in-chief of the Ionian Islands, that the Su-

liotes might know if they should be received in those islands.

2dly. That all provisions and military stores belonging to the Suliotes, whether public or private property, should be paid for by the Turks according to their price in the neighbourhood.

3dly. That the Turks should be answerable at Noli for the ships which were to convey them, but which should nevertheless be furnished with Ionian flags.

4thly. That the Turks should take care to transport the baggage of the Suliotes, their wives and families.

5thly. That the Turkish troops encamped at Glechi, by which place the Suliotes would have to pass, should retire farther.

6thly. That the Turks should give to the Suliotes, as hostages, the nearest relations of the most notable Pachas, Beys, and Agas, who were present at the siege of Kiafa, until the Suliotes should be all embarked.

7thly. Until the respective ships should have all arrived at Athlanza, and until the Suliotes should have received the hostages, neither men nor baggage should quit the fortress.

All these conditions were scrupulously respected by both sides, until the arrival of the answer of the Most Excellent Arch General* and Governor, Adam, who generously permitted the Suliotes to take refuge in the Ionian Islands, and magnanimously acceded to the prayers of both parties; who also, for the complete safety of the Suliotes, sent three ships of war, to secure by their presence the embarkation of the Suliotes, and subsequently accompany them to Asso in Cefalonia, where they are ordered for thirty-one days, to *abate their obstinacy*†.

* Arci Generale. † Scontare la contumacia.

MINOR PIECES.

ALFIERI'S BENEDICTION.

Sia pace ai frati
Purchè sfratati :
E pace ai preti,
Ma pochi, e queti :
Cardinalume
Non tolga lume :
Il maggior prete
Torni alla rete :
Leggi, e non re :
L' Italia c'è.

Peace be to the friars,
But in common attires :
Peace, priests, to you also,
But few, and don't bawl so :
Our cardinals bright
Let 'em leave us our light :
The chief of the set
Let him take to his net :
Then laws, and no king ;
And let Italy sing.

AN ULTRA LICENSE.

FROM ALFIERI.

Approvazione
Di Fra Tozzone
Per l' impressione
Di un librucciône
Che un autorone
Ai piedi pone
Di un principone
Con dedicone.
Si stampi pur, si stampi:
Qui non c' è nulla, nè ragion, nè lampi.

The approbation
Of Father Stuffation
For the imprimation
Of a pamphliteration
Which a light of the nation
With all humiliation
Sends a man in great station
With a dedication.
Print it by all means, print it:
There's nothing rational, not e'en a hint, in't.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Ægle, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

SONG, WRITTEN FOR AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
  In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
  And the stars are burning bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
  And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me, Who knows how?
  To thy chamber window, Sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
  On the dark, the silent stream,
The Champak odours fail
  Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
  It dies upon her heart;—
As I must on thine,
  Beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
  I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
  On my lips and eye-lids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
  My heart beats loud and fast;—
O! press me to thine own again,
  Where it will break at last!

MARTIAL.—Lib. I. Epig. I.

Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,
Toto notus in orbe Martialis
Argutis Epigrammatôn libellis:
Cui, lector studiose, quod dedisti
Viventi decus atque sentienti,
Rari post cineres habent poetæ.

He unto whom thou art so partial,
Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
The Epigrammatist: while living,
Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving;
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it:
Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

NEW DUET.

TO THE TUNE OF "WHY HOW NOW, SAUCY JADE?"

'Why how now, saucy Tom,
If you thus must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Mister Campbell.

ANSWER:

Why how now, Parson Bowles,
Sure the priest is maudlin!
[*To the Public*] How can you, d—n your souls!
Listen to his twaddling?

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF,

BY ALFIERI.

Sublime specchio di veraci detti,
Mostrami in corpo e in anima qual sono.
Capelli, or radi in fronte, e rossi pretti;
Lunga statura, e capo a terra prono;
Sottil persona in su due stinchi schietti;
Bianca pelle, occhi azzurri, aspetto buono;
Giusto naso, bel labro, e denti eletti;
Pallido in volto, più che un re sul trono.

Or duro, acerbo; ora piaghevol, mite;
Irato sempre, e non maligno mai;
La mente e il cor meco in perpetua lite;
Per lo piú mesto, e talor lieto assai,
Or stimandomi Achille, ed or Tersite.
Uom, se' tu grande, o vil?—Muori, e il saprai.

Thou lofty mirror, Truth, let me be shewn
Such as I am, in body and in mind.
Hair, plainly red, retreating now behind;
A stature tall, a stooping head and prone;
A meagre body on two stilts of bone;
Fair skin, blue eyes, good look, nose well design'd;
A handsome mouth, teeth that are rare to find,
And pale in face, more than a king on throne.

Now harsh and crabbed, mild and pleasant soon;
Always irascible, no malignant foe;
My head and heart and I never in tune;
Sad for the most part, then in such a flow
Of spirits, I feel now hero, now buffoon;—
Man, art thou great or vile?—Die, and thou'lt know.